MAR 1 8 '56

The Saturday Evening
POST
March 17, 1956 — 15¢

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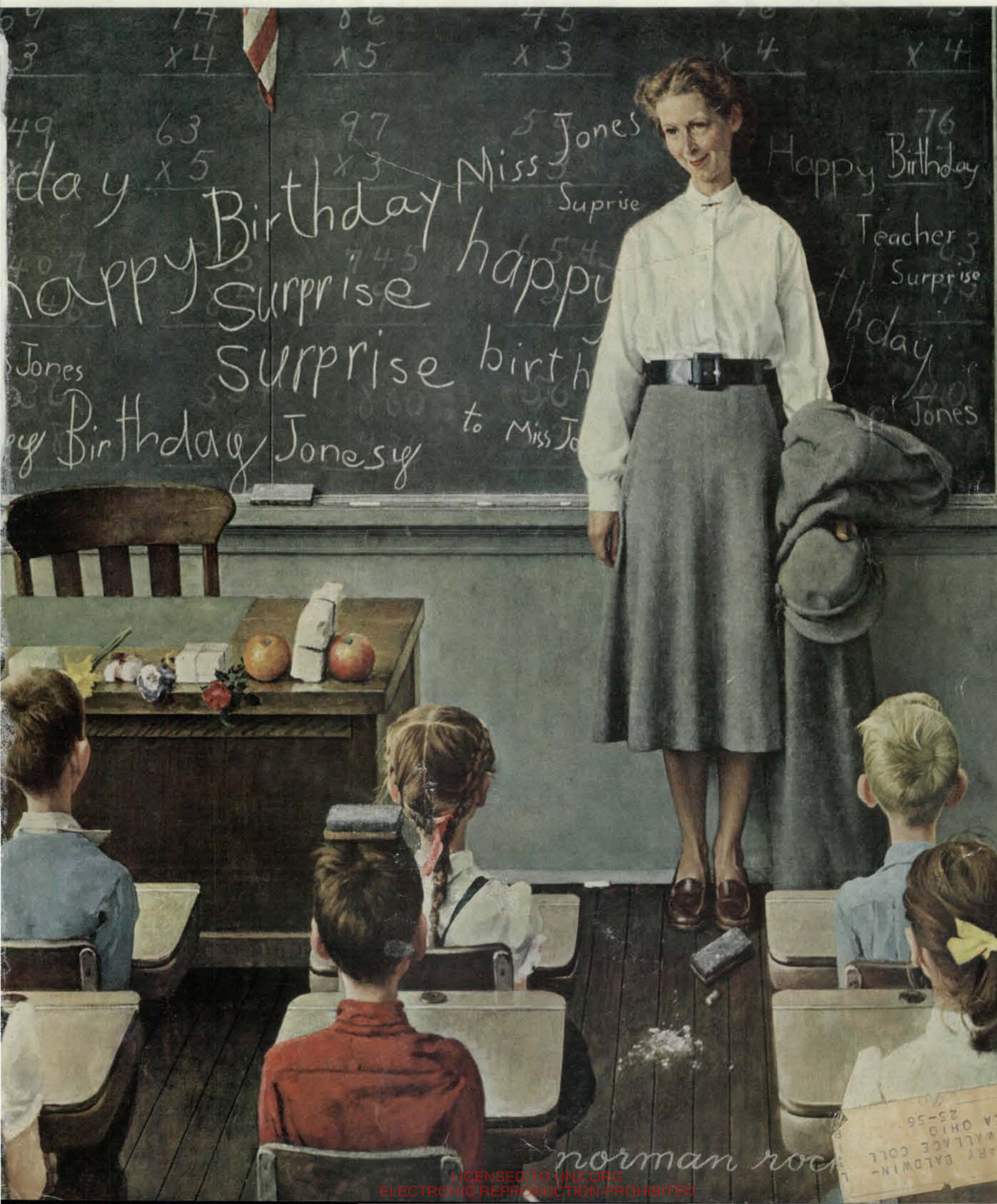
BEREA, OHIO

JAN PEERCE, of the Metropolitan Opera, Advises Would-Be Singers, **"DON'T BE A SUCKER, JUNIOR!"**



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"Welcome Home"

"Happy Birthday"

"See you this evening"

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It is just such simple, friendly words from one person to another that make the telephone such an important part of our lives.

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For without the telephone, time and space would rush between us. And many of us would be so much alone.

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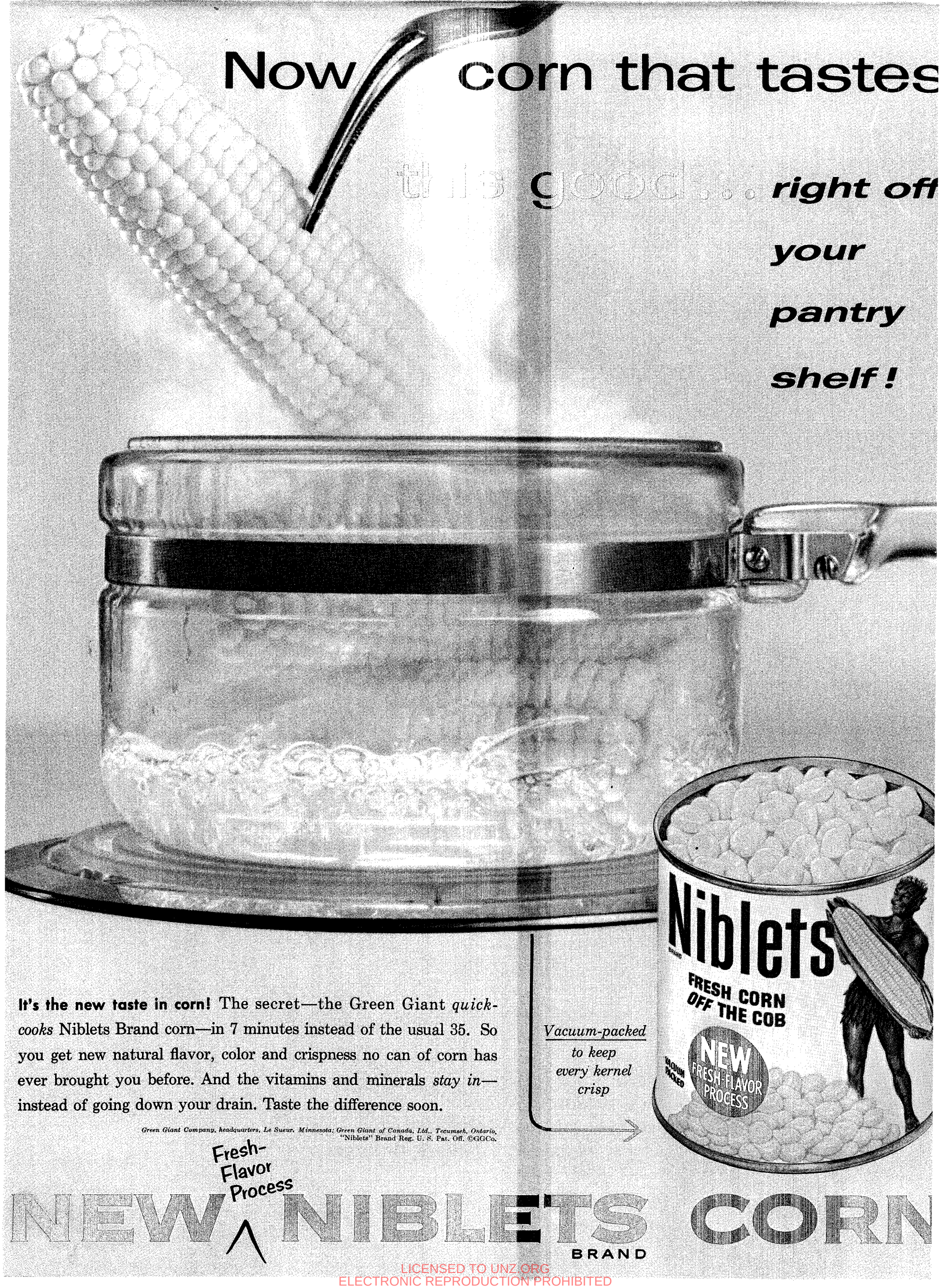

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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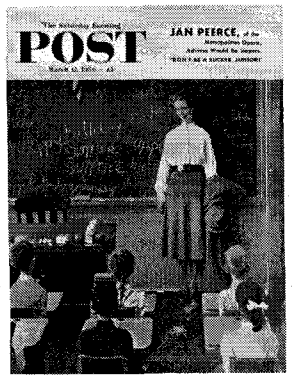

THE COVER

Children must learn to multiply this by that and come out correct usually, else what's the use of growing up into a world full of income-tax blanks? But education is vexation. Often Miss Jones gets so weary of trying to hammer data into little craniums that she yearns to be shipwrecked on a desert isle; and often the little craniums get so weary of Miss Jones, period. Then one day, surprise! Over the cold, emotionless number work on the blackboard are scrawled words warm with sentiment. Tomorrow the acutely quiet posture of the scholars will have deteriorated into normal squirms, and the teacher's smile will have deteriorated, period. But right now Norman Rockwell has captured a moment when Miss Jones knows she loves those kids, and the kids know they love Jonesy.

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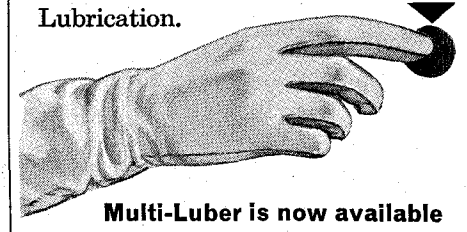

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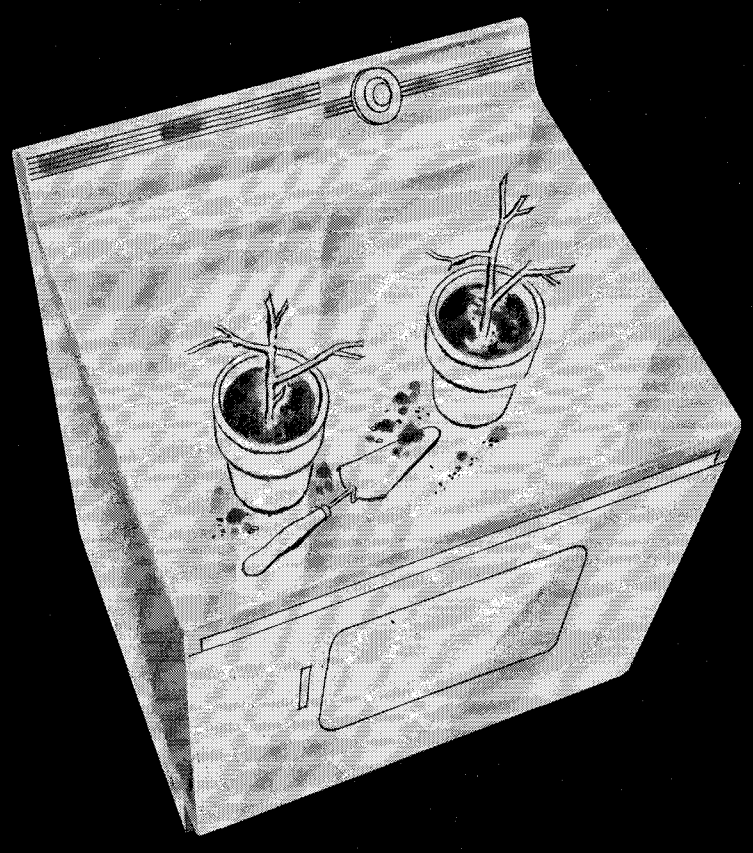

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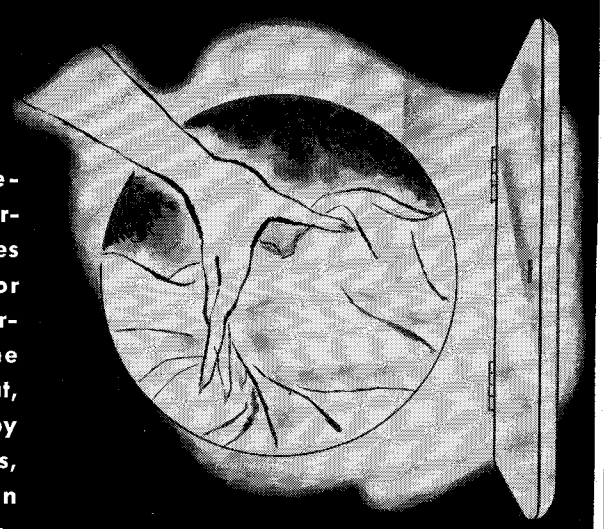

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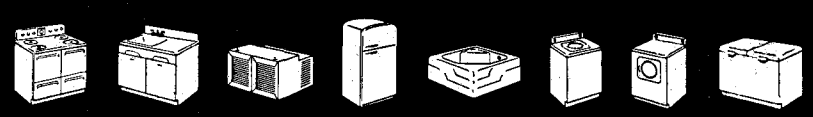


Letters

Modern Ballplayers

Dear Sirs:

Cheers for Bucky Harris, a great baseball man who wouldn't stoop to living in the past. His BALLPLAYERS ARE AS GOOD AS EVER (SatEvePost Feb. 11) does a neat job of putting the old-timer fables in their proper perspective. . . .

FRITZ M. ASPROOTH
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . It is about time an article giving a true picture and comparison of "modern" and "old-time" baseball was written by an expert. I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Harris. . . .

JOSEPH A. VLASIC
Brecksville, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . The article shows that every sport has improved greatly since the old days. Most of the old-timers couldn't even make the grade today. . . .

CHARLES S. SMITH, JR.
Nogales, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Just about the best article I've ever read on that continually debated "hot-stove league" question. . . .

CHARLES S. JACOBS
Winchester, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . When Eddie Collins, Arthur Devlin and Honus Wagner were playing infield, if they missed a ball it was an error. But now all you hear on the radio—it bounced off his glove—too hot to handle—it goes for a hit.

Babe Ruth would have made one hundred home runs a year with that rubber ball they use today. Cobb, Hornsby, Jackson and Speaker would have hit .500 if every time someone muffed a hard-hit ball it was . . . counted a hit.

C. S. WILSON
Dixon, Cal.

Moses' Credo

Dear Sirs:

A salute to Mr. Robert Moses for the article WHY I AM A CONSERVATIVE [Feb. 11]. . . . It is a masterpiece of sound thought, and those of us who do not have the gift of language to express our thoughts adequately feel a spirit of elation when we read an article which describes our opinions so thoroughly. . . .

WILLIAM E. BOMAR
Greenville, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

Me, too!

CHARLES L. SMYTHE
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . It should be illuminating and inspiring to all Americans, Republicans and Democrats alike to heed the scholarly advice given by such an outstanding citizen. . . .

IRA G. HOLCOMB
Vancouver, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

. . . In these days when . . . Conservatives are constantly being stigmatized as Fascists and Reactionaries, it is comforting to realize that there are those among us who have the conviction and courage to speak up and defend their stand. . . .

CHARLES B. ZIMMERMAN, JR.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . Eloquent. . . .

I shall frame it, copy it and pass it on to all I know.

A. E. ROTH
Denver, Colo.

DEAR SIRS:

. . . WHO IS ROBERT MOSES?

KENNETH HUTCHINS
WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

Dear Sirs:

. . . A pretty fuzzy explanation. . . .

FORREST CASTLE
Asheville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

. . . extreme partisanship. . . .

ROY L. MYERS
Eagle Pass, Texas

Dear Sirs:

The motto of Connecticut "*Qui transtulit sustinet*" is seriously stretched by Mr. Moses. [Who said it means: "those who choose to come to this little commonwealth remain to cherish, uphold and preserve its institutions."] The motto, in the "vernacular", means "He (The good Lord) who brought us here sustains us." A Conservative like Mr. Moses should not twist the motto even to point a moral.

NORMAN WINESTINE
Helena, Mont.

Weepy Entertainment

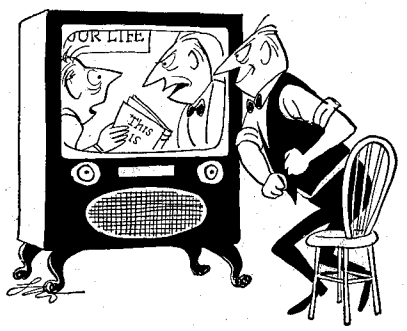
Dear Sirs:

In the February 4 issue . . . you have quite an article about Ralph Edwards [IT MAKES HIM HAPPY TO SEE YOU CRY, by Dean Jennings] and you have a big headline on the cover page describing Edwards as "TV's Biggest Tear Jerker." In my opinion, you made a big mistake in this headline. It should read "TV's Biggest Jerk."

RALPH R. LOUNSBURY
Montclair, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I never miss the beginning of the TV show This Is Your Life, for someday, some year, there will be a brave subject,



who, when he learns what is up, will turn to Ralph and say "Nuts to you" and remove himself from camera range and the theater. I wouldn't miss such a dramatic event for anything. . . .

MRS. O. H. LAMMERS
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I have long since given up looking at this emotionally repulsive program, but appreciate the article for telling us of the contrived manner in which this show is prepared. . . .

EUGENE J. CARMANDI
Framingham, Mass.

(Continued on Page 6)

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B.F.Goodrich

LIFE-SAVER® Tubeless Tires stop you quicker on wet, slippery streets

IN an emergency, it's too late to think twice about your tires. The time to think about skid safety is *now*. The demonstration photo above shows the extra stopping safety you get with B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless.

The light car was equipped with B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVERS. Both cars raced toward glass barriers. On signal, both drivers jammed on the brakes, a few feet short of the barriers. The dark car, with other tires, skidded into the plate glass barrier, smashing it to bits. The car with LIFE-SAVERS stopped safely.

The B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER tread is made up of thousands of grip-blocks. They *flex*, *wipe away* water, *hold* on the dried path, where other tires slide. LIFE-SAVERS *grip* with caterpillar action to protect you against skids.

FOR EXTRA PROTECTION, GET NYLON-PLUS LIFE-SAVER

It gives all the protection of LIFE-SAVER against skids, punctures and blowouts, *plus* the extra strength of nylon cords for greater resistance to bruising impacts.

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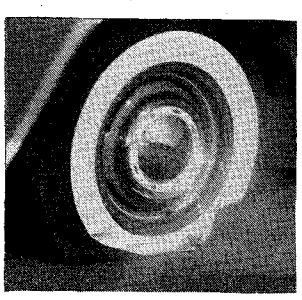
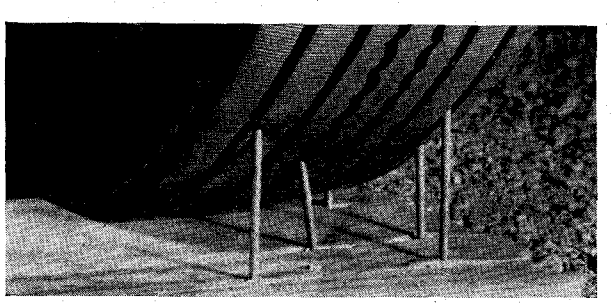


LIFE-SAVERS *change blowouts to s-s-slowouts.* A patented inner liner, part of the tire itself, slows air loss by permitting only pinhole leaks. Instead of a bruise-blowout, you get only a safe s-s-slowout that gives you time to stop.



LIFE-SAVERS *seal punctures permanently, nail in or out.* A patented layer of puncture-sealing rubber under the tread gets an airtight grip on a puncturing nail. When the nail is pulled, this sealant plugs the hole, making permanent repair.

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2ND, THINK OF THE SAVING

...IF YOU TRADE NOW, WHILE YOUR PRESENT TIRES HAVE TOP TRADE-IN VALUE

THINK TWICE and you'll switch to LIFE-SAVERS

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....on worn-out piston rings!

Oil-pumping is the tell-tale sign of worn-out piston rings. And worn-out piston rings mean you're losing power and performance—wasting oil and gasoline—every mile you drive.

See your motor specialist for a piston ring check-up. If new rings are needed, it will pay you to get Hastings Piston Rings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement service—in your particular make and model of car. They seal compression and restore power fast. They stop oil-pumping. And they provide the special lubrication your worn engine needs.

If your car is a victim of worn-out piston rings, don't waste another dollar or wait another day. Get full performance and economy right now—with Hastings Piston Rings! Truly the best money you can spend on your car.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HASTINGS, MICHIGAN

Piston Rings, Casite, Wear Reducer, Oil Filters, Spark Plugs

HASTINGS

PISTON RINGS

TOUGH... BUT OH SO GENTLE*

*TOUGH on oil-pumping • GENTLE on cylinder walls

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

. . . I say to heck with the critics. . . .

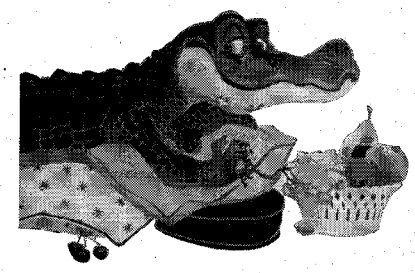
As long as the programs *do* "reunite mothers with long-lost sons," "help a sister meet a brother she thought had been executed," etc., they are certainly worth while. I have often shed tears of happiness along with the guest of honor, and feel no shame for having done so. . . .

MRS. NORMA HILL
Salt Lake City, Utah

City Alligator

Dear Sirs:

Having read and thoroughly enjoyed your latest animal fantasy story THE ALLIGATOR THAT HATED SWAMPS [by Don Tracy, Feb. 11], I can truthfully say



I thought it was just as charming as THE WARMHEARTED POLAR BEAR [by Robert Murphy, Dec. 24]. . . .

My son is only two and a half years old. I intend to save these stories 'till he's a little older. I know he, too, will get a kick out of them.

Also, the illustrations were both so colorful, I intend framing them for his room. . . .

MRS. E. L. BROZEN
Queens Village, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Refreshingly cute, giddy, silly, rejuvenating and spirit lifting. . . .

AUGUSTA R. TICE
Kingsport, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Lately I have noticed some rather absurd stories concerning animals in your magazine. . . .

I enjoyed these immensely. . . .

PAULA W. PROTZE
Wellesley, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Trash. . . . An insult to the intelligence of your readers.

WALLACE S. BELL
Long Branch, N.J.

Stouthearted Town

Dear Sirs:

. . . [THE CITY THAT REFUSED TO DIE, by T. E. Murphy, Feb. 4] was both very heart-warming and encouraging. I was born and raised in [Woonsocket, R.I.] and was one of several hundreds or thousands who left that city because of the corruption, etc., cited in the article.

Since entering the Air Force fourteen years ago, I have returned home on several occasions, but until my last visit there in January, 1954, even I had seen very little hope for [Woonsocket's] survival. However, with the new administration and the never-say-die spirit that seems to have taken hold of its citizens, a definite ray of light can now be seen for a bigger and greater city.

M/SGT. METRO KAROLISHYN
Orlando AFB, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you sincerely for publishing . . . the story of my city. The article was sincere and forceful. Your fine magazine's help and support in our struggle for survival will always be appreciated by me and my fellow citizens of Woonsocket.

MRS. GEORGE P. COREY
Woonsocket, R.I.

Garroway's Jaguar

Dear Sirs:

[Re: I LEAD A GOOFY LIFE, by Dave Garroway, as told to Joe Alex Morris, Feb. 11]. . . . It was my father who excoriated Garroway for putting imitation alligator in his lovely SS-100 Jaguar.

At a Sports Car Club of America gathering . . . I found myself seated next to Mr. G. He asked if I was planning to attend the next club event and, on receiving a negative reply, said, "Oh, that's too bad. I wanted you to meet my

Real alligator.

wife—she's long, low and yellow and has alligator upholstery." At that time it was really alligator-grained calf; but when I finally met "Mrs. Garroway" she'd had the genuine alligator installed not only on her seats and doors but on her dash panel and steering wheel as well. Even the carpeting on her floor was bound with it. . . . Apparently, by this time the car had aged more than her owner, as she was now affectionately addressed as "Mother." . . .

MRS. CHARLES T. COWDIN, JR.
Thiensville, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

. . . It's by far the most definitive piece done on me, and . . . every line in it, to the best of my knowledge, is true . . .

DAVE GARROWAY
New York, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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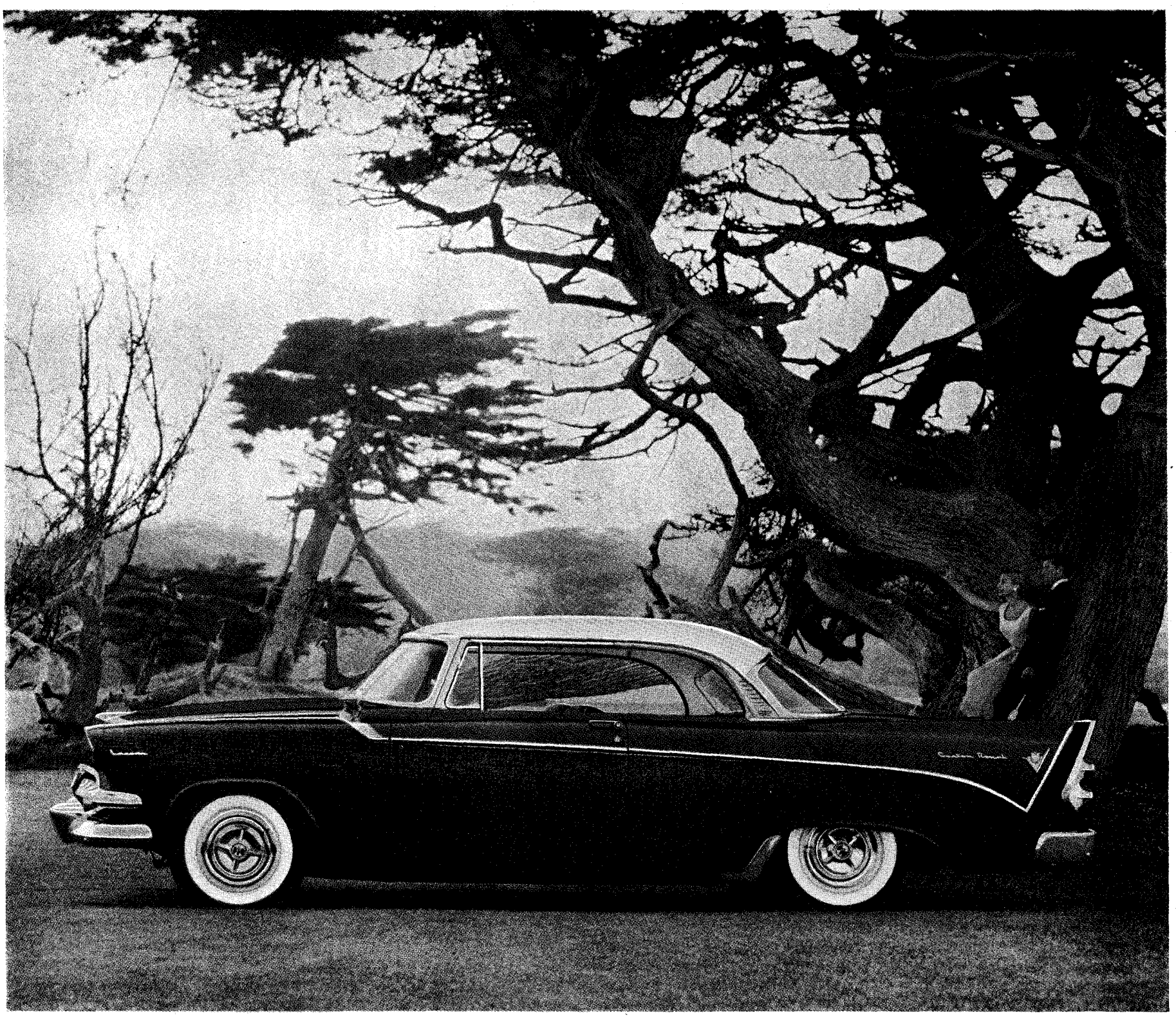

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A new world of adventure is waiting for you

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The difference is there—and it's wonderful!

It starts with styling so fresh and new that you experience a lift in your spirits every time you step into your new Dodge. The sweep of soaring Jet Fins is an invitation to adventure.

Then there's the ease and safety of Dodge "Magic Touch" push-button driving—sure, safe, positive control right at your fingertips.

You discover a new kind of power . . . surging *breakaway power* from the Super Red Ram V-8 that blazed a trail of records on the Bonneville Salt Flats *no other car* has ever equalled.

There's a world of difference in the *feel* of Dodge *full-time* power steering, the *feel* of Dodge *Safe-Guard* power brakes, the *feel* of the gliding *Oriflow* ride that adjusts automatically to every road condition.

It's all different—the *bigness* of this new Dodge, the roominess and comfort that actually exceeds cars costing a thousand dollars more.

Won't you take time *this week* to discover the wonderful difference in Dodge? It can all be yours in the superb Coronet Series—full-size, full-styled, full-powered—yet priced right down with the "low price field." It's your biggest buy—by far!

New '56

DODGE

VALUE LEADER OF THE FORWARD LOOK

Dodge Dealers present: Danny Thomas in "Make Room for Daddy," Bert Parks in "Break the Bank," The Lawrence Welk Show—all on ABC-TV

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3 ways to get an "extra room"

① Hide-A-Bed® Sofa
② Simmons Lounge
③ Simmons Studio Divan

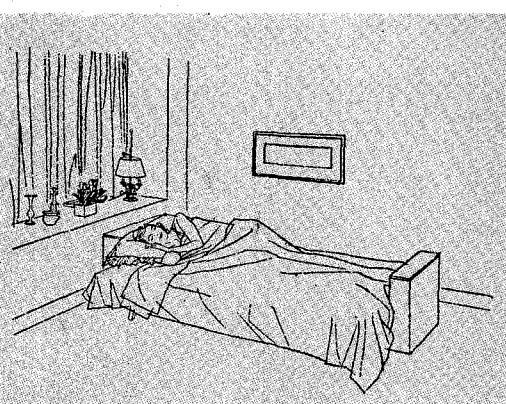
Announcing the all-new 1956 styles of Night-and-Day furniture by Simmons. Prices for every purse. Styles for every purpose.

Need more sleeping space? Simmons has your answer in every style of Night-and-Day furniture and in every price bracket you can mention. No reason for *anyone* to put a crimp in the budget!

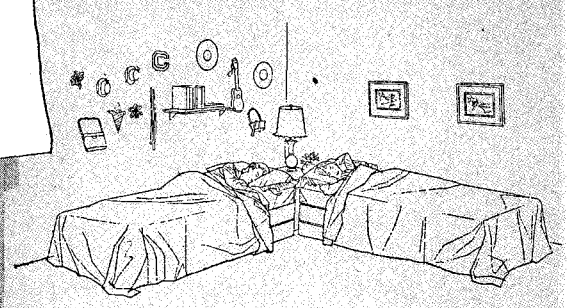
Take your choice of a Simmons studio couch, a lounge or a famous Hide-A-Bed sofa. Each is a lovely furniture piece that keeps its dual purpose secret.

The Hide-a-Bed, for example, has the graceful lines of the smartest *sofa* . . . many with the new off-the-floor design. The patented seat cushion construction lets you sink in—sit back in perfect comfort. You'd never suspect these fine sofas open up into beds with a full-width Simmons mattress, *even famous Beautyrest* if you choose* (only $20 more)*!*

See these Night-and-Day styles soon. Take your pick of hundreds of "decorator-selected" fabrics. Everything from modern metallics to rich traditional patterns!



Park Lane—Handsome lounge with tufted seat and back. Walnut legs, brass ferrules. Rich textured fabric in coral. Also in leaf green, cork, turquoise, lime. As shown, $119.95.



Studio divan with kick-pleat tailoring. Two tufted bolsters, flounce. Textured jacquard fabric in turquoise. Also in sea green, cranberry red, silver, rose beige. As shown, $89.95 each.

NOW! See these new 1956 Simmons Night-and-Day styles at your favorite

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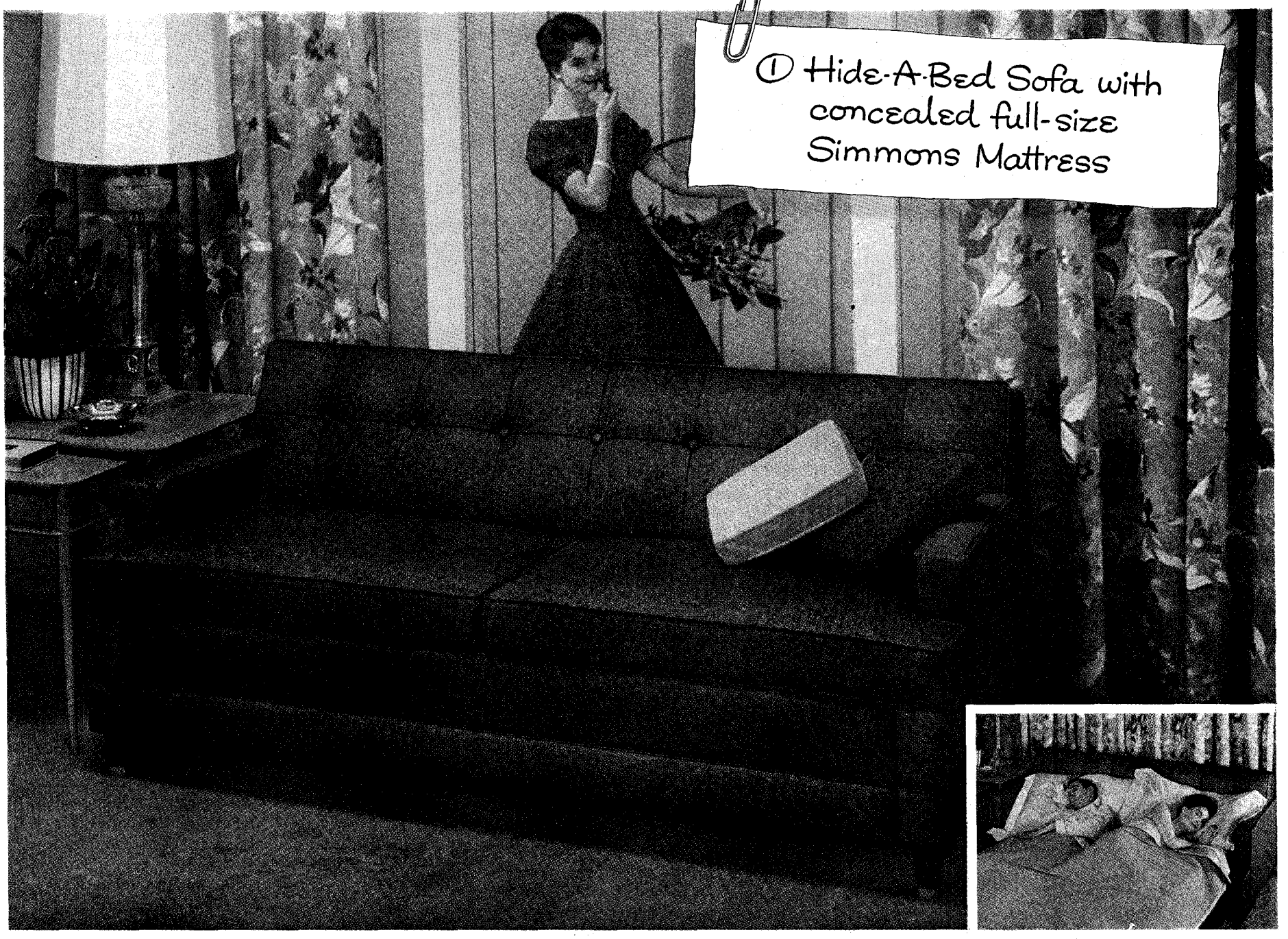
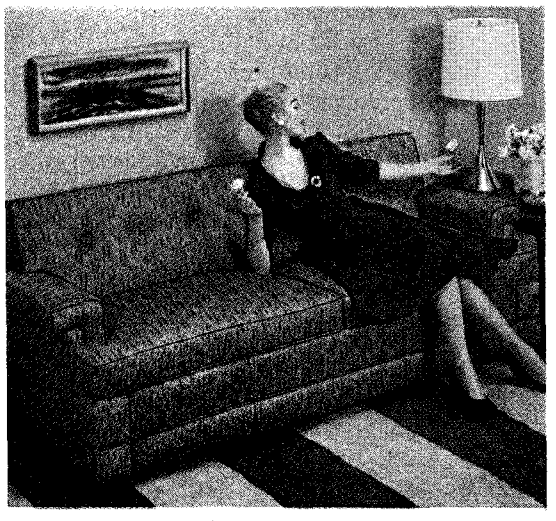
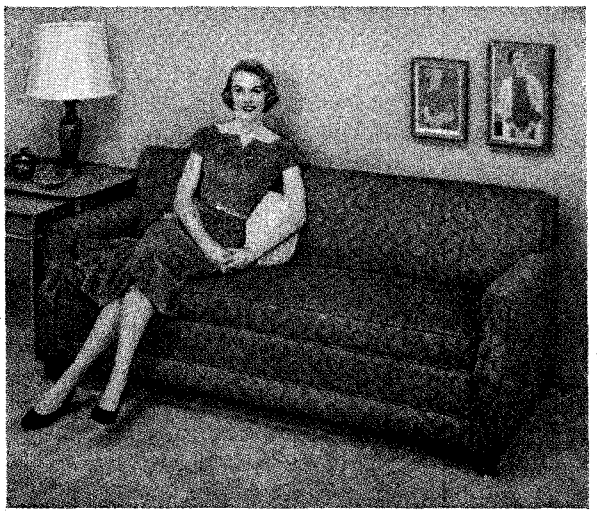
at a price you can afford...



Tufted modern sofa with new off-the-floor look. Round tapered legs, brass ferrules. Beautyrest seat cushions. Leaf green metallic. Also in rose beige, turquoise, gold, pink. Full size as shown, $259.50. Apartment size, $249.50.



dern sofa with shelf arms. In beige metallic. Also black and white, turquoise, ice pink, forest green. l size as shown, $279.50. Apartment size, $269.50.



Lawson cut-back sofa in ice blue jacquard. Also in leaf green, rose beige, charcoal and ice pink. Full size as shown, $239.50. Apartment size, $229.50.

Simmons Company

Makers of the finest "Night-and-Day" furniture . . . and the world-famous Beautyrest Mattress

ore! Ask about convenient credit terms.

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Editorials

"Honest Ave" Should Have Laid Off That Waterfront Mess!

If Gov. Averell Harriman, of New York, finds himself running third or worse at the Democratic national convention in Chicago next summer, he may owe his poor showing in part to an unfortunate intervention in New York's waterfront battle.

At the very moment when a series of energetic investigations, prosecutions and legislative acts promised at long last to drive the goons and racketeers off the New York docks, Governor Harriman threw a scare into the forces of reform by dismissing from the Waterfront Commission the member most dedicated to the war upon waterfront crime, Lt. Gen. George P. Hays. Then, without consulting Governor Meyner, of New Jersey, which state shares with New York administration of the port, Governor Harriman appointed his own campaign manager to succeed General Hays.

This kind of thing is what a lot of people in the "sticks" are against. Without knowing too much about it, they are apt to draw harsh conclusions.

In the opinion of Peter Megargee Brown, who spent two years as an Assistant United States Attorney in the effort to clean up America's greatest port, Governor Harriman's act struck "a possibly fatal blow at dock reform. The implications of the governor's actions were too plain to be missed by the thousands of state officials under his authority . . . The I.L.A. (International Longshoremen's Association) was to be preserved and restored in its original form." A New York state legislative committee is now investigating the question, in the language of The New York Times, "whether the (Harriman) Administration tried to hamper efforts to rid the docks of racketeers," i.e., uncover the waterfront.

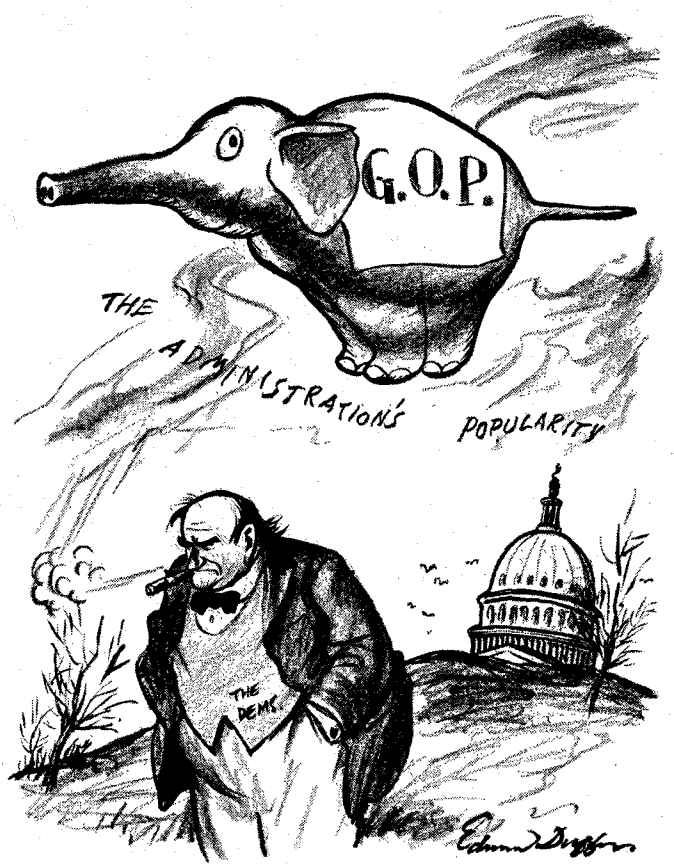
Whether or not the governor "tried" to achieve this result, the removal of General Hays and the appointment of a political ally of the governor to replace him makes it at least possible. The port of New York annually handles cargo valued at about $8,000,000,000 carried in 12,000 ships. The extortion, kickbacks, bribery and plain thievery which characterize the operations of this "shakedown with a union label," to quote Mr. Brown again, has long produced an enormous take. The officials of I.L.A., many of whom have police records, will certainly welcome any sign that the determination of civic authority to keep the New York Port free of racketeers has begun to give at the seams. The I.L.A. has accepted a fair share of the Waterfront Commission's "code of fair conduct," but still insists that it should control the hiring agents. It was this system, of course, upon which the racketeers flourished.

Inasmuch as Governor Harriman is not a poor man dependent on small favors by others, it is unnecessary to attribute his action to the large contributions which I.L.A. reputedly made to his past campaign. After all, the governor could double the amounts handed over by the I.L.A. bosses without feeling it. A possible explanation is a mistaken sense of loyalty to political supporters, or perhaps even the erroneous idea that the International Longshoremen's Association is a genuine labor union which has the interests of the common man at heart. This last is hard to believe, but well-to-do uplifters in politics acquire some strange notions.

It is always possible that the new member of the Waterfront Commission and the new men appointed to key administrative posts may continue to protect the interests of the people and the port. Otherwise, the three-year-long campaign to end murder and extortion on the New York waterfront will have ended in the manner of too many other similar efforts, a splash of public indignation followed by indifference.

Only a politically independent commission, equipped and determined to clean up the mess, can hope to succeed against the well-heeled and ruthless characters who have profited enormously from levying tribute on the shipping business of the United States. Democrats interested in Governor Harriman's effort to get the presidential nomination of his party will want to know more about him than how he feels about segregation. They will also want to know why he fired General Hays.

DUFFY'S CARTOON



Yep, Weather Balloons Can be Annoying.

Labor's George Meany Gives "Liberals" A Political Education

Hundreds of leading anti-anticommunists who call themselves "liberals" were shocked a few weeks back when George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, rebuked them at a luncheon of the National Labor and Religion Foundation. He and Walter P. Reuther were the guests of honor, jointly receiving the foundation's annual Social Justice certificate.

The audience of 1200 included leaders in religion, labor, government, politics, education and social reform, including Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Probably 95 per cent of them are generally classified as liberals—a term of conflicting meanings. The great majority agree in the main with Americans for Democratic Action, and many of these are orthodox anti-anticommunists.

"Too many in the free world," Meany told them, "are still prisoners of the illusion that communism is, historically speaking, a progressive system—extreme liberalism temporarily making bad mistakes. Actually, communism represents darkest reaction. . . . Too many in the free world seem to have lost their capacity for moral indignation against the most brutal inhumanities when they are perpetrated by communists. . . . Many people in our country who call themselves liberals are stone silent about the Soviet concentration camps. . . .

"Communism is the very opposite of liberalism. Communism is the deadliest enemy of liberalism. Liberals should be the most consistent and energetic fighters against communism. Liberals must also be on guard against developing a certain type of McCarthyism of their own. They must shun like a plague the role of being anti-anticommunist. Only by refusing to be thus entrapped can liberals shed every vestige of subconscious and conscious regard for communism as a movement with which they have something in common."

Many listeners were, according to press reports, "somewhat stunned" by Meany's speech. He sat down amid mild, polite (Continued on Page 12)

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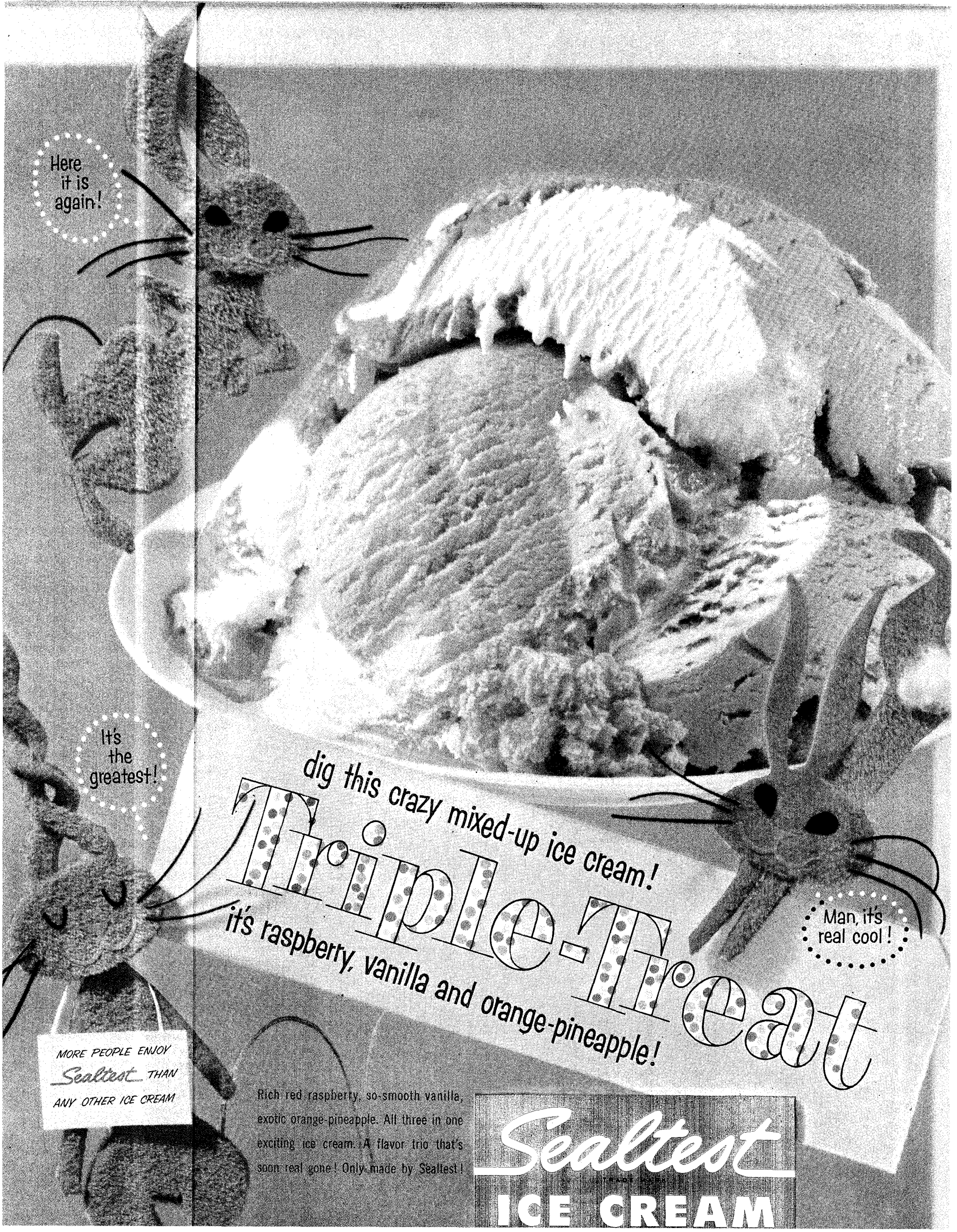
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It's the greatest!
dig this crazy mixed-up ice cream!
Triple-Treat
it's raspberry, vanilla and orange-pineapple!
Man, it's real cool!
MORE PEOPLE ENJOY Sealtest THAN ANY OTHER ICE CREAM
Rich red raspberry, so-smooth vanilla, exotic orange-pineapple. All three in one exciting ice cream. A flavor trio that's soon real gone! Only made by Sealtest!
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A survey of the electrical controls—wherever accessible—used with 849 machine tools exhibited at the recent Chicago Machine Tool Show, established the fact that Allen-Bradley motor starters, relays, timing relays, and disconnect switches led all other makes.

Allen-Bradley motor control has gained this position of leadership by its performance . . . its long life . . . consistency of action . . . trouble free operation. The A-B trademark has come to be recognized as the sign of QUALITY in motor control.

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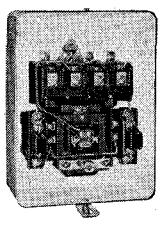
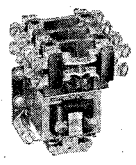
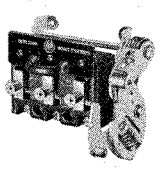


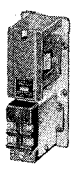
***FIRST* in Starters—**
41% of the motor starters at the Chicago Machine Tool Show were Allen-Bradley.



***FIRST* in Relays—**
46.5% of the relays at the Chicago Machine Tool Show were Allen-Bradley.



***FIRST* in Disconnect Switches—**
29.6% of the disconnect switches on control panels at the Chicago Machine Tool Show were Allen-Bradley.



***FIRST* in Timing Relays—**
51.7% of the timers at the Chicago Machine Tool Show were Allen-Bradley.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL
The PREFERRED Line

A-B Quality

Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

applause. The next speaker was his fellow guest of honor, Reuther, former president of the CIO and now head of the Industrial Union Department of the combined federation.

Reuther, who is also a leader of Americans for Democratic Action, gave the audience what it wanted. Meany had denounced "racialism in our own midst," but he had also pointed out that Bulganin and Khrushchev are guilty of "racialism in reverse," by stirring up color hatred against the United States and other Western countries. Reuther's talk, however, was right down the ADA line: "We have no right to preach morality to the world or point an accusing finger at other nations unless we are fighting equally hard against injustices at home." If this means anything, the United States would never have had the right to condemn Hitler's atrocities.

Yet the "liberal" audience enthusiastically applauded Reuther. And its coldness toward Meany was noted with satisfaction by the Communist Party, which assailed Meany for his speech. The C.P. actually demanded that he be muzzled. It declared that he has no right to make speeches "against U.S. liberals—and all humanity." For he is no longer president of the AFL alone; now he has the CIO in the merged federation, and the communists insist that he must yield to the CIO's softer policy.

In Los Angeles, Don't Call Anybody "Superannuated"

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

What may be the seed of a nationwide revolt of the oldsters has been sown in Los Angeles. A customer in one of the city's department stores asked for a clerk who had often served her. She was told that this employee had been retired because she was overage for selling. The customer replied that, since she was older than the clerk, she must also be overage for buying, and walked out. Other veteran customers let it be known that they missed the old-timers who knew their tastes and needs. Soon most of the clerks who recently had been superannuated were reinstated.

"Now," reports the head of the store, "some of the younger executives in our field are amused at the number of gray-haired salespeople behind our counters. But that seems to be what our clientele wants." The clientele includes the cream of Southern California families.

Los Angeles has many oldster clubs and forums. A friend of the saleswoman who was put back on the job to appease the valued customer who walked out is a member of one. She spread the word and asked why other employers should not be induced to retain or rehire competent, experienced and dependable older workers.

Most oldsters are nonaggressive. But there are exceptions. One of them is a woman of sixty who has been sponsoring and directing the activities of older citizens. Speaking at senior clubs and forums, she told what had occurred in the store and pointed out that similar pressure should be used elsewhere. Senior citizens, she said, should refuse to do business with concerns which discriminate against older workers. She urged them to speak a word for older employees, and, when feasible, to ask to be served by them. She enlisted many members of senior groups to push the campaign. Within a few months a half dozen markets had been induced to take on older women as cashiers or checkers and older men as stock clerks.

Meanwhile research by some superannuated bank clerks and stock salesmen revealed that the senior citizens of the Los Angeles district own more than $100,000,000 worth of securities in commercial and industrial enterprises, many of which discriminate against older workers. That convinced our lady organizer that what she had accomplished was only a start, and that she should raise her sights. Contacting a couple of dozen wealthy oldsters, she asked them what they thought of carrying heavy investments in organizations that classed workers younger than themselves as "too old" to work and fit only for scrapping. As many of these men are active and consider themselves alert and efficient, they didn't like it. All right, then, wouldn't they use their influence to correct this condition?

Their response was such that she and her coworkers are launching a new campaign. Letters signed by well-heeled oldsters are to be sent to companies in which they hold stock. The first letter requests information on the company's policy on employment age limits. The second urges the utilization of the skills, experience and dependability of senior workers. Later letters will get tougher. At least that is the plan of the more militant of the oldsters.

They hold two aces. American investors in the upper age brackets control enough capital to carry a lot of weight; and much of it is in the hands of women.

If the crusade this woman has started spreads, it might prove to be one of the "developments" that the experts predict will come to the rescue of our "displaced persons" over sixty-five. With our life expectancy expanding and our concern for the future increasing, something's gotta give.

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- Lightweight—weighs only 29 lbs. • 18-inch cut. • Only $77.50.

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Leaf Mulcher attachment at slight extra cost

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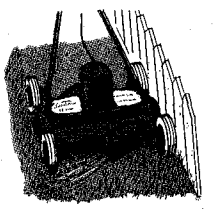
Only 29 lbs. Easiest-to-use—easiest-to-store



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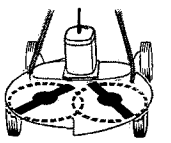

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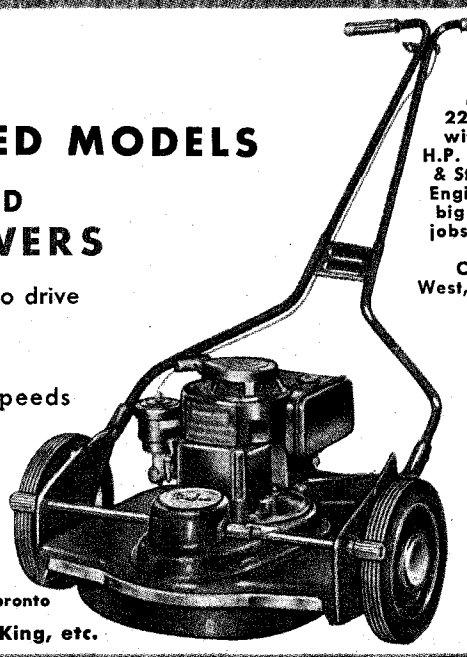

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What a difference between yesterday's Lif

A hundred years ago a life insurance policy often prevented you from traveling west of the Mississippi without written permission. Indians might get your scalp! Nor could you venture south in the summer without permission; malaria was rife — and curative drugs unknown. As for going up in the air in one of those new-fangled balloons — that was just unthinkable.

Of course, there was a good reason for all the restrictions of the mid-nineteenth century. Everyday hazards of that era were far greater than now; so great in fact, that the average life span was 25 years shorter than today.

So the old life insurance companies were forced to be tough. Any man who dared violate one of their rules found his policy automatically canceled. But worse still, even if he lived up to all the requirements, he usually had to die to win. Insura in those days emphasized a single need — protection for family if the breadwinner died.

THE NEW TREND IN INSURANCE

What a difference today! Travel is safer; health has improv the rate of industrial accidents has fallen sharply. Keep pace with this progress, American insurance companies h lifted many of the old restrictions. Of even deeper significar they have evolved a new, modern viewpoint toward the *fu tion* of insurance that has resulted in new, liberalized polic

This viewpoint, brought about by the needs of today's fa ilies, is summed up in the two words *Living Insurance.*

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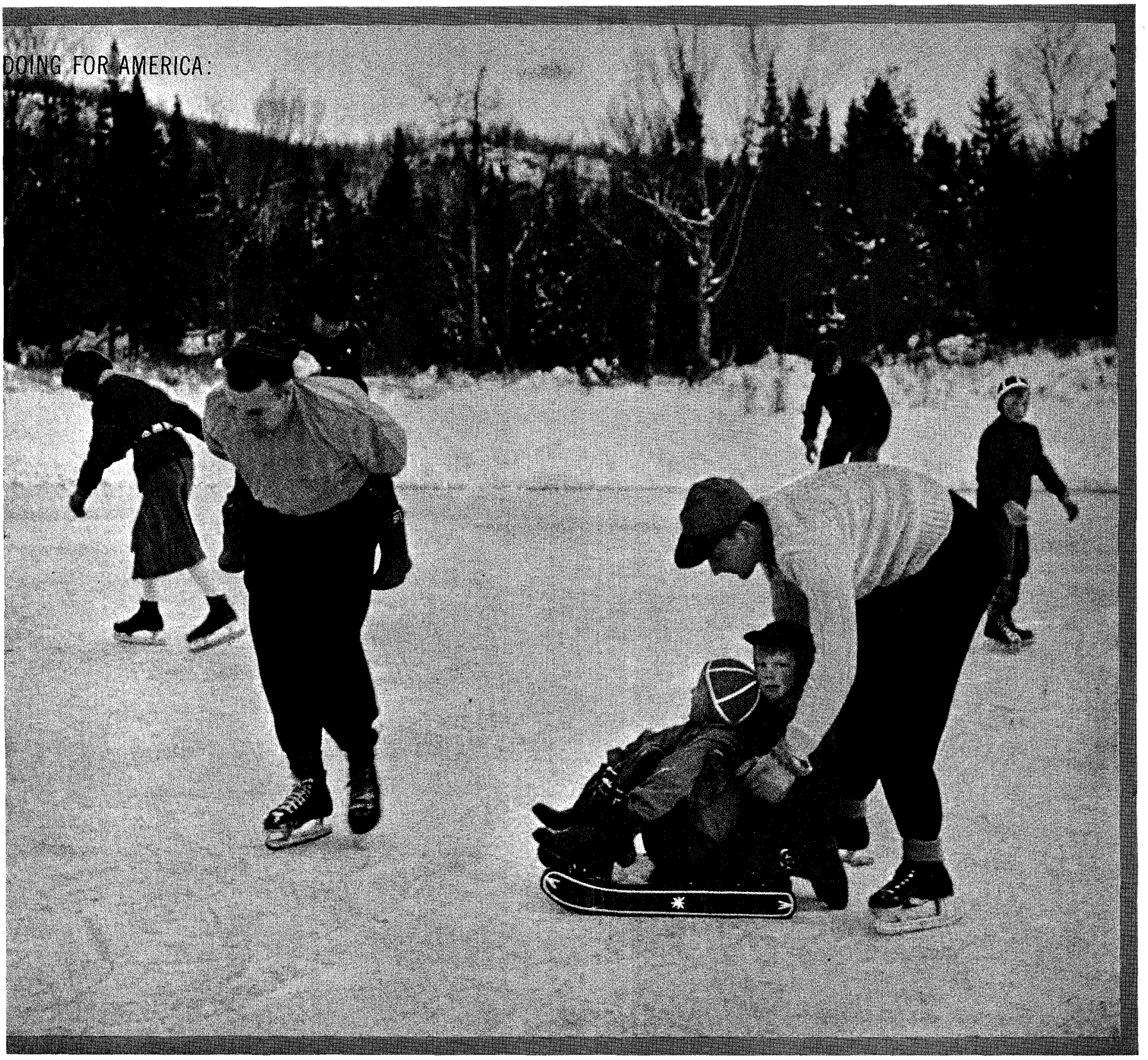
DOING FOR AMERICA:



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THIS MAN

EASIER WAY TO KEEP COOL is what every family will be looking for soon. It's also what the Worthington CLIMATE MAN at the window is offering. His dramatic visual demonstration gives you a real picture of air conditioning in your home. He'll answer your questions on cost, cooling, dehumidifying, filtration, location, installation, size, and type of unit that's best for you. Get all the facts free and first-hand before you decide on any air conditioner for your home. Make a date with the CLIMATE MAN now!

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wants to show you how easy it is to give your family year-round AIR CONDITIONING

Worthington Climate Man strips mystery from air conditioning with unique "see-it-yourself" demonstration in your own home

No matter what you've read—or heard—about home air conditioning, it's no substitute for a Worthington CLIMATE MAN's unusual home demonstration.

This man can actually show you what your air-conditioned home will be like. Think of being able to cool off torrid summer temperatures . . . keep humidity at a comfortable, healthful level . . . shut out unhealthy dirt, pollen and dust. This is the pleasant picture your Worthington CLIMATE MAN will preview for you.

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Then you'll see the CLIMATE MAN blueprint an actual installation for your home—watch him work out cost figures which prove how little it costs to own and operate the Worthington year-round air conditioning system.

If you don't know all the facts about air conditioning, there's no better way to get them than by calling your Worthington CLIMATE MAN. He's qualified by years of specialized experience in successful residential and business installations to show you just what air conditioning can do for your home . . . and your family. Call your Worthington dealer today. Or send for free question-and-answer booklet on why and how you should air condition your home. Write Worthington Corporation Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Div., Section A.6.11-P, Harrison, N. J. A.6.11

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Climate Engineers to Industry, Business and the Home

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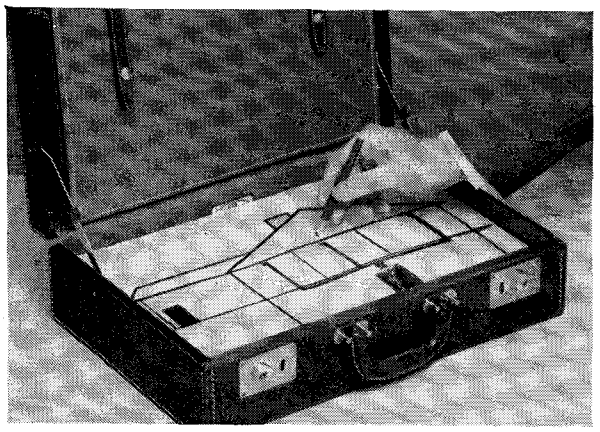
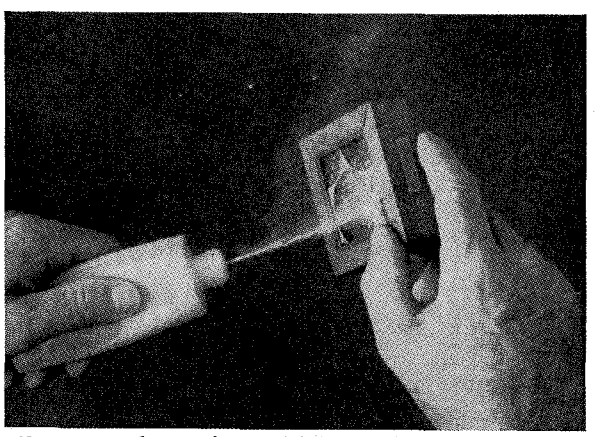
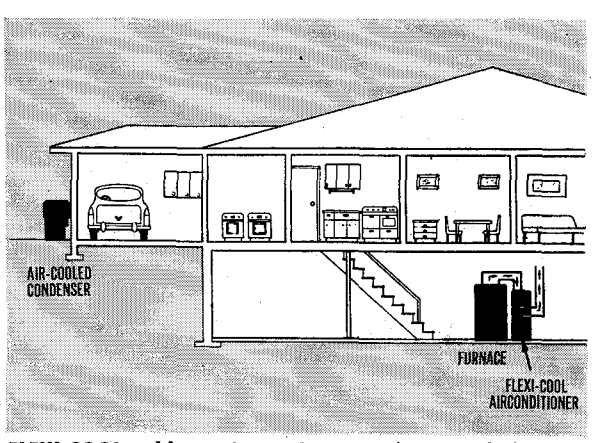


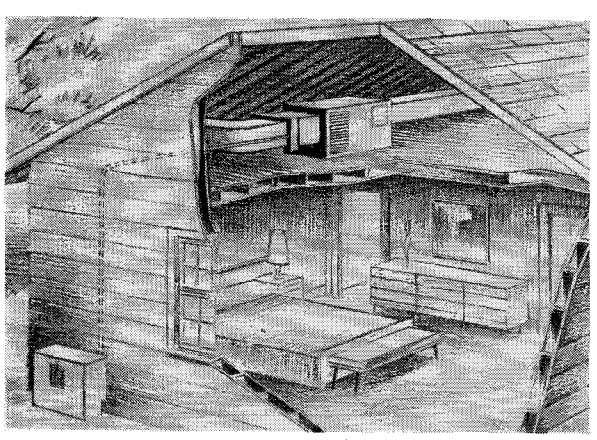
Picture your home as it's quick-sketched by the CLIMATE MAN to show you exactly *where* and *how* Worthington's year-round air conditioner will do the best job for you. You'll also see him sketch out the complete cost picture, including operating expenses.



Filter-test dramatizes efficient filtering action of Worthington air conditioning. Here, an actual segment of Worthington viscous-type filter shuts out a puff of powder. Imagine all the air in your home kept clean and cool by Worthington air conditioning.

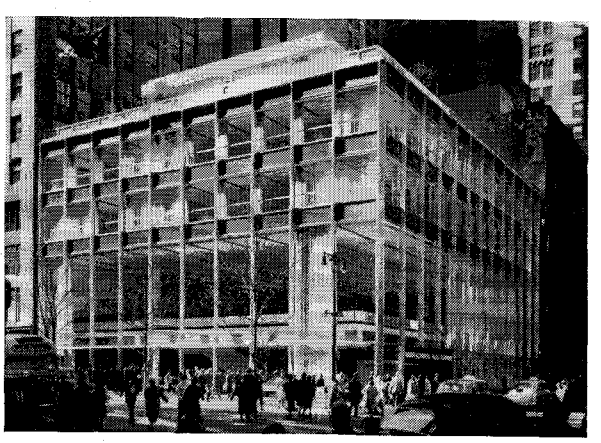


FLEXI-COOL add-on air conditioning is one of the new space-saving possibilities your Worthington CLIMATE MAN will open your eyes to. As a package or as separate units, FLEXI-COOL can be installed vertically, horizontally, even hung from the ceiling!



Air conditioning without water is something else you'll learn about from the CLIMATE MAN. Worthington's new "air-cooled" unit keeps the hottest homes cool—without adding to your water bills. And it proves Worthington can supply the right equipment for every need.

Businesses as well as homes can call on the CLIMATE MAN. Offices, restaurants and stores (like Beverly Hills' famous Don Loper, Inc., above) have been building summer business with Worthington air conditioners for years. Your Worthington dealer can help you do it, too.



Worthington's 70 years in air conditioning started with big central station installations—latest example is New York's new glass-sheathed Manufacturers Trust building (above). Engineering experience gained here helps us build better residential units for your home.

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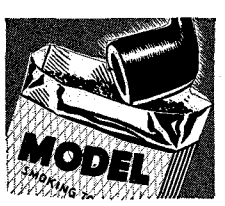
Free unless you agree

IT'S THE GREATEST!

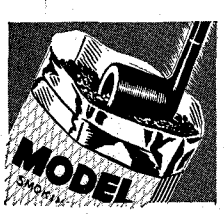
Just try Model's blend of truly fine burleys.

You'll delight in its distinctive taste and aroma—discover in every puff a deeply satisfying experience. If you don't agree it's the best you ever smoked—just return the empty pack to United States Tobacco Company, and we'll gladly refund your fifteen cents.*

**Exclusive of local taxes. Offer expires December 31, 1956.*

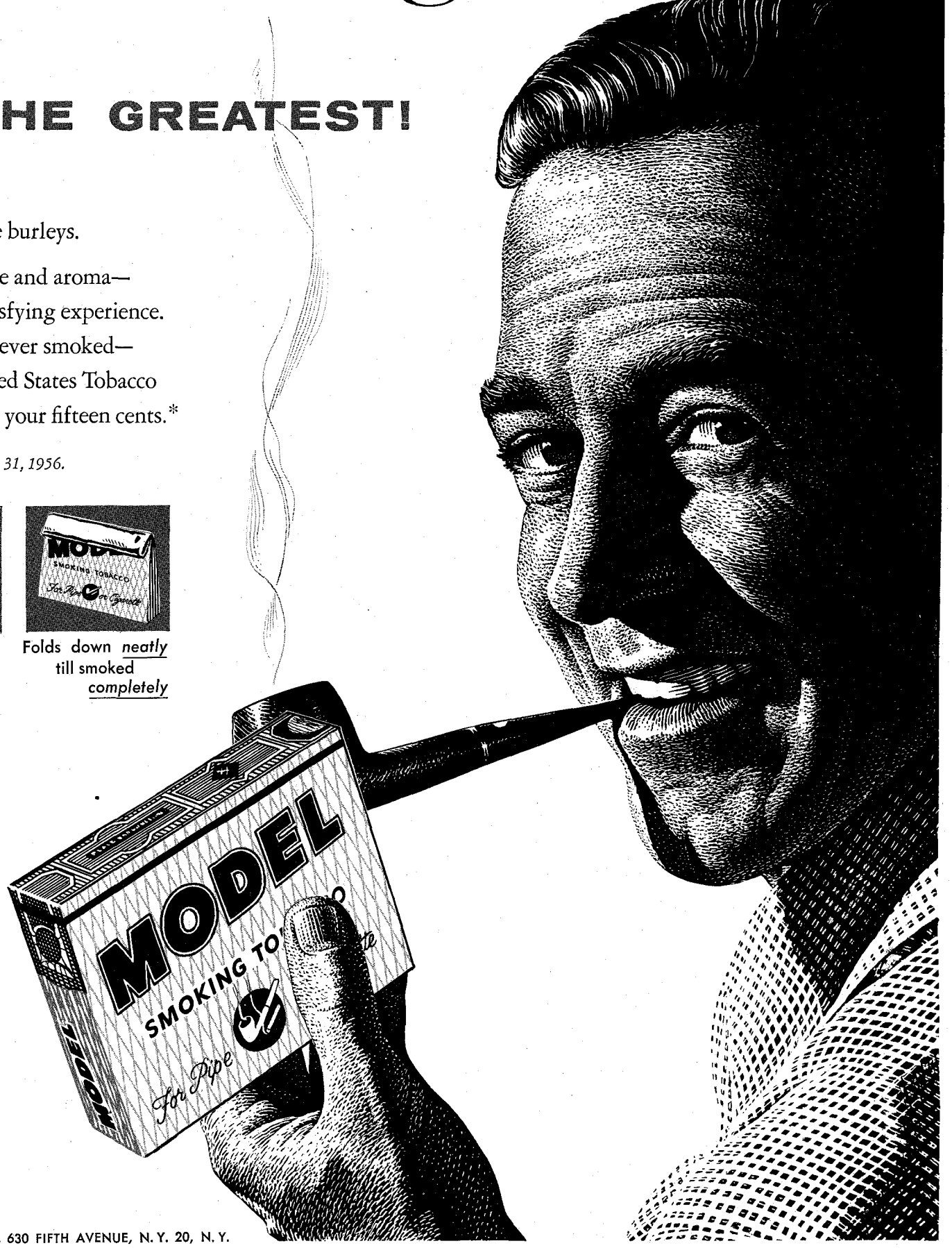


Opens wide to let you dip



Fills without a single slip

Folds down *neatly* till smoked *completely*



UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, DEPT. B, 630 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

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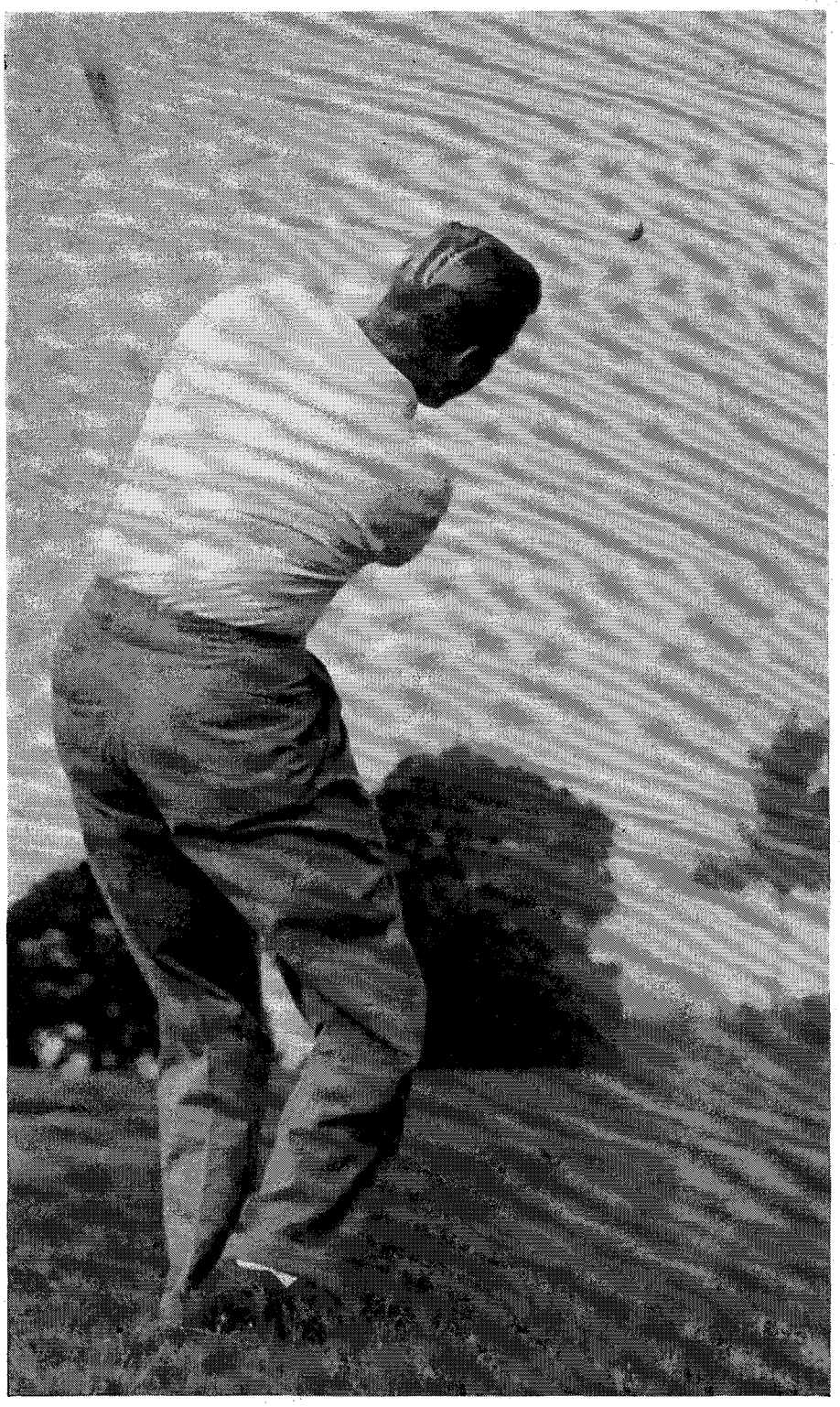
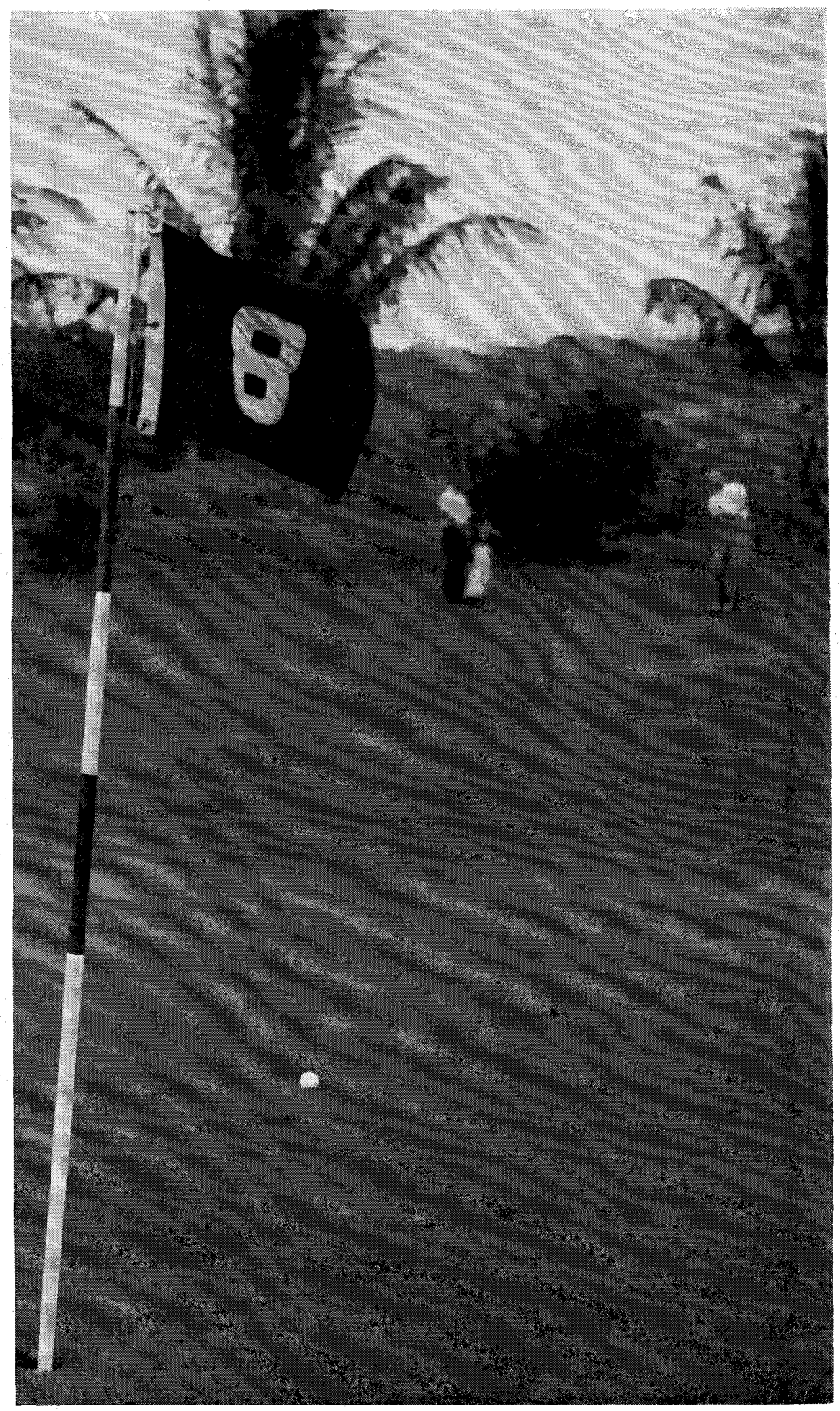




HOW OFTEN DO YOU SAY:

"What I'd give for a shot like that"?

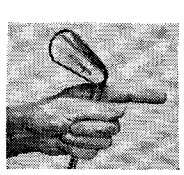
Not the booming 300-yard drives or the miraculous recovery for a birdie.

We're talking about the regular fairway and rough shots that make up the biggest part of your game. The shots that you shouldn't miss and that cost you pars when you do.

These are the shots you'll make better with Spalding SYNCHRO-DYNED registered Bobby Jones clubs. Because only these clubs are made with Spalding's exclusive SYNCHRO-DYNED® club system—a scientific and exact formula of weight coordination that makes *every club in the set swing and feel the same.* What a difference this feel can make!

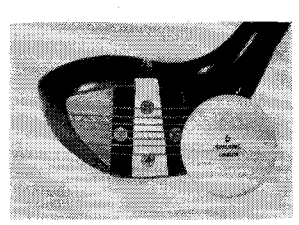
Just a few rounds with these registered clubs, and you'll be experiencing better timing, *consistently* better accuracy, *consistently* better distance. *And with every club in the bag, for all your Spalding Bobby Jones* SYNCHRO-DYNED *clubs swing alike!*

You'll find these clubs offer better appearance, as well as better playing qualities. The Jones irons feature a glistening finish on an exclusive tough alloy steel. They look better. They last longer.



Spalding Autographs—better-made clubs at a budget price. The Autograph irons give you the same high-polish finish as on *all* Spalding irons. Spalding Autograph Woods and Irons are carefully balanced to offer good golfing, season after season, at a popular price. See your Spalding dealer for Spalding Autograph clubs.

Play Spalding clubs and balls—golf's most winning combination



SPALDING

SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

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The New 1956

NORGE Tri-Level

REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

Now! 3 Separate Storage Lockers

make food keeping so convenient you can find what you want with your eyes shut!

You wanted greater convenience, so we created 3 separate storage lockers that classify foods automatically—as you store them. In each locker we put compartments, sections and every roll-out, fold-down, come-to-you feature known, so you can find what you want almost without thinking or looking. And we engineered all these wonderful convenience features into a really glamorous looking Norge that answers your demand for a refrigerator-freezer with more storage space—in less kitchen space!

Greatest frozen food protection ever known. Three separate lockers let you select refrigerated foods, even ice cubes and frozen juices, without ever opening the freezer. Insulated on all six sides, the frozen food locker is fitted with a special Self-Sealing Drawer that automatically snaps tight to retain true zero cold. And it glides out to put all frozen foods within finger-tip reach. No searching, rummaging or groping for what you want!

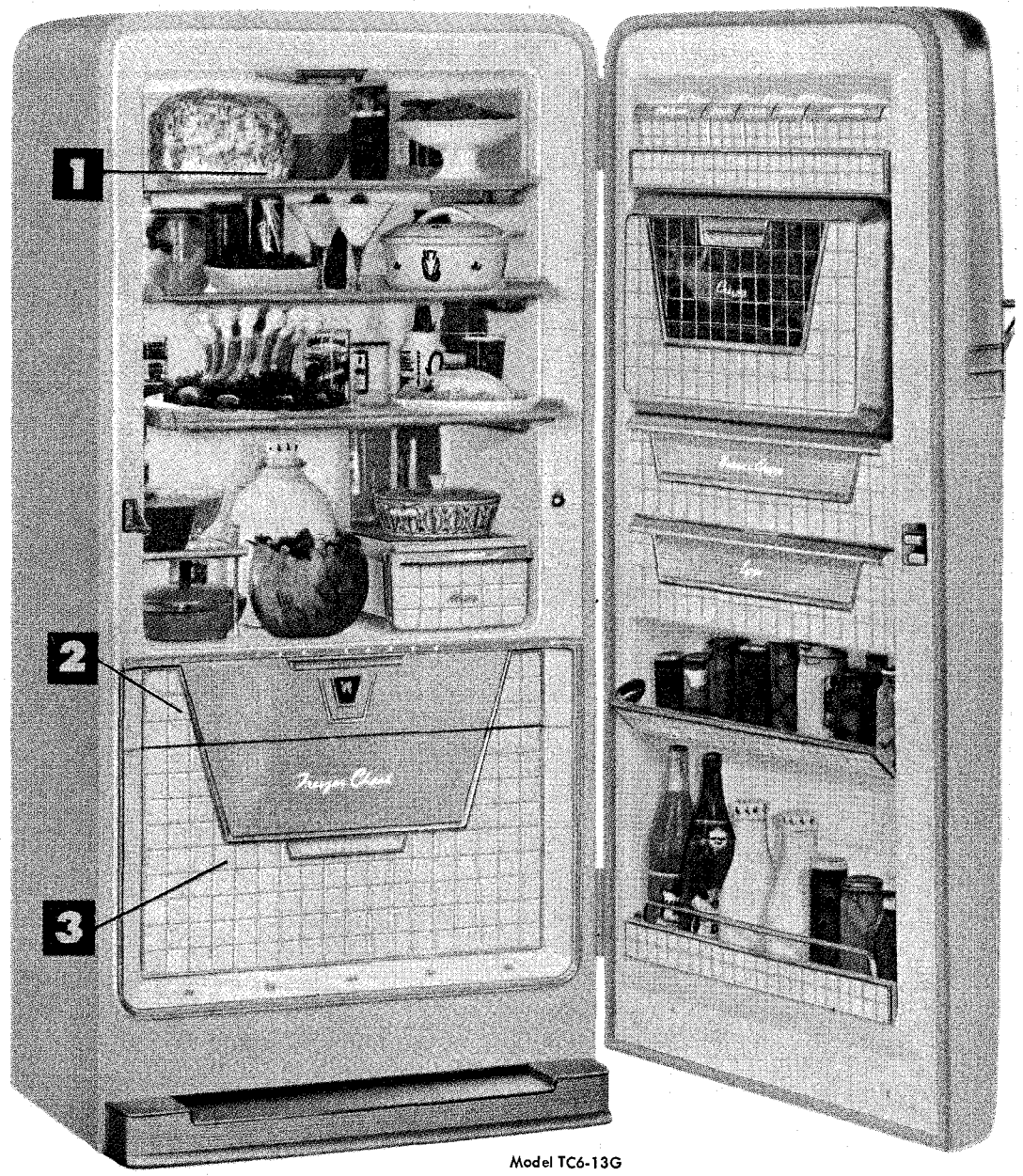
Automatic Defrosting—the Norge Customatic system removes and evaporates all frost and frost water, automatically.

Roll-Out Shelves glide out full length for easy storage.

In-A-Dor Crisper tilts down to make food selection easier. Inner shell removable for easy cleaning and counter use.

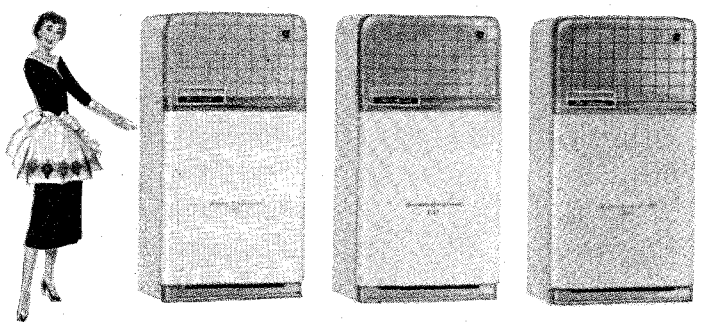
Tilt-Down Shelf Guards let you store extra tall containers easily. Special storage for butter, cheese, eggs.

Prices from $179.95 to $549.95 • See your NORGE Dealer today!



Model TC6-13G

Color and styling to fit your kitchen's mood!



Spruce up your kitchen with a Norge Tri-Level in pastel yellow, green, pink or Glacier White. For a two-tone combination with a custom-tailored look, add Norge aluminum "Custom Caps"—finished in copper, grey, or satin chrome to match your kitchen decor.

NORGE MANUFACTURES • REFRIGERATORS • CHEST AND UPRIGHT FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • WRINGER WASHERS • GAS AND ELECTRIC DRYERS, RANGES, WATER HEATERS

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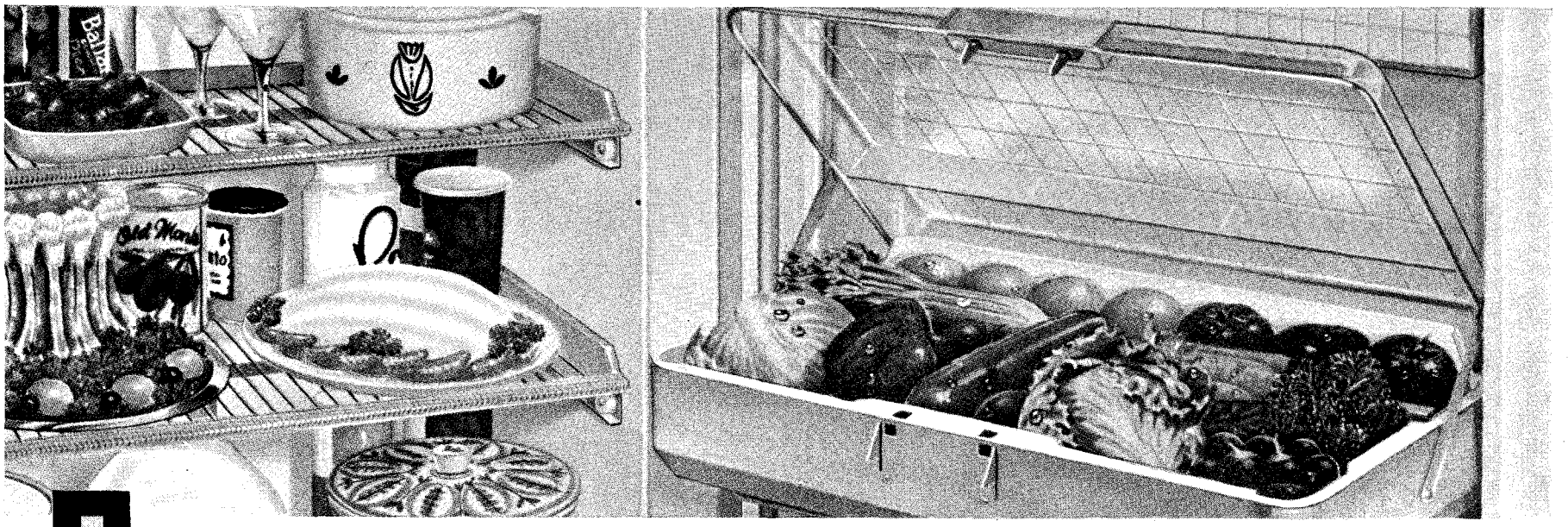
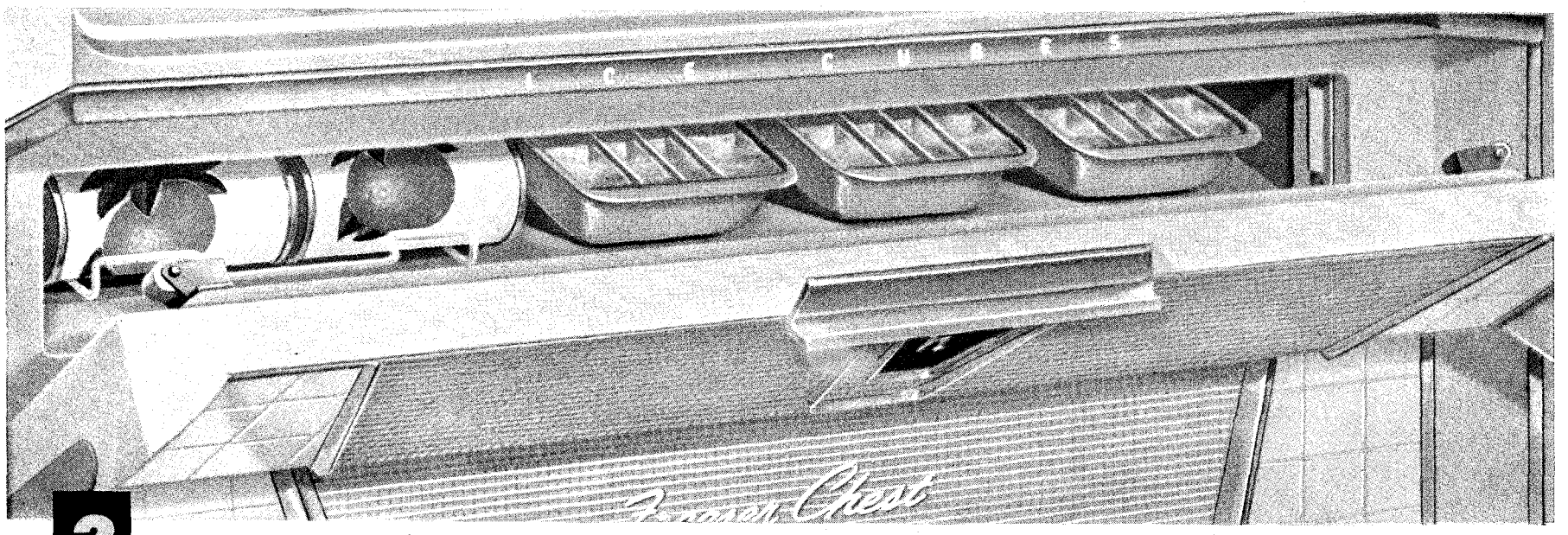


1 10 CU. FT. REFRIGERATOR LOCKER includes this removable In-A-Dor Crisper for fruits and vegetables



2 NEW SEPARATE ICE LOCKER provides ice and hands you frozen juice cans with freezer section closed

3 105 LB. FROZEN FOOD LOCKER with true zero cold actually keeps a steak safe-frozen for an entire year

NORGE

NORGE SALES CORPORATION. SUBSIDIARY OF BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, MERCHANDISE MART PLAZA, CHICAGO 54, ILLINOIS. Canada: ADDISON'S LIMITED, TORONTO

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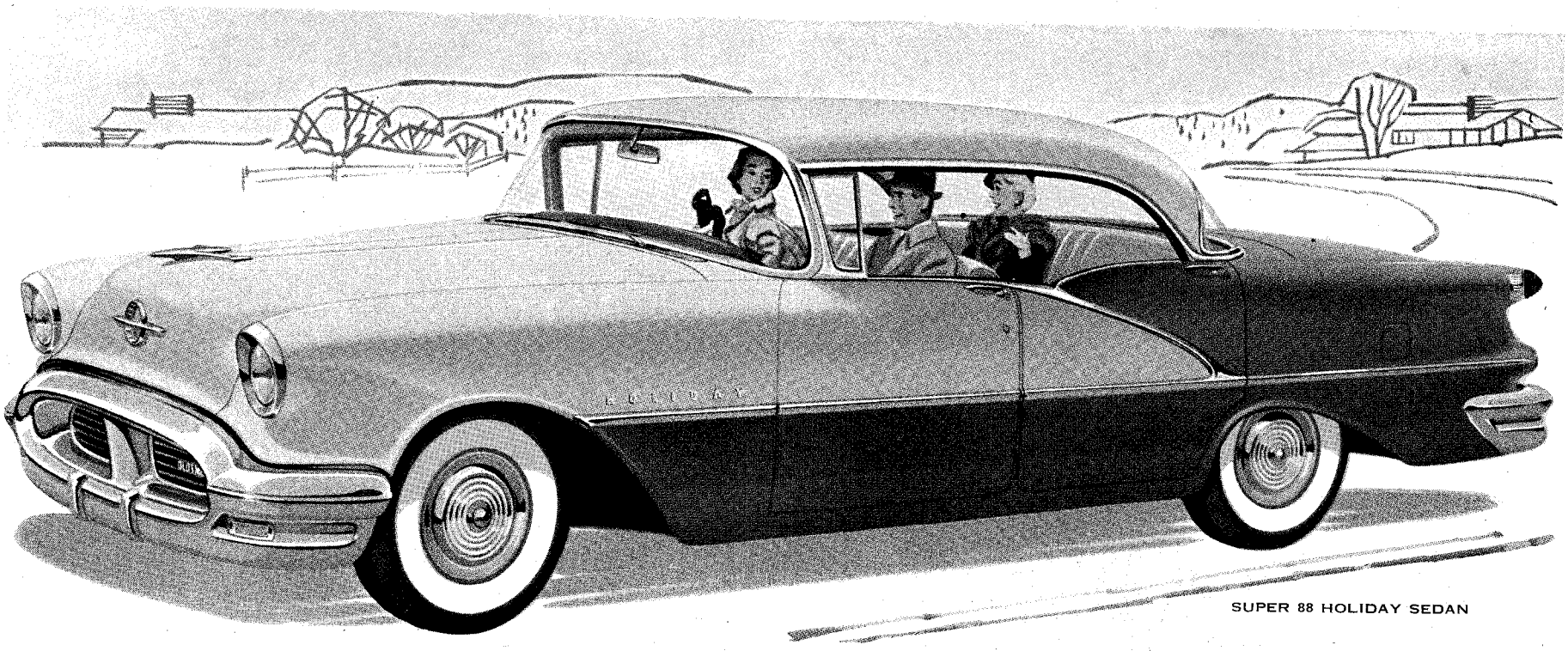


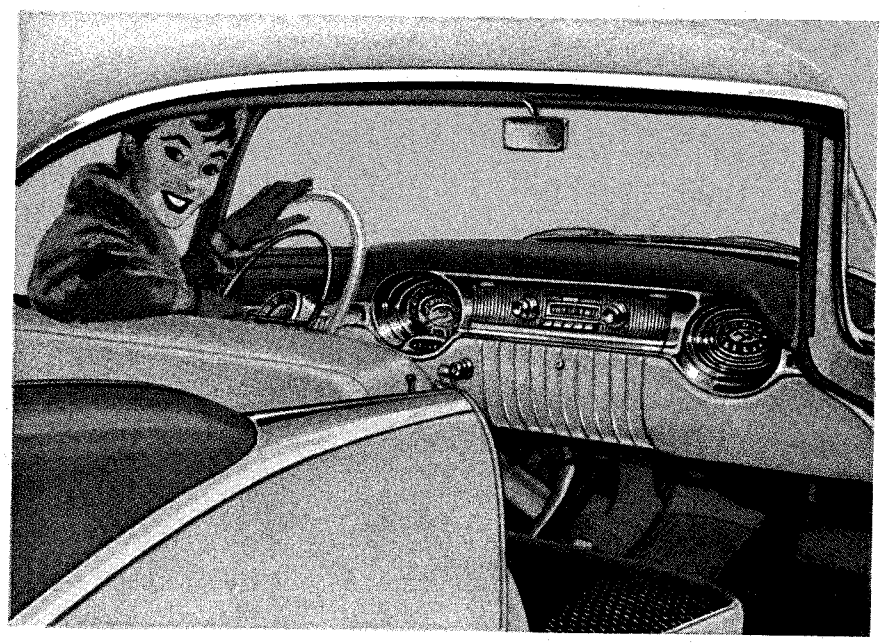
SUPER 88 HOLIDAY SEDAN

Starfire Styled!

and sparkling with new ideas!

You're smart if you look ahead . . . smart if you buy a car that's styled and powered to stay new for years. *That's why it's smart to own an Olds!* For Oldsmobile has the *out-ahead* features, the *stay-ahead* styling, the *go-ahead* power of tomorrow! Just look over this "feature" line-up: Terrific Rocket T-350 Engine! Smooth, responsive Jetaway Hydra-Matic*! A brand new "Intagrille Bumper" that combines beauty and full-depth protection! And interiors are the ultimate in luxury and comfort! Come see Oldsmobile for '56 and try out the many features of the future!

**Standard on Ninety-Eight models; optional at extra cost on Super 88 and 88 models.*



OLDSMOBILE

TOP VALUE TODAY... TOP RESALE TOMORROW!

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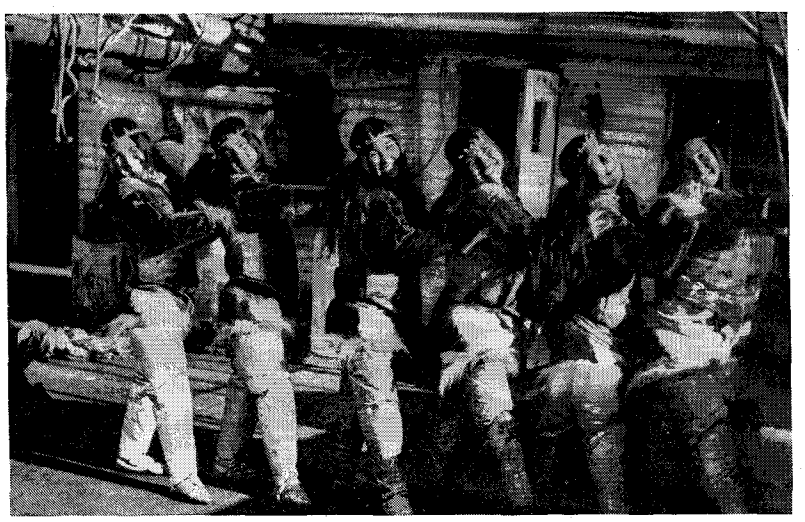
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?

REMEMBER when the most famous of the Philadelphia Kellys was John B., Jr., champion Henley Diamond Sculls oarsman? When the press and I photographed his triumphant return in 1949, his sister, an unknown model, edged in to share his glory. "Get rid of that dame!" roared the gentlemen of the press. "Who does she think she is?" Now they know, thanks to Hollywood and Prince Rainier. M. P. HAAS

REMEMBER this famed pipe, which in its day outranked even the corncob of MacArthur? Vice-President Charles Dawes made it a symbol of cool smoking and cool thinking in the 1920's. He gave one to my boss, a Michigan newspaper publisher, in 1924, and I snapped this photo. Later the boss became a noted U.S. senator and international leader—Arthur H. Vandenberg.

RAY BARNES



FEW people realize that an arctic expedition can be fun, but here is charming proof from the camera of Admiral Robert Peary, North Pole discoverer. When his ship Roosevelt (after TR) was ice-bound in 1908, he taught Eskimo girls to cancan and do chorus steps, and took this picture himself to show how apt they were. TIM GIDAL

We pay $50 for your personal photos showing unusual views of noted people or Americana since 1890. Send with full facts and stamped return envelope to Remember When, Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5.

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another wife who fully approves North American Van Lines service. From Phoenix, Arizona, her household goods were efficiently moved 1800 miles to her new home, through H & R Transfer, NAVL agents in Phoenix.

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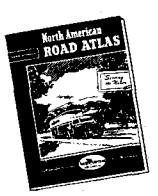

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VAN LINES, INC.
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He is everybody's trusted friend...

MOST OF THE TIME you see him coming up the walk in a blue-gray suit with a leather bag slung over his shoulder. But you may remember him also in army fatigues or navy blues, when his familiar cry of "Mail!" was the most welcome sound in all the world. And there was a time when he wore a buckskin jerkin and rode fast ponies over dangerous trails few others dared to travel.

You call him the Postman or Mailman... and every day he is waited for and watched for by millions of people whose hearts beat faster when they see him coming.

He is the link that unites scattered families, the bearer of precious letters from absent sons and daughters. He is a bringer of hopes and joys and Yuletide spirit. He is the eternal consolation of separated lovers.

Once the bearer of dispatches was the exclusive emissary of kings and princes and powerful lords. In America he is everybody's ambassador... and everybody's trusted friend.

He stands for something pretty big. A kind of integrity so sure and unquestioned that you take it for granted as one of the verities of life. He comes like day and night—in rain or sleet or snow—when the pavements are cold enough to numb his feet or hot enough to fry an egg. Today there are 130,000 Postmen serving our needs, and to every one of them your sealed letters are "top secret."

Without the Postman all of us would live in a lonelier world.

John Hancock

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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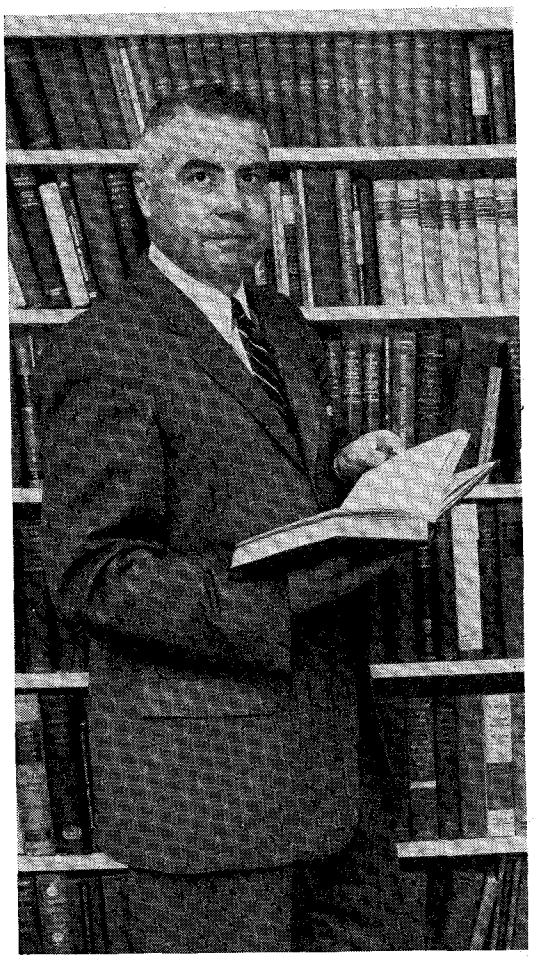
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

What is a High School For?



The author says there is a dangerous "breach" between many of our high schools and colleges.

High-school overemphasis on "life adjustment," says this university president, gives rise to neglect of our indispensable natural resource: Brainpower. Here is his accusation.

By JOHN A. PERKINS
President of the University of Delaware

We should do well to remember that the American high school grew out of the private academy, and came into being largely to prepare young people for college. Until recent decades, there was a stronger link between the high schools and colleges than between high schools and elementary schools. The subjects taught were steppingstones to further study. High-school algebra and geometry prepared for calculus; Latin syntax and grammar paved the way for study of other languages. These subjects were taught in a manner that warmed up the student for what was to come in college: laboratories, lectures, term papers and examinations.

The emphasis was much to the liking of the universities and colleges. Some of the great state universities had begun by 1875 to admit students from specially accredited high schools upon presentation of diplomas. College-board examinations were thought unnecessary.

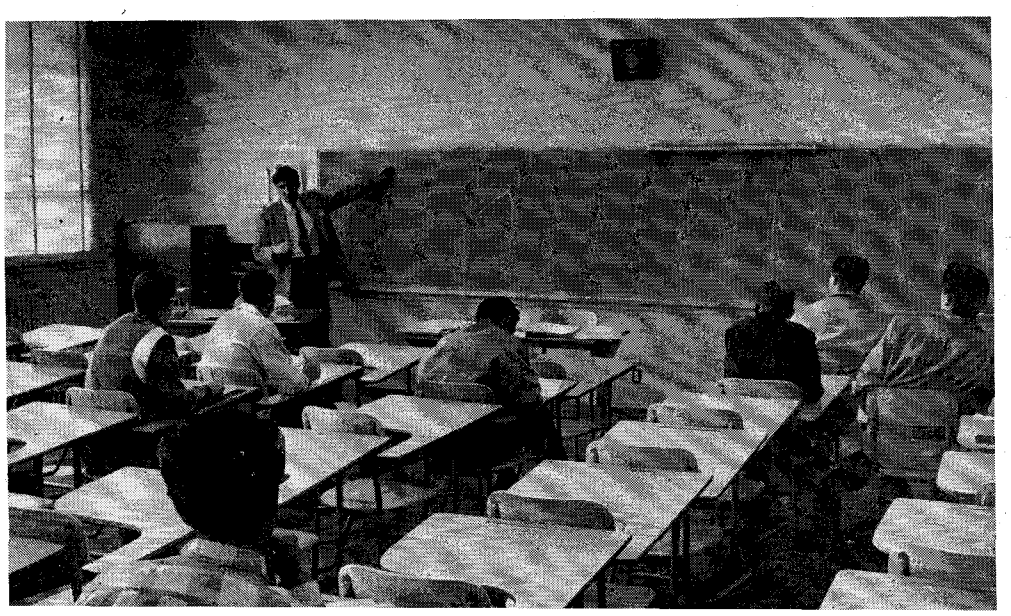
Soon after 1900, however, the tongue-and-groove relationship between high schools and colleges began to pull apart. This change has continued into our own day. There now exists what might be called a breach between secondary education and higher education—even between state universities and public high schools.

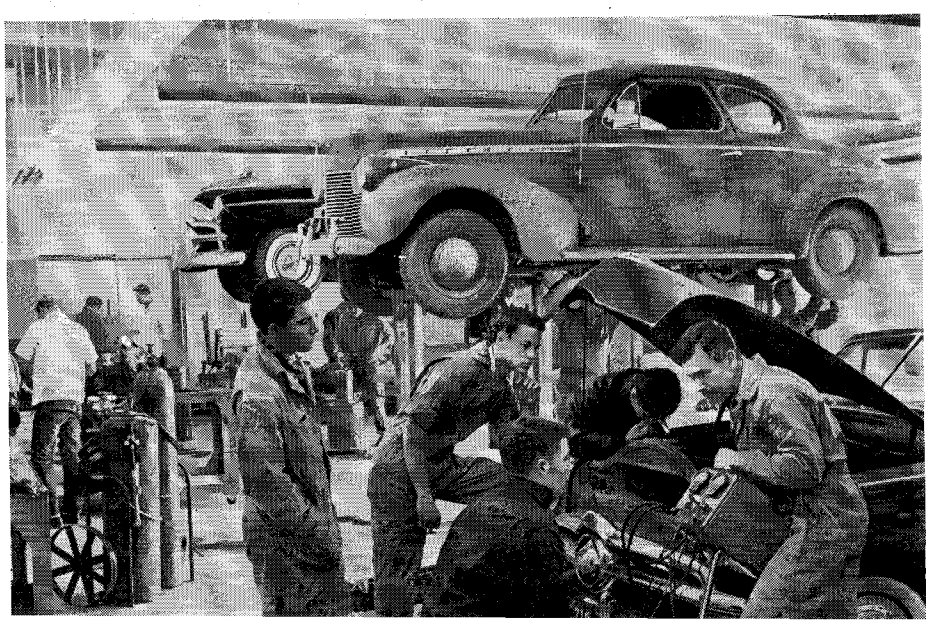
Why have the colleges and high schools grown apart? At bottom, the answer lies in the great expansion of high-school enrollments. The growth is continuous. Fewer and fewer young people have to quit school early and go to work, because mechanization and modern technology enable more fathers to support their families unaided. This has been true even in rural communities ever since tractors and mowing machines began to replace horses and the scythe. Today, one man can till almost twice as much acreage as he could in 1910.

In time, the general rise in family incomes made social reform possible. Child-labor laws and compulsory-school-attendance laws were enacted in all states, and the legal age for leaving school was advanced well into adolescence. Consequently, the percentage of children of high-school age in actual attendance rose sharply. It was 11 per cent in 1900, 15 per cent in 1910, 32 per cent in 1920. In the same age group today, about 80 per cent are in high school.

With almost everyone going to high school, whatever his (Continued on Page 104)

Reseda (Cal.) H.S. Left: sparsely attended Geometry II. Right: an Automotive Mechanics class. Last year, 1500 high schools dropped math and science courses.





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The author in the role of Don Ottavio in Mozart's opera, Don Giovanni.

One of the world's most successful tenors offers inside tips on the pitfalls of a musical career. Here's why he says to most would-be singers,

Don't be a Sucker, Junior!

By JAN PEERCE as told to Stanley Frank

Ever since my debut at the Metropolitan Opera fourteen years ago, I've been reminded almost daily of a crack made by Mike Curtiz, the movie director. Curtiz once was persuaded to look at a screen test made by a girl who had been acclaimed a genius by her agent, doting parents and an aunt owning an autographed picture of Errol Flynn. After watching the girl breathe heavily and roll her eyes for a few minutes, Curtiz abruptly left the projection room.

"A genius she may be," he said, "but talent she hasn't got."

Like all musicians who have gained a measure of success, I'm bombarded by letters from people with pathetic delusions seeking advice or auditions. I receive about 1500 such letters a year and, although I answer each one conscientiously, what was a labor of love has become a depressing chore. The prospect of discovering a gifted unknown was exciting at first, but painful experience has convinced me that the chances are as remote as the Yankees getting an unsolicited tip on another Joe DiMaggio.

My sole purpose now in answering letters is to try to save hopeless amateurs and their families from wasting the $20,000 it costs to study for an operatic career. I also try to spare them the frustration they are sure to suffer if they continue to serve as suckers for the charlatans and vultures who prowl the jungles of classical music.

Novices asking for auditions invariably have been assured by dilettanti that they are budding geniuses, but it's a predictable cinch that talent they haven't got. If they had it, they would not have to appeal to a stranger for recognition. Authentic musical talent is so obvious and the field is scouted so intensively, it is inconceivable that anyone with genuine promise will be lost in the shuffle.

Although generalizations are risky, it's safe to assert that a boy or girl must play an instrument like an angel at the age of fifteen to qualify as a potential concert artist or even as a member of a topflight symphony orchestra. Practically all virtuosos are arrived child prodigies before they are ten years old. Singers develop later, because of physiological changes which affect the voice during puberty, but an adult still struggling to launch a professional career after five years of formal training should look for more routine ways of making a better living.

Soprano Roberta Peters—who was discovered by Peerce—with husband, Bertram Fields.

So much romantic claptrap surrounds classical music that eager aspirants blind themselves to the harsh realities of the business. There are more than 250,000 professional musicians in the country and 90 per cent of the longhairs literally would starve without incomes from other work. This is not a scare story I've dreamed up. It is confirmed by the American Federation of Musicians' bleak statistics.

In 1954 the A. F. M. had 252,512 members in all categories. Only 75,000 got a semblance of steady work and fewer than 5000 were essentially classical performers. The rest of the members have drifted into other fields and rarely make a dime from music.

The top operatic and concert fees are commanded by only forty artists and ten conductors, who earn from $25,000 to $200,000 a year. Possibly twenty more soloists are in the $15,000–$25,000 bracket. Thirty-three major symphony orchestras employ 2671 people at weekly salaries ranging from the $89 minimum to $200 for first-desk men—but six months is a long season. The same scale is paid for some 1900 staff jobs with radio, TV and movie studios. That's it: 4650 classical musicians have some degree of security. The others live from hand to mouth. The situation is especially rough for singers, as there are few choruses in which they can be absorbed. You make it big as a singer or (Continued on Page 119)

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Artur Rubinstein as he appeared on NBC-TV's recent Festival of Music.

Mezzo-soprano Risë Stevens in the Card Scene from Bizet's opera, Carmen.

"It is a heartbreaking business . . . agonizing effort wil

Jussi Bjoerling and Renata Tebaldi in a scene from La Bohême, by Puccini.

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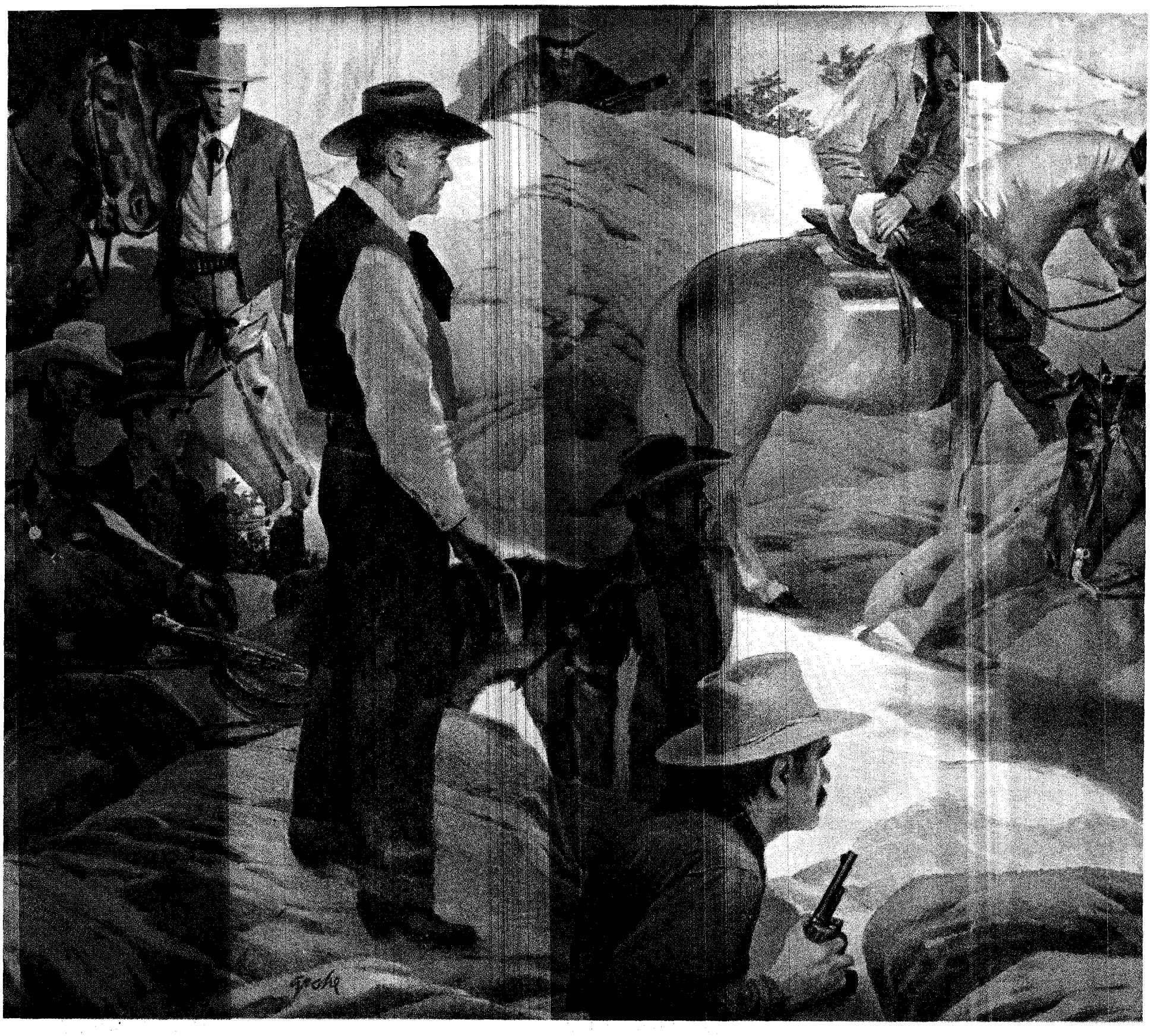

"One of you killed my boy," said Stanhope.

"Name him—or we'll hang you one by one."

The Mystery of Misty Creek

By MARVIN DE VRIES

The Stanhope boy was shot and killed on a Wednesday night. Burr Maxim saw it done, but he was too late to stop it. He saw the mounted boy and the dismounted man facing each other across the narrow shimmer of Misty Creek, both touched with moonlight and frozen in their tracks with complete surprise. This short tableau went to pieces in the flash and fury of gunfire coming out of the man's hand. The boy wilted like a cut stalk, the horse bolting with the shot boy aboard.

The man had fled into cover before Burr Maxim himself could come unfroze, but Burr knew him. His name was Guy Kell. Like Burr, he lived in the Thirty Hills and probably felt safe when he got back up there. The Stanhope boy was a valley boy, a natural enemy, to hear the old men talk, and the hills would stand against the valley.

A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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Illustrated by Glenn Grohe

On Thursday, the valley seethed, and the high hills stood watching, with sentinels posted at all the vulnerable places, and wise old hill men frowned in their beards, as though they sat over a chess game, studying the future. Early in the morning, Burr Maxim went to Making, a steady, thoughtful man, and spoke to him secretly, and Making agreed to call a meeting. During the day, he sent word around to all the hills. Burr was back home when a boy arrived to tell him, and he took the message as if it were all news to him.

"What does he want?" he asked.

The boy shrugged. "He didn't tell, but I was to say it was most important."

"You been going around all day?"

"I sure been."

"Would you like to stay to supper?"

"No, I got to git before dark. I'm not much for keepin' my way in the dark, around here."

"Did you get as far as Kell's?" Burr made it sound as if it were of no consequence.

"I told him. I told everybody."

Burr asked no more questions. It was dark before he got started, and it was no wonder Babb's boy was worried about getting safely home. These snaky, twisting trails thrown like lacework across the Thirty Hills turned to nothing at night, and it took a knowing man and a knowing horse to find the way. A man could get thrown back on himself while a cloud crossed the moon or while he lit a smoke, but Maxim knew his way at all times, and knew it was something Babb's boy would learn too. He knew, too, after he had left his place a few miles behind, that he was being tracked.

It was a conviction, but he couldn't say exactly what brought it on. Caution was in his bones, and he felt danger, that was all. Several times he tried to ambush the tracker at a convenient place, but it wouldn't work. The man, or men, behind him kept out of it. Perhaps it was Guy Kell trying to stop him from getting to the meeting at Making's. He would surely try if he knew what Burr's plans were. Or it might be a Stanhope puncher hunting with fevered hate for any hill scalps he could find. Or those cat-eyed Larkeys playing with their skill at such things, taunting him with the smallest sounds of danger while they smothered their laughter in their hands, and later, at Making's, made their quiet boasts and plagued him about it in front of the others, like teasing boys. Burr could hear them now: ". . . He stopped ten times to listen and his ears filled with wind. . . . Sometime a big cat'll catch you from behind, Burr—or maybe Fitzroy's big wolf and his she—or the Chisos, of Big Fifteen. . . . You must watch your behind, Burr. . . . He made an ambush and caught his own moon shadow in it and shot it dead. . . . Burr, Burr ——"

It was a man on foot, sure; and the Larkeys, more than a Stanhope puncher or Guy Kell, would be apt to (Continued on Page 55)

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DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

The holdup proceeded without a hitch, until someone tried to get help. . . .

By JOHN REESE

Being a country bank with an old-fashioned president, the First Farmers still stayed open until 3:45 P.M. Being a rich bank in an Eastern Nebraska county seat, it was busy to the very last minute. Over much of the nation there had been a short corn crop, but here it was bountiful. Prices were firm, retail business brisk and a lot of property was changing hands this fall. The First Farmers carried nearly forty thousand dollars in cash in its fine new safety vault in its fine new building.

When Arland Oliphant, brother of the president, locked the back door, there were still customers at the two tellers' windows. Violet Anthus, the pretty young bookkeeper, at the same time locked the front door and hung up the CLOSED sign. Meanwhile President Lester E. Oliphant had slipped into his afternoon nap, his white head nodding, at his big oak desk under the window. That was the setup.

Gordon Shaw, the tall, skinny young man who was loan officer, trust officer and errand boy for Mr. Oliphant, pulled into the parking lot behind the bank at 3:48 P.M. Arland Oliphant again unlocked the back door, which was made of inch-thick annealed glass, with an air of martyrdom.

"I wish to goodness you'd learn to get back here on time, Gordie," he said severely.

Arland was vice-president, but no one paid much attention to him. Beneath any powerful personality there always exists a vacuum, and Arland, whom everybody called by his first name, was a perfect vacuum, well-dressed, ineffectual, officious. The president, whom everyone called "Mr. Oliphant," was among those who ignored Arland completely.

Gordon took off his thick, rimless glasses and polished them on his cuff. Behind him, a strange voice said, "Don't close that door! You're both in range and this baby is loaded with buckshot." (Continued on Page 124)

The whole bank shook to the shotgun's roar. The charge caught Arland in the chest.

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In some places authorities frown upon the wearing of bizarre costumes to collect unemployment insurance checks. Not so in Hollywood.

Can an 8-year-old be unemployed? Is a man out of work if he's slaving for his wife?
Does a boss have the right to sew up his employees' pockets?
A report on one of our country's biggest giveaway programs.

They Get Paid for Not Working

By Robert M. Yoder

A victim of fate's heavy-handed whimsey turned up in the Austin office of the Texas Employment Commission. He was out of a job, and wanted unemployment compensation until he could get under the shelter of another payroll. He got it, for he had a superlatively good case, when he could get his story believed.

When a man is fired, compensation officials must consider whether misconduct was involved. When a man quits voluntarily, his reasons must be examined. In some states, personal reasons will do. In others, the reasons must be job-connected. This blameless but put-upon citizen had not been fired and only technically could it be said that he had quit voluntarily. As for reasons, he had a winning hand in any state, with cards to throw away. He had job-connected reasons which also were highly personal: He was married to them.

"It's like this," he said: "My wife and I work in the same hospital, or did. Sometimes it was necessary for me to go into the same room where she was working. I got so I was breaking out in a rash every time I did that. The doctors say I am allergic to my wife's presence. So it was either her or me; one of us had to go."

The story raised doubts, but hospital doctors confirmed it. So the claimant was a "voluntary quit with good cause" and qualified to receive unemployment benefits until he could find other work, at a safe distance from his wife.

This year has special importance in American unemployment insurance. As of 1956, the system has been extended until it now covers some 42,000,000 men and women. Last summer brought a flurry of action in the legislatures of forty-three (Continued on Page 116)

Jobless sailors and longshoremen wait to file for benefits at a special maritime office in San Francisco.

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Largest beer hall in the world is Munich's cavernous Hofbräuhaus, where an average of 20,000 customers guzzle almost 7500 gallons of beer a day.

CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 18

MUNICH

When it comes to beer and high times, no place can match Munich. When this boisterous Bavarian city lets down its hair, even Paris seems tame.

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

MUNICH, GERMANY.

It is a fact celebrated in song and story that, all over the world, when people want to dream about an ideal city they dream about Vienna. So, one night in Vienna, I asked a Viennese friend: "If all the world dreams about Vienna, what city do you Viennese dream about, when the mood is on?"

"If the mood is beauty," my friend replied, "we dream of Paris. Paris has everything except the Alps. If the mood is beautiful women, we dream of Budapest, the Budapest that used to be. But if the mood is just plain *Gaudi*, fun for the fun of it, we don't have to dream. We can take the overnight express to Munich."

Munich, the South German capital just north of the Alps and just south of the Danube, lies along an axis that runs between Paris and Vienna, a simple geographical fact with immense cultural, political and sentimental overtones. It lies at the heart of nineteenth-century Europe, a Europe that flowered between the downfall of Napoleon and the rise of Adolf Hitler, a world of bewhiskered monarchs, waltzing diplomats, musical-comedy armies and tame politicians.

Modern Europeans tended to sneer at this nineteenth century in their textbooks, until the unrolling of the twentieth century taught them to think again, and turn back a page. "Maybe some of our kings, like Ludwig II, dreamed crazy dreams and built delirious castles," a sober young

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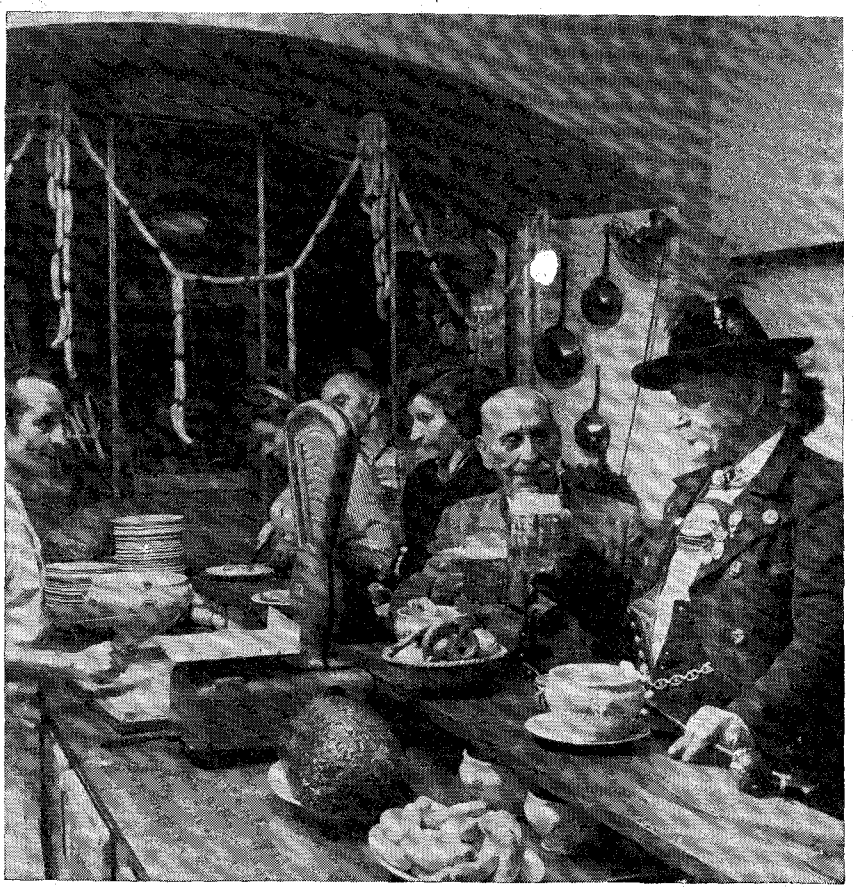
Herr Studiosus at the University of Munich told me. "But crazy men could not dream of becoming king, and castles are lovelier than concentration camps."

This nostalgia for the good old days and ways, the intense desire to revive all that was good and decent when grandfather was a boy, is a Europe-wide phenomenon, nowhere more symbolic than here in Munich. For the traditional hoop-la gaiety of Munich vanished with the outbreak of World War I, and in the sultry atmosphere after that war was born all the social and economic distress that spawned Adolf Hitler and National Socialism. It was here in Munich, in 1938, that Hitler, as German chancellor, threatened to kick a British prime minister downstairs. (The building where the pact was signed is today the Amerika Haus.) Seven years later, in 1945, the airborne retributive furies had smashed this once loveliest of cities, the rival of Dresden and Florence, into an obscene junk heap, 11,000,000 tons of baroque rubble.

Among the 60,000 American civilian tourists who came to reborn Munich in the booming tourist year 1955, there must have been some who were among the soldiers of 1945. And they must have walked the arcaded streets as I did, day after day, in wonder, perplexity and awe. The miracle of rebuilding is only part of the wonder, since we all are now used to the fact that Germans were born with three hands. With patience and careful inquiry, one can discover just how it was that the Frauenkirche, the Cathedral of Our Beloved Lady, was rebuilt again by popular subscription, its twin copper-dome-cupolas smiling benignly on the boisterous, lighthearted city below. The cowled *Münchener Kindl* statue, a blond child clad in brown-and-amber monk's robe, extends its arms again from the top of the City Hall. This year the last building on the Marienplatz was restored, with its wall painting of the obscure, red-mantled Saint Onuphrius, giving this downtown square its ancient profile.

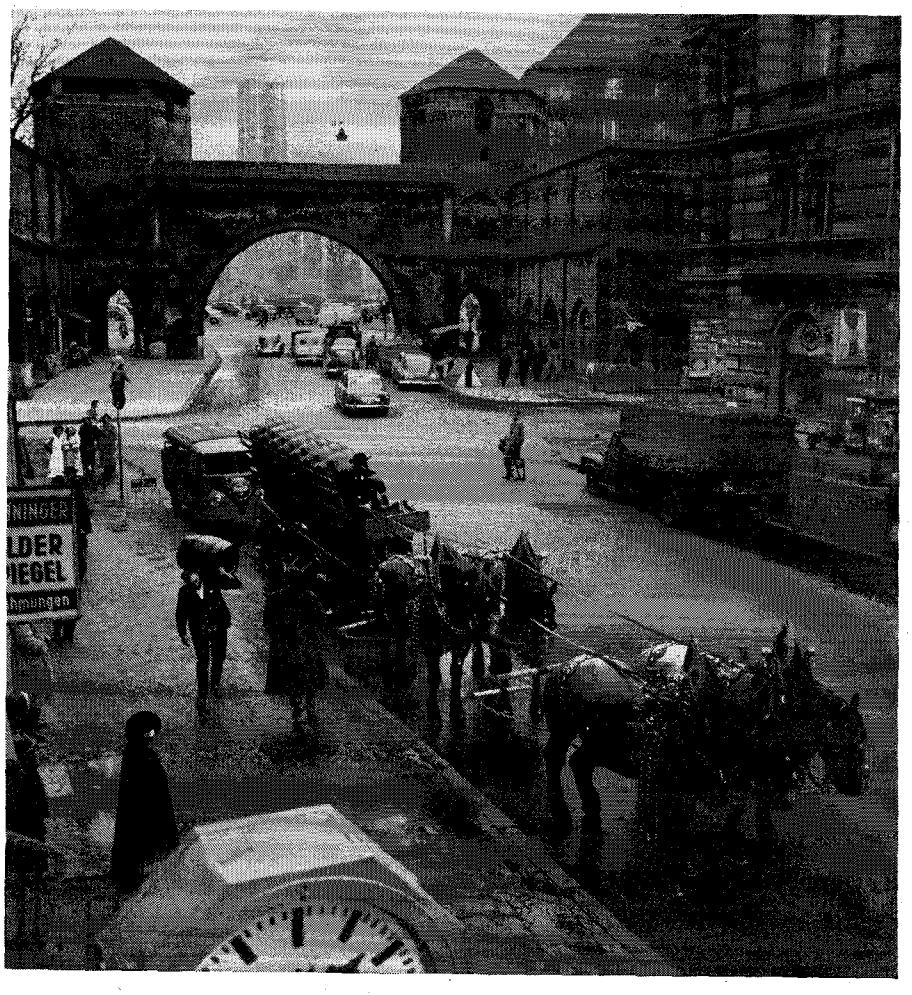
But the real and most cheerful revival in the new Munich is the resurgence of *Gaudi*,

(Continued on Page 143)



Bombed out in the war, Donisl, a restaurant opposite City Hall, is back in business, serving Müncheners their favorite snack: *Weisswurst* and beer.

Beer-hall floor show, Bavarian style. Munich beauties are expected to be buxom and jovial.



A beer wagon, drawn by caparisoned stallions, makes a delivery near the Sendlinger Tor (rear), one of the city's oldest gates.

Photographs by Claude Jacoby

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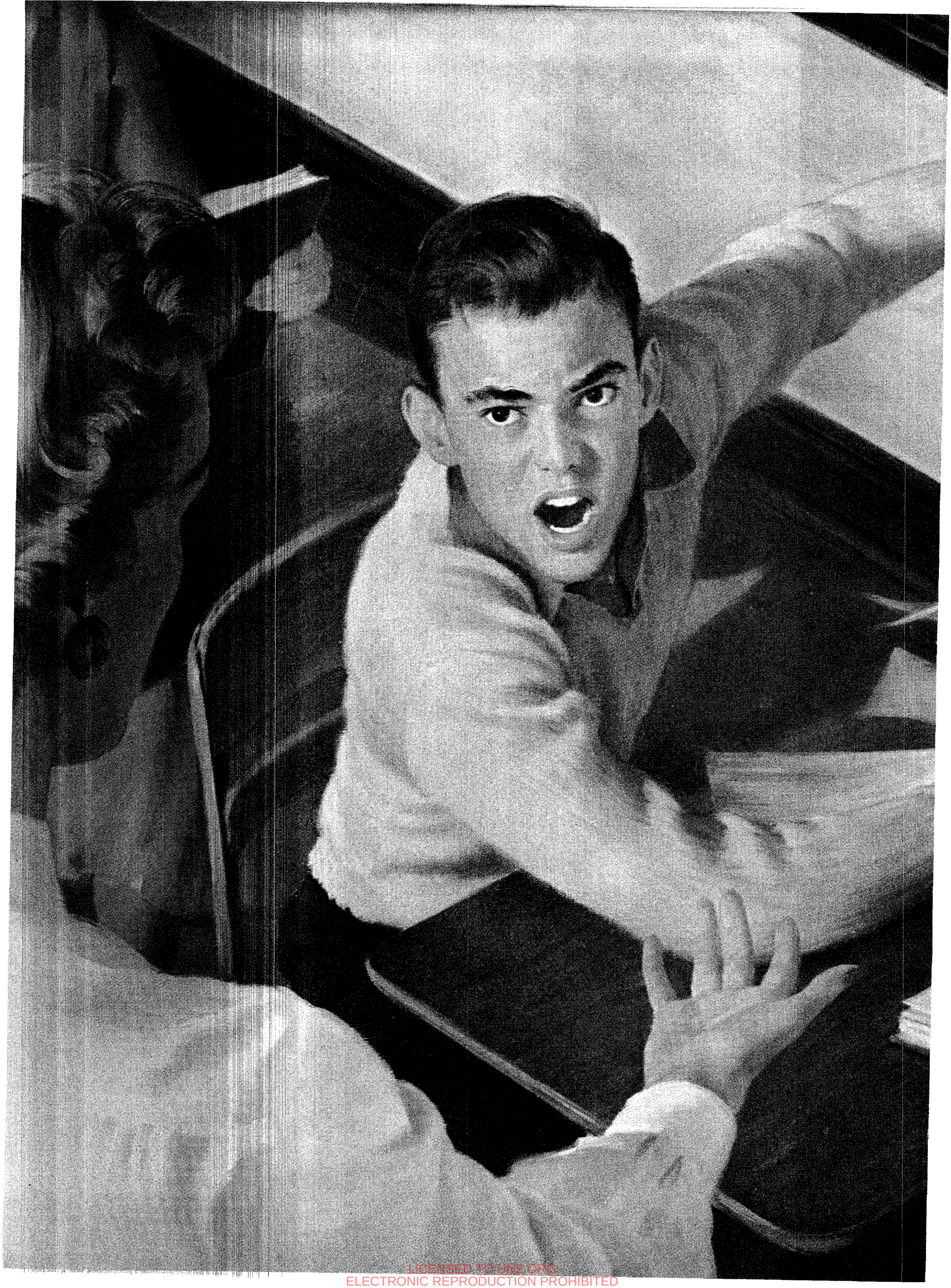

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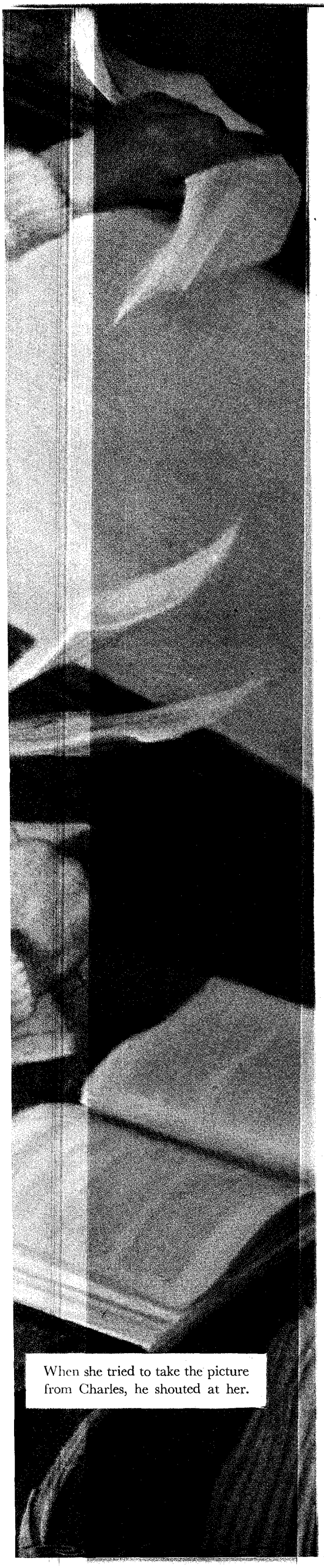

When she tried to take the picture from Charles, he shouted at her.

By ALICE HOGAN

The Night Mrs. Kent Quit

How long must a teacher put up with a kid like the Considine boy?

It was almost seven o'clock when Mary Kent arrived at Lincoln High School for Parents' Night, and the teachers' parking lot behind the school was already filled. Not until she had driven around the block three times did she find a parking space, across the street from Lincoln. The space was small, and she had always had difficulty parking, especially on one-way streets like Lincoln Square. Even before Tommy had got his driver's license on his sixteenth birthday in June, he would slide over into her seat often and park the car for her.

As if he sat beside her, she could see Tommy now—the broad shoulders in the white sweat shirt; the close-cut tan hair that grew so cleanly on his young neck; the lean, strong hands that twisted the wheel and eased the car in, expertly, close to the curb. Faint with longing, she closed her eyes and in the darkness could hear his glad young voice echo, "Call on me any time you need me, mom!"

By the time she had the car parked at last, she was trembling. She stood at the curb and waited for a lull in the traffic that would permit her to cross to the high school, and her small face was bleak with need of him and with the knowledge that he would not come again, for all her calling.

There was something lonely and frightening about the great, square, dimly lit high school that loomed darkly against the sky, something frightening about its great maw of a door that opened, as she watched, to admit arriving parents and teachers, and then swallowed them from sight. There was something lonely and frightening in the mournful "whoosh, whoosh" of the passing cars, in their eerie, searching headlights, and in their darkened interiors, with strange faces, dimly glimpsed, inside.

The November wind whirled the dry leaves about her slender feet, whipped the dry dust spitefully into her blue eyes. Above, the stars blinked at her remotely from a cold, indifferent sky. "Our Father who art in heaven," she whispered. But there was no comfort in the words, no meaning. God was more remote than the stars, more indifferent than the sky. *What am I doing at Parents' Night?* she thought desolately. *I'm not even a parent any more.*

But she still was a teacher, she told herself grimly, lowering her head at a sudden break in the traffic and hurrying doggedly across the street.

She did not look like a teacher; certainly not like a teacher who had seen nearly twelve years of Parents' Nights at Lincoln. With her hands thrust deep into her polo-coat pockets and her fair hair blown about her pale, still firmly rounded face, she looked like a young girl, only a very tired young girl. Yet it was twelve years ago, in 1943, that Bill's plane had been lost in the Pacific and that she, left alone with Tommy, had finished working for her degree and got a job teaching in Lincoln High. In 1943 she had been twenty-three years old. Tommy had been only four.

Just inside the main entrance of the high school, Jim Graves, her principal, stood. She tried to slide by,

(Continued on Page 88)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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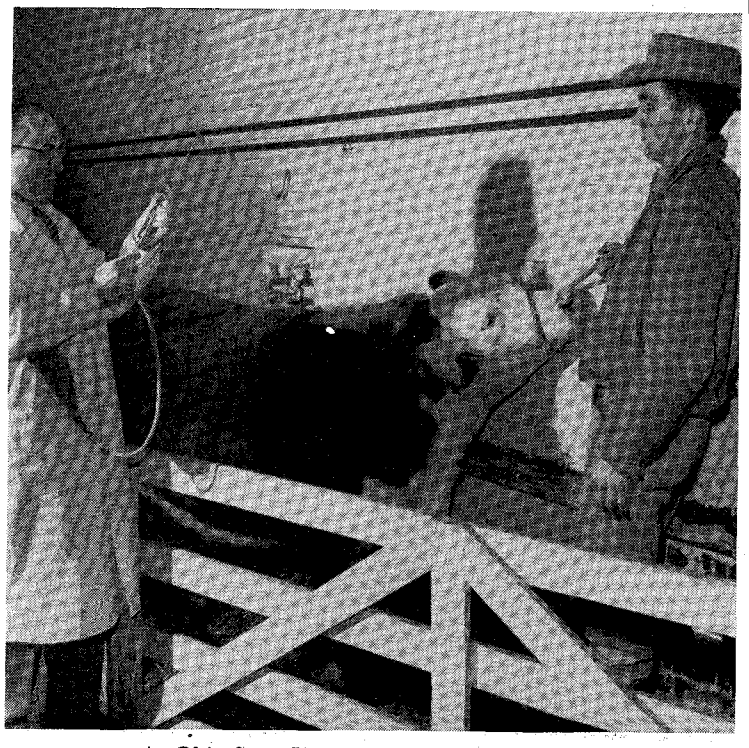
New Way to Keep Food Fresh

By Milton Silverman

Dr. Hugh Tarr developed the new preservation procedures. His methods are hailed as the biggest advance in food processing since the development of frozen foods.



At Ohio State University, Dr. Vern Cahill prepares a shot of antibiotics for a steer which is about to be slaughtered. Drugs knock out the organisms that cause meat to spoil.

Dr. Tarr's assistants, Helen Bluhm and Bernice Southcott, run a test on a slice of king salmon. For days after antibiotic treatment fish tastes freshly caught.

Now antibiotic drugs preserve foods without refrigeration. Here are the facts about discoveries that may revolutionize the world's diet.

Late last year, in a momentous decision, the Food and Drug Administration formally approved the first commercial use of a remarkable new process of food preservation.

"Oddly, the announcement didn't seem to attract much attention," said one scientist who helped develop it. "But in the months to come, this new method will affect the flavor, the cost and the availability of fresh foods for millions of Americans. And for hundreds of millions in other countries, it can easily influence their diet, their health and even their peace and prosperity."

One example of what this new method can mean is the story of an experiment that began early one morning during a sweltering hot spell last spring in Cuba. There, at a cattle ranch in Camagüey, a refrigerated truck was prepared for a 300-mile trip westward to Havana. Carefully packed in its chilly interior were the carcasses of thirty freshly slaughtered steers.

"Have no fear, señores," the driver cheerfully assured the Cuban and American scientists who watched his departure. "I guarantee to deliver the meat for you tonight in Havana. Unless, of course, there is trouble."

"You expect trouble?" asked an American.

"On this highway," replied the driver, "any man who does not expect a little trouble is crazy."

(Continued on Page 113)

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Mitch held her, feeling the curving slightness fitting the circle of his arms.

The Roughneck

By DORIS HUME

He couldn't stop loving her—even if marriage was out of the question.

Mitch was working alone on the big scraper in the north corner of the new subdivision when Case Breen, the Acme Construction foreman, came by. Case pointed to the gully boundary. "Along that edge is the only path left from the Wilder Road stables to the upper flats. Watch out for the riders."

"Yeah, sure."

Mitch grinned. He liked Case, he liked this job; it looked good after the Army. Case grinned back. He could do with a six-foot guy with a square chin and a straight look. Yeah, sure. On the ups or downs, that was Mitch. Never looking for trouble, but never dodging it. A good grin, easy, knowing, yet reserving friendship. The lonely reserve of an orphan kid, on his own since fifteen, learning the hard way, taking the knocks as he learned.

Watch out for the riders. That's how he first saw the girl, slim, sunny-haired, easily erect. He cut the switch on the scraper until the nervous horses sidled by.

"Thanks a lot!" she called and smiled. Mitch lifted a hand in answer and watched the group pass.

"You're late, Mitch," Lou Kane said shortly, putting the knife, fork and spoon and the napkin in front of him that evening at the counter of The Diner. He didn't answer, but he recoiled from this new possessiveness of hers. A few dates, some spent pay checks, and they wanted to own you. He'd learned that the hard way too. Well, it was the way things were. He had few illusions, but he wasn't bitter. Anyhow, he liked Lou. Temper went with her red hair, but she was fun too. He grinned. At once she forgave him. She told him during a lull, "I'm off at eight. Come over?"

He told her he would. Under her band her hair was in tight curls. That girl on the horse—her hair had been pale, soft-looking.

That week he did not see the fair-haired girl again. Then one day, his motor roaring, sun in his eyes, he caught a flash of movement and turned to see her fighting a plunging horse. He snapped the switch and ran toward her in the sharp silence, as the fright-senseless animal backed toward the gully.

Mitch reached for her as the ground crumbled. "Jump!"

The girl never hesitated. His arms claimed her as the horse went over. Seconds later it scrambled out, gashed, wild-eyed, and headed for its stable.

(Continued on Page 92)

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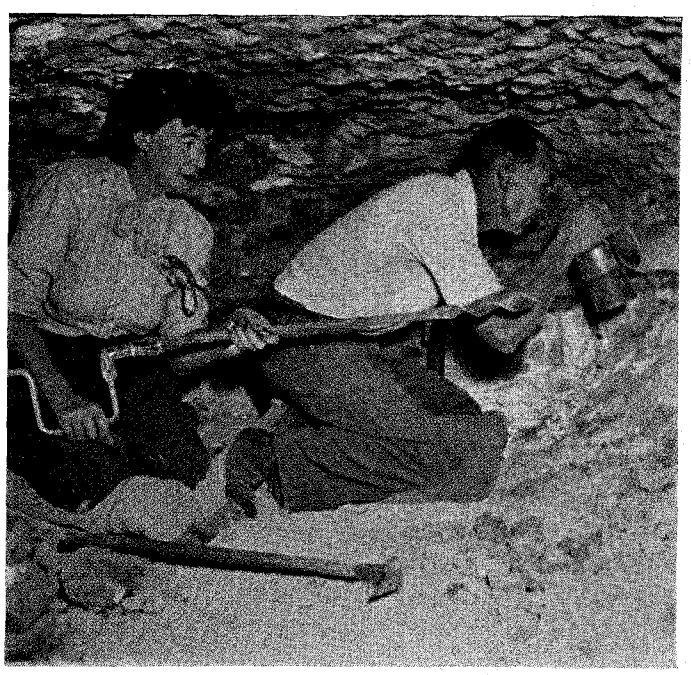
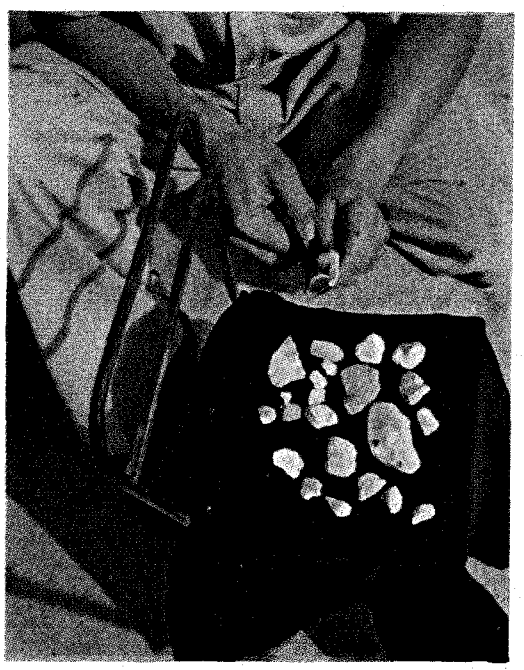
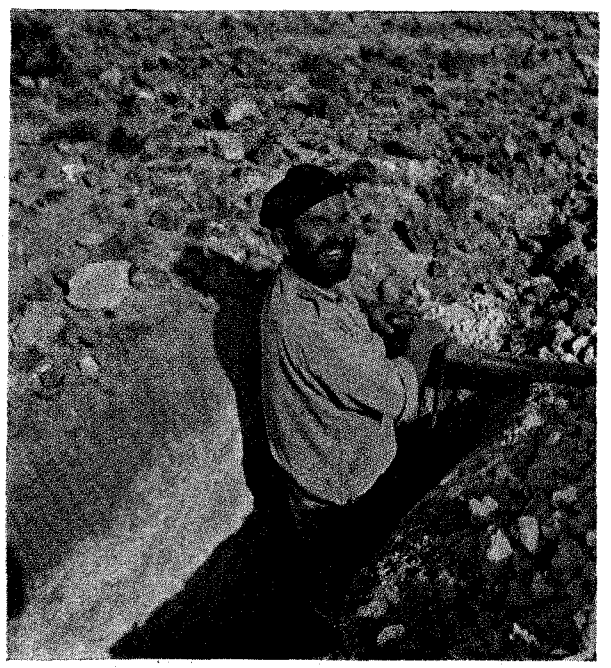


The Keith Hamiltons couldn't stand city life, so they quit their jobs, came to Coober Pedy to mine opals.



A miner removes worthless rock to get at an opal. Perfect stones may bring $130 an ounce.

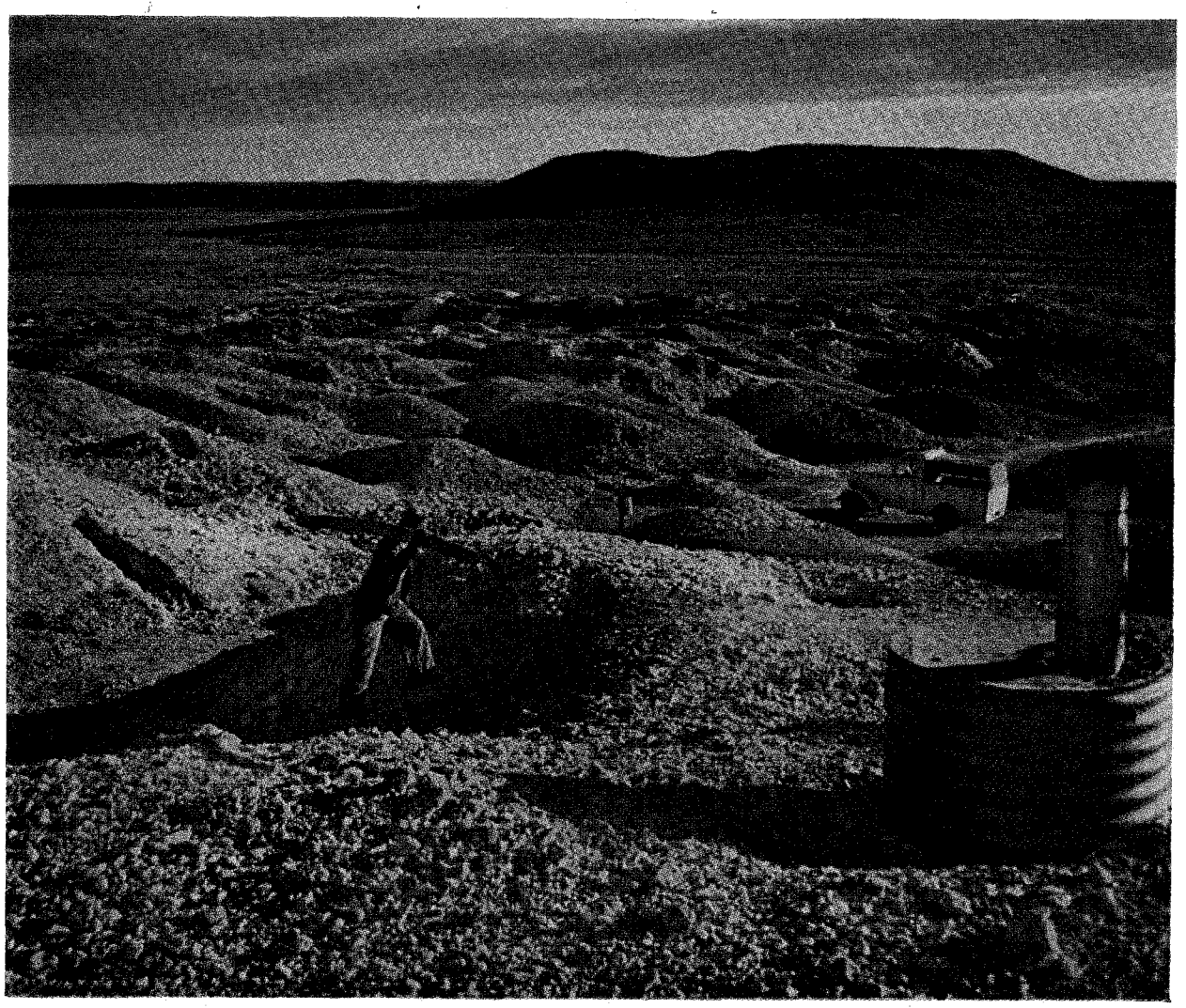


Joe Wloch hasn't had much luck yet, but continues to hope that he'll hit a rich strike in the old sea bed.

THE CAVE MEN OF COOBER PEDY

In this weird Australian community, miners live underground, battle insect hordes and choking heat– all in the pursuit of that ill-omened jewel, the opal.

By William L. Worden



Diggings of opal miners make the desolate landscape look like a prairie-dog town. Most of Coober Pedy's settlers live underground to escape the terrible heat. There are only three buildings in the whole village.

Coober Pedy, South Australia.

A battered beret comes up out of the hole first, rising suddenly from a landscape which looks as if it had been burned. Red and pink earth streaked with brown and white lies in confused piles stretching as far as a man can see across a treeless, waterless and obviously damned valley.

Below the beret are blue eyes, round and interested; below the eyes a humorous mouth with a cigarette glued to one corner; below the mouth, a wonderful spade beard. This is Joseph Wloch, once a timber worker in Danzig, now a man who lives in one hole in the ground and spends his days gouging another hole deeper—just because he wants to and minds neither hordes of flies and large, hostile snakes nor 128-degree heat and thirty-degree cold. At least, he doesn't mind so long as he still thinks he might find a shimmering opal in some shovelful of dirt.

Joe Wloch finishes climbing out of his grave-like mine and presently draws from a dusty tobacco box the shell of a butter clam, some 20,000,000 years old. The shape is perfect except for a half-inch square where dullness has been carefully scraped away to reveal a bright surface, vaguely purple with flecks of red fire deep inside it. Wloch turns the shell and the bright spot flashes, a small kaleidoscope in a flat world of decayed stone, grasshoppers, dust and heat.

"I'm not sure," says Wloch thoughtfully, "but I think it's worth enough so I can dig for another two months before I have to go some-

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Photographs by Larry Keighley

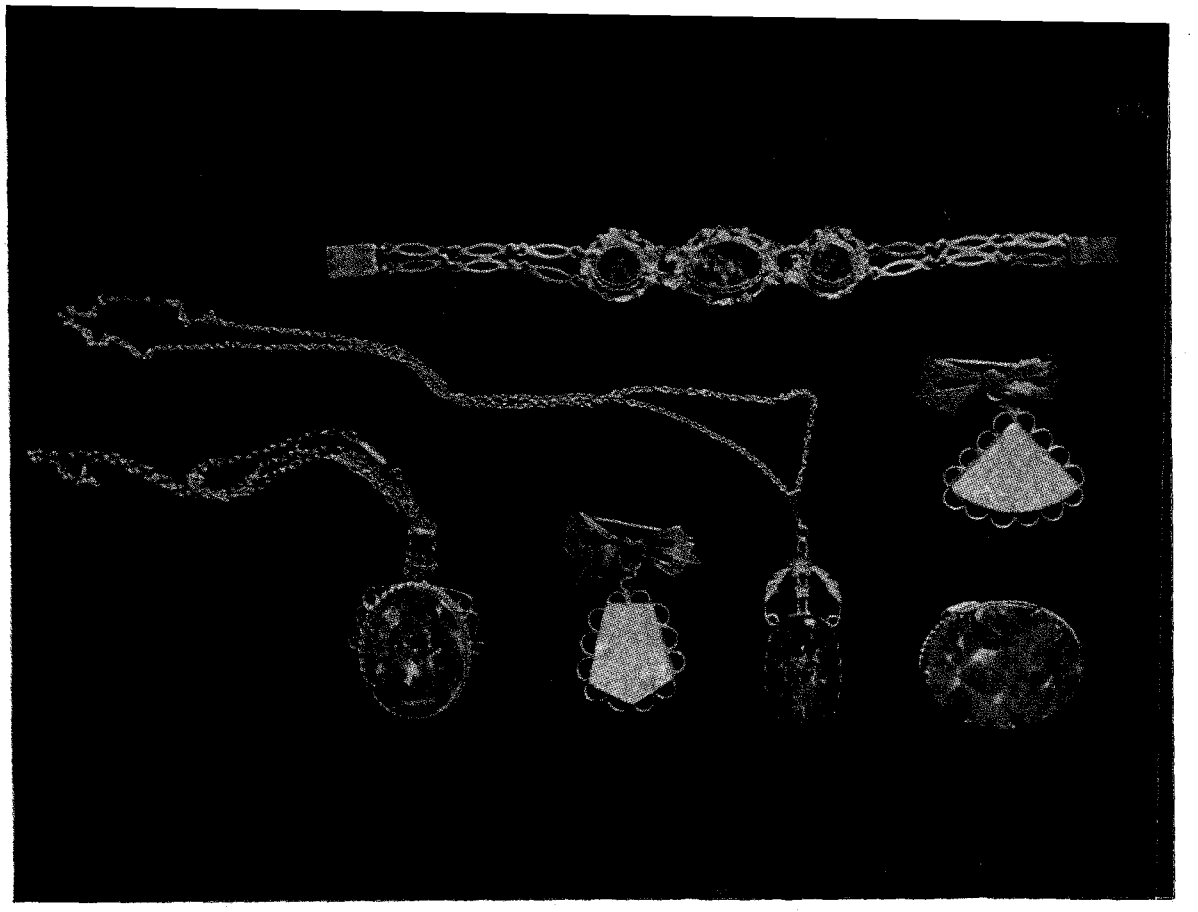
where else and get a job. I found some good gypsum today, and a little potch ——"

So he goes back down into his three-by-six-foot mine, now eighteen feet deep under the blazing sun, and picks up the small pick and shovel or an earth auger, his only tools. In due time, more earth and soft rock from an old sea bed will come up in buckets on a hand winch, and Wloch's mine dump, one of thousands here, will grow a little higher. Perhaps somewhere down there he'll hit that rich, thick opal streak, two inches high and yards long, worth $130 an ounce. Others have, and Wloch may.

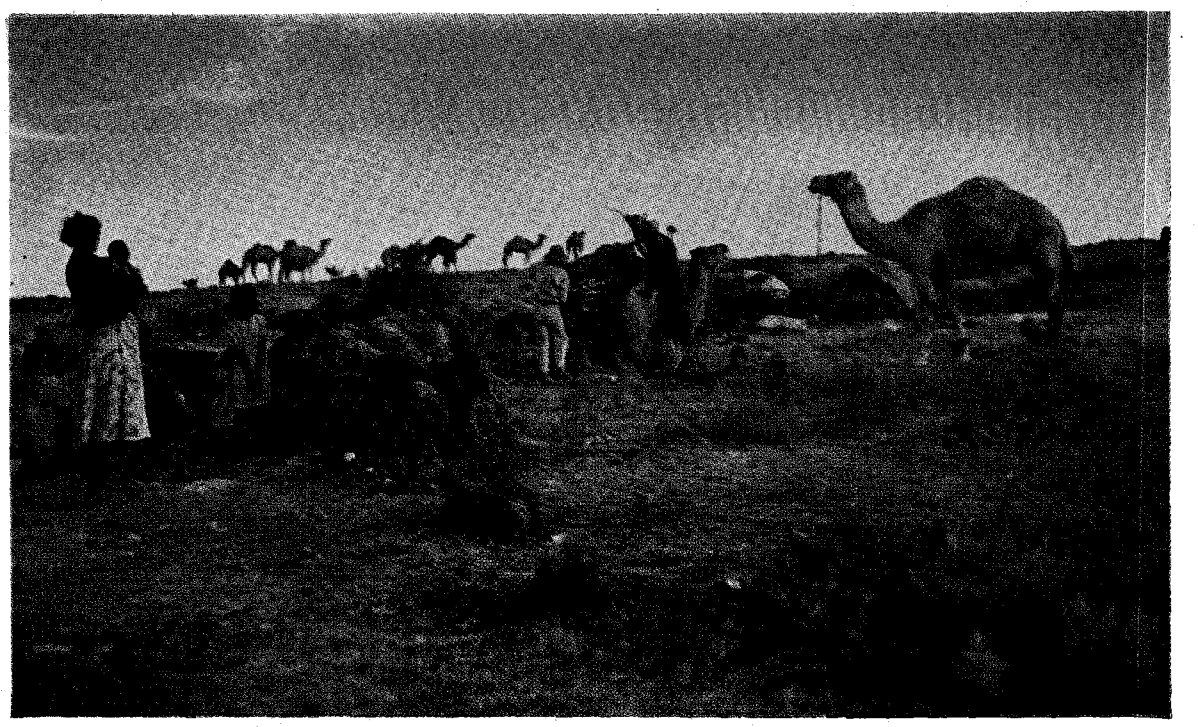
The words "Coober Pedy" in the Australian aboriginal language mean roughly "man under the ground." The community which bears the double name lies about 500 miles northwest of the city of Adelaide, South Australia, and exactly in the center of almost nothing at all. To the west is the Nullarbor Plain, an endless stretch of sand and gibber desert covered with round stones, but so flat that a railroad track does not need to deviate a foot in 300 miles. North and south are more flats, eroded mesas and line after folded line of low ridges, beloved by kangaroos, wild horses, wild dogs and rabbits, but by little else that breathes. A map shows large lakes to the east, but except in the rarest autumn seasons, the lakes are only dry salt pans below sea level.

In the center of this baking desolation, a gold hunter named Jack Hutcheson once paused long enough to pick up a bright, multicolored stone—an opal, for which he was not looking. This was in 1916, and within months camel trains struggled toward the spot. The men who conserved their water supplies and their strength sufficiently to get to Coober Pedy at all found bits of opal—floaters—on top of the ground and horizontal layers of opal when they dug down only a few feet. In their ignorance, they carefully saved potch, which is opal without color variation or value; in their hurry they broke valuable bits of good opal with careless picks. But there were sudden returns for miners without particular skill or any capital. No expensive tools were necessary, and one sixty-foot-square claim was as likely to produce a bonanza as the next. In spite of thirst, mistakes and awkwardness, they did find opal. The field produced over $100,000 in 1920, and total production now exceeds $500,000. This is the produce of men's hands carefully wielding small picks.

The first miners ate rabbit and kangaroo, drank water in drops, endured the flies, and slew the seven-foot, deadly tiger snakes which blundered into their mine pits. For opal, they could do anything—except endure tents or houses in the open when the Christmas Day temperature reached 128 in the shade, which wasn't unusual. So they took a tip from the rabbit and the wombat, and dug caves into the sides of the hills. The soil would hold without timbering, but wasn't especially hard digging. These caves became homes, sometimes with four rooms; workshops, with fumes from forges going out through vertical tunnels; even a post office and a store. Coober Pedy was a town without a building in it.



Shimmering, multicolored opals flash in their mountings at a jewelry store in Adelaide, South Australia's capital city. Opal prices depend on the whims of the U.S. housewife . . . most of the best stones wind up attached to her.



Camels once served as Coober Pedy's main link with civilization. White men have since turned to planes and trucks for transportation, but the nomadic aborigines of the vast Australian Outback still depend on the desert beasts.

Today, it remains a town of caves in which forty-five Caucasians prefer to live rather than to face the town tedium of working for wages. Forty years of mining have made this the opal capital of Australia, perhaps of the world, but have brought only three buildings—two stores and one tiny cottage. Everyone else, including two of the town's six women and all the half dozen children, lives underground. Caves are equipped with battery-radio receivers, usually with good kitchen ranges, some with kerosene-burning refrigerators. Families are willing to put up with a fine dust filtering down from the ceilings in order to have room temperatures of eighty when the heat outside is more than 120, and comfortable warmth with minimum heating even when bitter winds sweep the plains in June or July.

Water now comes from an underground storage cistern, and camel trains generally have been replaced by battered trucks which come sixty miles from the nearest railroad. However, aborigines still arrive from the trackless interior, riding scrofulous and spitting camels which remain their only transport. Hundreds of these very black nomadic people may turn up for a corroboree—tribal meeting—and camp for days or weeks behind brush windbreaks, but without even tents to shelter them on the plain beside the opal fields.

The Caucasian population has ranged from a dozen to several hundred, depending on the outside-job situation and the prices of opal. Present residents include a graduate pharmacist and his wife, who is a registered nurse.

"Neither of us," says Keith Hamilton, "could stand working eight hours a day in cities. Here we work when we feel like it and make a decent living. When we feel like going away, we always can."

Mrs. Ethel Wilson came to Coober Pedy as the wife of a miner (Continued on Page 134)

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WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW

Yesterday, Cindy had been a teen-ager. Today, she was a desirable woman.

By CHARLES BEAUMONT

I am by nature a serene and patient man," said Mr. Llewellyn, hurling his newspaper across the room. "A man of almost indestructible calm. Wouldn't you say so, Cindy?"

Cindy Llewellyn said, "Sure," and went back to her fingernails.

"There are, however," her father continued, "limits to everything. Or have you gone stone-deaf?" His voice rose. "Stop flapping your arms about like a madwoman, will you, and listen to me!"

"I'm listening, daddy. I mean, don't get so excited."

"Excited!" Mr. Llewellyn clapped a hand to his forehead. After a moment or so, he said, with greater control, "My dear daughter, you may look upon this as symptomatic of my advancing years, but I confess that there is, for me, nothing whatever restful about the constant sound of knuckles against wood. I find, instead, that it actually annoys me, after an hour and a half. Therefore ——" He lost control again. "Therefore, will you please see what the devil that young hooligan wants before I go insane!"

"It's just Bax," Cindy said.

"That is exactly like saying 'It's just a street riot.'" Mr. Llewellyn grimaced as the knocking gave way to a steady ringing of the bell. "Well, are you going to go to the door or aren't you?"

Cindy shook her head. "I've already told you, daddy. It's all over between Bax and me. But over."

"In that case," Mr. Llewellyn said, rising, "you won't mind if I strangle him."

"Not in the least bit."

Cindy thought about what a great mistake that would be. Bax Swanson was not quite so large as an ox or so bright, maybe, but he was considerably stronger; and he knew everything there was to know about judo, too, just about. She got a quick mental image of her father flying across the room like the newspaper, but it was too late now. The door was open. And there was Bax, all six feet, four inches of him, standing there.

"Hi, Mr. Llewellyn," he said. "Cindy home?"

Mr. Llewellyn leaned against the doorjamb. "Oh," he said, "did you knock?"

"Yeah. I wondered if Cindy was home."

"She is, Mr. Swanson. However, as a result of your ceaseless pummeling on the door she has two fractured eardrums and can see no one."

"Huh?"

"Tell that fellow to go away, father," Cindy called, in her weariest voice. "Tell him we have nothing further to discuss." She let Bax get a good long look at her in the yellow formal; then she bounced off the couch and went halfway up the hall stairs. "Inform him that we are *kaputt*, and would he kindly stop bothering me."

She limped into the bedroom and surveyed her reflection in the triple mirror. It was something of a shock. After wearing jeans and sweaters all summer, Cindy was quite startled to see that she was really very pretty. Along the order of Janet Leigh, almost, she thought, if you took away the freckles. She touched her fingernails, but they weren't dry, and this worried her because Fred Highet would be here any moment now. And what would he think about the limp? Well, it didn't matter; she could simply say that she fell downstairs. That was plenty dramatic. It certainly beat telling the truth—that she was limping strictly as a result of being hurled over a fence in a new variation of the old hip throw.

"Cindy!" Mr. Llewellyn's voice boomed. "The young man wants to know how come all of a sudden!"

Cindy shouted, "You may inform him that I have simply outgrown him, father."

There was a pause.

"He wants to know," Mr. Llewellyn called, "what's the story on how come you're suddenly so teed off—whatever that may mean."

"Just tell him I've decided I don't want to become a lady wrestler."

"What?"

"I'm tired of being thrown around all the time, tell him. Tired of his judo and everything about him."

Cindy touched the bruised spot on her leg tenderly and gritted her teeth. Why, she wondered, had it taken her so long to wake up? Was it being tossed over the fence or meeting Fred? Here she was, fifteen years old, an attractive, desirable woman, and she'd spent one of her richest years with an absolute ruffian. A "hooligan"—just like daddy said. Why?

"He's gone into the night," Mr. Llewellyn said,

(Continued on Page 131)

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

She leaned forward and kissed Bax lightly on the cheek. "A woman can't help what she feels," she said.

Cindy thought the Martini tasted dreadful, but she drank all of it.

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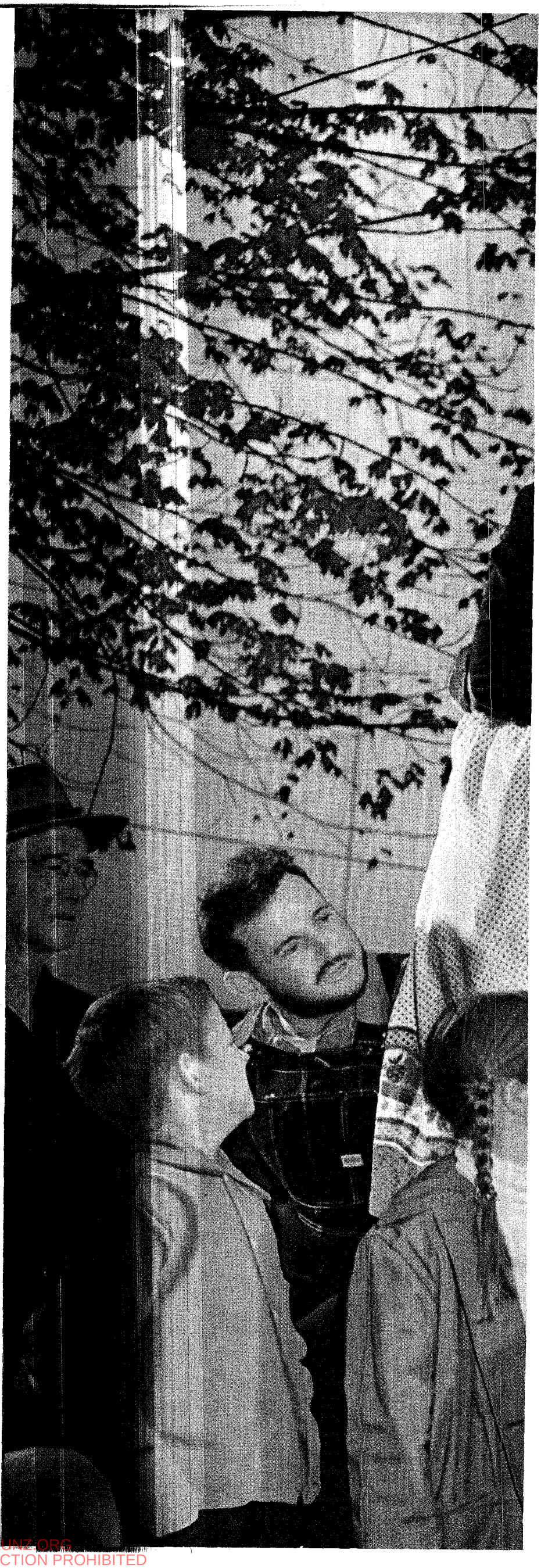
The Face of AMERICA

Salute to Sirup

In Hancock County, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, four days are set aside each fall for the great Sorghum Show. Hereabouts tall sorghum cane thrives in the clayey soil, and Hancock's proudest boast is that it produces more sorghum than any other county in the United States. The show takes place in Hawesville (pop. 925), the county seat. Last year's festivities included a hillbilly-costume contest which delighted these river folk. Here, finalists in this event line up for the judging. That's Ernie Lawson, editor of the local paper, announcing the winner, black-bonneted Mrs. Ella Douthitt. Ernie grew those whiskers for the beard contest, one of the few events in which the ladies didn't take top honors. This time, even the "sorghum king" turned out to be a woman. She won the crown because she grew the cane that yielded the juice that went into the best batch of sweet-tasting sorghum sirup the judges ever sampled. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri



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Treasure at Tandem Key

Bentley knew what they were after. And he intended to cut in on the game—or else.

By PHILIP WYLIE

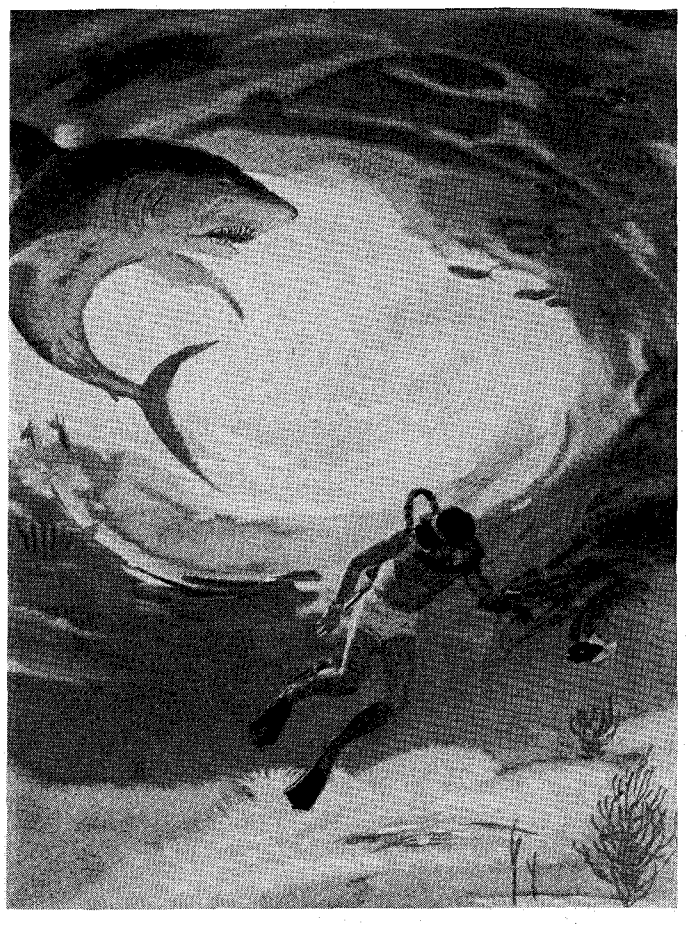
Crunch Adams and his mate, Des Smith, lifted Pete Shade onto the bed, unbound him and removed the gag from his mouth. "How you doing?" Crunch asked when the Texan could talk.

"All right," Shade replied, managing a grin. "Who was it?"

Neither Crunch nor Des could identify the thugs. Alcott Drammell, skipper of the Buddyboy, Doctor Sayliss or any of the men who heard Pete at the inn that evening could have attacked him.

Hatsie, the innkeeper on Tandem Key, had been regaling his guests with the story of the lost treasure of buccaneer John Endibbie, and had read the riddle Endibbie had written which was supposed to contain the clue to the treasure's location. Pete put himself on the spot when he indicated the verse made sense to him.

The Texan's assailants apparently planned to kidnap him and make him talk. Crunch and Des spoiled their scheme. They took Pete aboard their cruiser, the Poseidon, for safekeeping. Pete asked if he could charter the ship to search for the treasure.



The mako shark came down into the pit. Crunch experienced the fear that is panic.

At first, Crunch was not sure the young geologist could foot the bill. "I can afford the charter," said Pete, explaining that he was half owner of Shade Enterprises, a Texas industrial empire. "A hundred a day and all costs, right? And, of course, there might be a lot more in it."

Pete offered to go thirds with Crunch and Des on any treasure they found. He was about to reveal where he thought Endibbie had cached his loot when Des interrupted abruptly, "Hold it!"

Des grabbed a club to strike at the intruder he caught clinging to the side of the Poseidon, eavesdropping. The man dropped into the water and escaped. "Guess he won't come back," Crunch told Pete. "All right. Shoot."

II

"No geologist," the Texan began, "ever read Endibbie's doggerel about his treasure. Not one with imagination. That is, if one did the loot is gone. Remember how it runs?" He repeated the verse written in faded ink on the parchment which hung on the barroom wall at the Inne:

"My treasure lies beneath the sea,
But in the sea my treasure is not;
Where the brave may see, when they cannot see
Till the oaken caskets round it rot."

Crunch started another cigarette. Des switched out the Poseidon's light, to save the batteries, and sat against a gunwale. The night wind dropped and the trees ashore stood still. Great, quiet clouds moved turn by turn across the stars. Far away, nervous lightning gave shape and profile to a thunderhead, but the sound was not audible in the harbor of Tandem Key.

"There are several points to consider. . . . Give me a cigarette, will you? I usually smoke a pipe." Pete Shade puffed while Crunch held a match. "First, John Endibbie lived on South Tandem Key. Second, that key is saucer-shaped. Third, it has a fresh-water pond about in the middle. I'd say the Key was roughly three miles in diameter, right?"

Crunch nodded.

"And the pond's about a thousand yards wide? Pretty deep in spots?"

"Never went over and looked at it," the skipper said.

"Not important." Pete puffed and threw his cigarette disgustedly overboard. "Makes me dizzier. Head's still not too good. All right. These keys are made of what is technically called beach sandstone. Sea piles up sand over the coral reef, packs it, dissolves out calcium, cements the sand into rock. Porous rock, easily dissolved. Some people call it 'coral' because it has shells and coral fragments in it. People who imagine they are scientific call it 'oölite,' but that's a different formation. It's beach sandstone. Now. The fresh-water pond that made this area so valuable for planting and for watering the ships of buccaneers has no surface outlet. Runs out underground, which is common in this formation."

"In the rainy season," Crunch said, "it must need a big outlet. Inches come down in hours, even minutes."

"Exactly. But the outlet is either narrow or has a narrow throat somewhere."

"The lake overflows?" Des spoke his inference.

The Texan shook his head. "No. That's something I noticed last week when I inspected it. Plenty of rivulets and little creeks come in from the jungle. Endibbie's plantation, by the way, is also jungle-covered now, though you can find ruins among the trees. But there's no sign that water flows over the saucer rim into the sea. It may have a secondary subterranean overflow higher up. In the dry season, as now, however, the lake's apparently pretty near even with mean sea level. It rises and falls some with the tide."

"Then why isn't it salt?" Crunch asked.

"That's what I asked myself. Salt water's heavier, is the answer. The outlet communicates with the sea somewhere on the submerged oceanic reef. In the dry season, salt water backs into and flows from the outlet as the tides rise and fall. It may even make part of the water in the pond salty or brackish at times. But there's always enough fresh water running in, even in dry times, to keep the surface foot or two or more fresh. There are other lakes in the same balance, here in the Bahamas, and on low islands, elsewhere. In the rainy season, though, torrents of fresh water keep the lake high—well above tide levels. The shore shows that. When the lake's high—when it has a good sweet-water head over high-tide levels—the tunnel that drains it may flow fresh on all tides for periods of weeks. Even months, perhaps."

Crunch said, "I get it! By golly, I do! Endibbie swam his stuff out to the reef, dived it down and stashed it in the mouth of the lake outlet, at the sea end!"

(Continued on Page 136)

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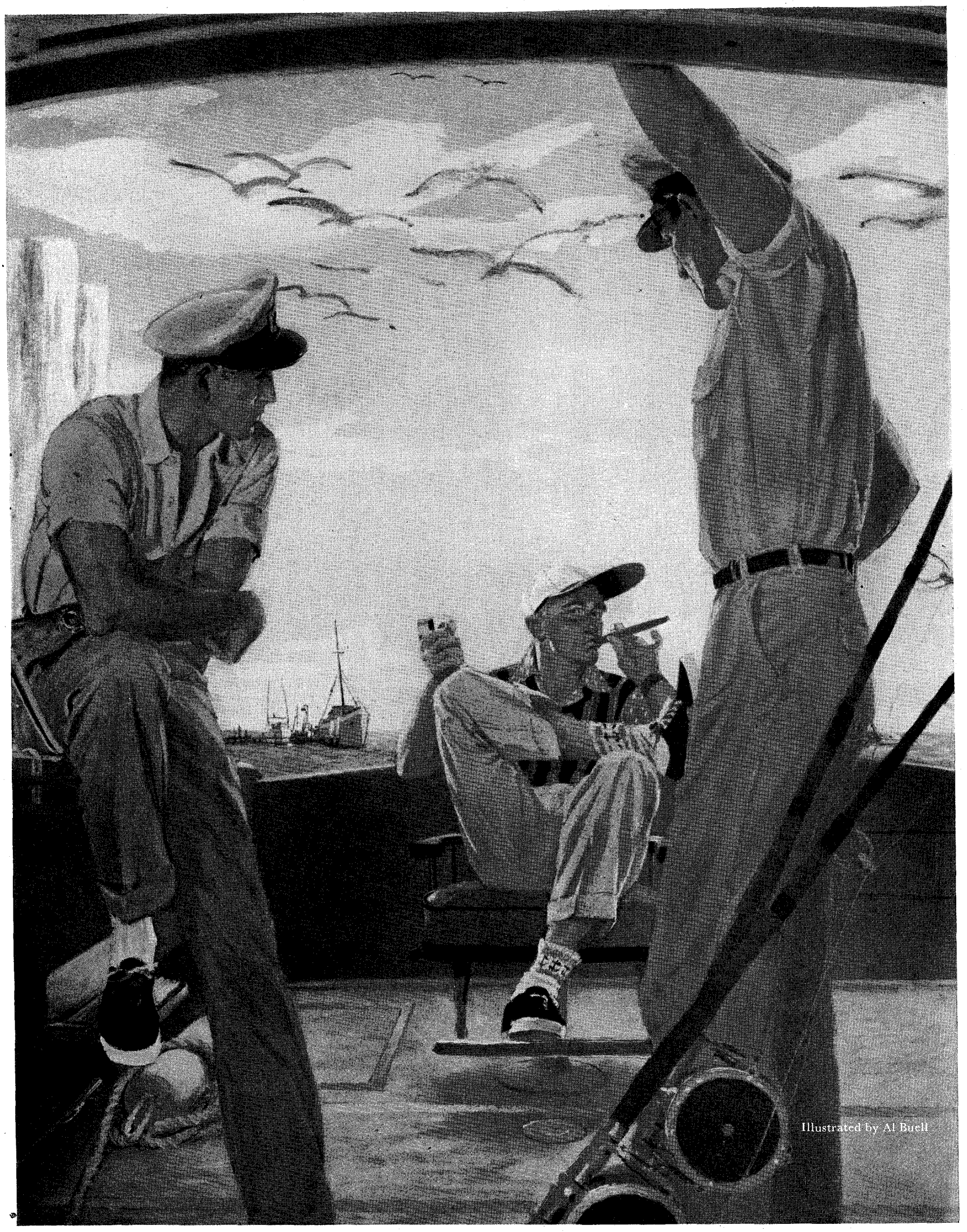

"I know you boys are tough," Mr. Bentley said. "Very handy at roughstuff!"

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Well, It Was This Way

By GARY COOPER, as told to George Scullin

Gary vaulted to stardom without making love to anything more voluptuous than a horse. Then he was cast opposite the "It" girl, Clara Bow, and almost collapsed.

PART FIVE

The Winning of Barbara Worth was finished late in 1925, and released in 1926. Various chroniclers of my career have referred to this picture as the one that gave me my first big break, but they are only partly right. When one of the stars failed to show up on time and I was hauled out of the extra ranks to fill his role, that was a break. But then came a break of another kind that confuses the whole issue. Just when I thought I was riding high, I got lost in a wastebasket.

It happened like this. Henry King, the director, let me know about midway in the shooting that if the studio forced him to use me in another picture, he wouldn't complain. A few days later, Sam Goldwyn hinted that if I caught a certain casting director in a weak moment, I might get a contract.

Sure enough, the casting director had a contract for me, but it struck me as being a little puny on the salary side. Compared to the $15,000 a week Tom Mix was getting, the sixty-five dollars a week offered me seemed inadequate. I demanded seventy-five dollars, and the contract went into the wastebasket.

That is where matters stood when I finished my stint. King thought that Goldwyn had

Cooper, director John Waters and William Powell ham it up between takes of Beau Sabreur, a 1928 sequel to Beau Geste.

Jean and Dean Martin (before their recent separation) crane their necks at a Hollywood party late last year. "I'm not much of a social asset," says Cooper, "but I like being around."

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Clara Bow and a youthful Gary in the Jazz Age classic, Children of Divorce.

With Evelyn Brent in Beau Sabreur. To appear lovesick, he thought of food.

signed me up, Goldwyn thought I had signed with the casting director, and the casting director was waiting for me to send an agent around to go through the Hollywood ritual of pounding on his desk. I was too green to know of such things. I just thought that if I made good on one job, I'd be hired for another, same as in any other business. For weeks I didn't dare leave the house for fear the phone would ring.

In this crisis I thought of Johnny Waters over at Paramount, and called him up. He allowed as how things were picking up. I got over to his office so fast that he was just hanging up the phone when I arrived, but it might have been after a later call than mine.

"I'm probably out of my mind," he told me, "but you called just as I was stewing over a star for my next picture. How would you like to play the lead in Zane Grey's Arizona Bound?"

Well, there it was. From poverty to stardom in one easy jump. Everything about Arizona Bound was designed to inflate the ego of its young male star. We had two weeks to shoot it in, which made it an epic. We were shooting it in the best Arizona location our location hunter could find, which happened to be Bryce Canyon, Utah. And for a leading lady I had no one less than Thelma Todd.

Miss Todd was a blond beauty. She was also a natural comedienne, a fact that Hollywood discovered later, but at the time she was noted for her rapid climb through Western pictures. She had started out to be a schoolteacher in Lowell, Massachusetts, entered a beauty contest just for the fun of it, and when she became Miss Massachusetts, with a resulting contract from Paramount, she came out to Hollywood for the free train ride.

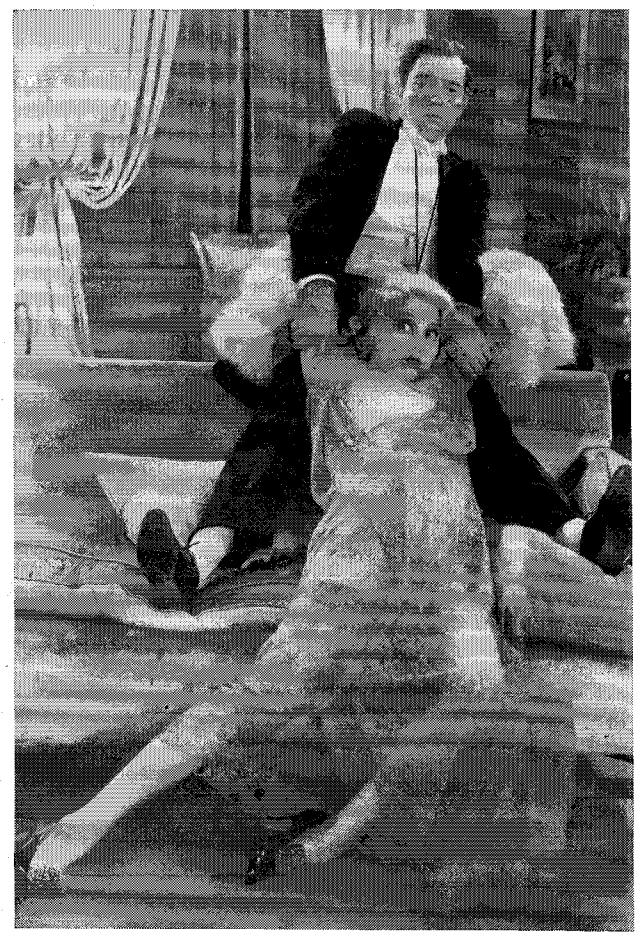
When I was signed to play opposite her, I reveled in the luxury of conceit. I had given myself a year to make good in the movies, and here I was a star in eight months. True, my salary was still sixty-five dollars a week, but what was cash compared to glory? I let my head swell, and I'm glad I had the experience. For once in my life I enjoyed the feeling that I was a pretty exceptional fellow.

At the end of ten days I was snapped back to reality. We had two weeks to shoot Arizona Bound because Waters needed every minute for retakes. And we had Thelma Todd because that vivacious actress could carry any picture, regardless of how bad her leading man might be.

Being thus insured in all directions, Arizona Bound came out looking very good. I looked pretty good myself, through no fault of my own. It's a funny story. To begin with, Johnny Waters is one of those directors who came up the hard way. When money was short, they substituted ingenuity. They could bank a horse trough with ferns and potted palms, and give the camera a South Sea lagoon, a Louisiana bayou or a stretch of the Congo River. The same trough loaded with ice cubes could become the Arctic Ocean, the Yukon at spring flood or an ice jam threatening the lumber mill at Penobscot Rapids. Johnny Waters, with a gallon of paint and a handful of Spanish moss, could turn a blank wall into a haunted Florida mansion. He could even turn me into an actor.

When driven to it, directors can do as much with blank faces and make-up as they can with blank walls and paint. Director William Wyler tells the story of the time he gave an aspiring actress her first and only screen test. Being new to Hollywood, he gave the girl everything he could in the way of costumes and set, and then tossed in the most handsome actor he could find. Some years later he met the girl again. "You ruined my career," she said. "In those surroundings, and playing against one of the best actors in the business, I looked so awful I never even got another screen test." Willie was conscience-stricken. The next day he had yet another aspiring actress scheduled for a screen test, and he was resolved not to repeat his mistake.

He worked all day on the test. He ran off hundreds of feet of film. Then he spent the night in the cutting room, searching for a foot of film here and another foot there that had some sparkle of life. By dawn he had several such scraps, all unrelated, but by finding a new angle and giving it the Wyler touch, he pasted up a screen test that was a dilly. A few weeks later, the producer came to him and said, "Mr. Wyler, none of the other directors can do a thing (Continued on Page 108)



Thelma Todd and Buster Keaton in Speak Easily. She played opposite Gary in his first big role.

NEXT WEEK

Gary explains his "Hollywood Casanova" period, when he was squiring such glamour gals as Lupe Velez and the Countess di Frasso.

© 1956 By Gary Cooper

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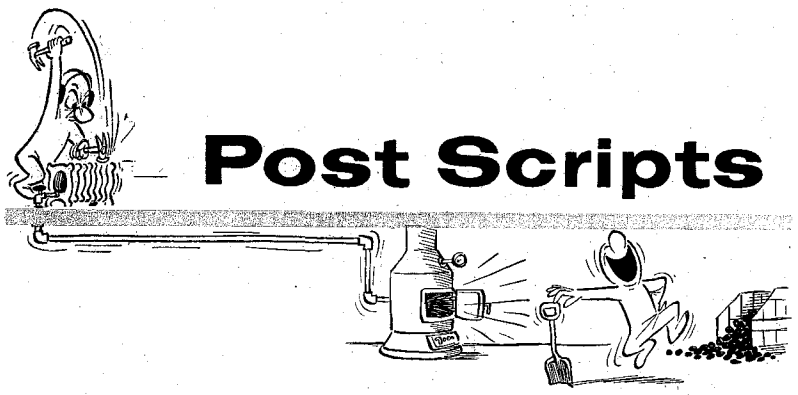


Post Scripts

Wasted Words

"Ollie Dreswick, a friend of mine, brought me this tie clip from Bangkok. It seems that he and his wife were on this trip, and they happened to wander into this small jewelry shop on a little side street. Ollie, always a person to pick up some sort of an unusual gift, said to the shopkeeper ——"

"I used to know a Dreswick—Merwin, I think his name was."

"A very unusual stage play. As I remember, some guy by the name of Corwin had the lead. He played the role of a longshoreman who was in love with a girl named Clarice. Clarice was from Indianapolis, had what is known as a split personality, and ——"

"What year did you say this was?"

"Boy, did I ever work like a dog to write that book! Write! Rewrite! Write! Rewrite! I'm telling you, I really sweat blood! Why, I used to lock myself in my study and pound that typewriter, until ——"

"I had a friend once who wrote a little poem for a newspaper."

"I must've been completely confused, because I turned wrong way onto this one-way street and started up toward Foster Avenue. I'll bet I hadn't driven a hundred feet when about fifty motorists began to honk their horns. Suddenly, up pops this police cruiser with two of the meanest-looking cops I'd ever seen in my entire ——"

"I have an uncle who runs a barbershop up on Foster Avenue."

"Of course, to everybody else he's David Lansworth, the big Hollywood movie star, but to me he'll always be just Dave, because we lived across the street from each other when we were kids. Matter of fact, he used to borrow my pocketknife all the time. I'll never forget the time that he dropped in at the office to see me, and all of the other employees simply couldn't believe that the great David Lansworth and I were personal friends and that he had taken the trouble to come all ——"

"How many employees are there in your office?"

VERNON H. KURTZ

The Moon and I

A good many people, on learning
That space will be probed pretty soon,
Began to exhibit a yearning
To ride the first ship to the moon,
But times when I thoughtfully scan it,
The moon doesn't make me thus yearn;
I feel the first ship to the planet
May not be the first to return.

My own very earnest decision's
To shrink from the journey until
The planet has tourist provisions;
And then I shall go with a will.
I don't have a yen for acclaim as
A resolute moon pioneer,
But dream about coming to fame as
The millionth to visit the sphere.

RICHARD WHEELER

I Used to be on Edge

You hear a lot of loose talk these days about people being overtense, edgy because of the breakneck pace of modern living. Not me.

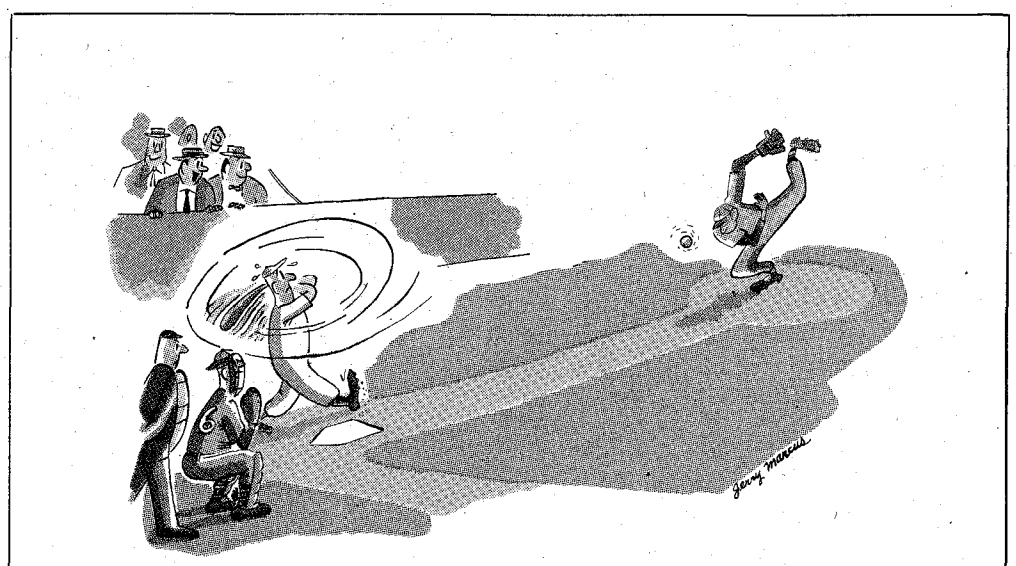
A few days ago, a car's exhaust banged in my ear, while I was walking on the street. Did I lose my head and run? Nothing of the kind. Calmly, I lay there until a pleasant little old lady pushed through the gathering crowd and helped me to my feet.

Or take the night we were guests at the Finlays' and the furnace exploded in the basement. I regret to report that everyone in the room leaped up and raced to the basement in obvious panic. When they returned a short while later, they found me, a model of composure, in the living room. It was but the work of a moment to unfreeze my grip on the top of the bookcase, although it took a bit longer to replace the wallpaper and plaster, which, in spots, laid bare the lathing.

I know people who actually won't ride in elevators because somewhere along the line they heard about one that broke its cable and fell fourteen stories, and when the passengers stepped out they were all one and a half feet tall. These nervous types are the ones who insist on taking the stairway, crowding the rest of us.

As I say, I seldom get overwrought, and when I do, I easily dispel my tenseness with a satisfying drag on a cigarette. If I can get someone to hold the match for me.

DICK EMMONS



"Now there's what I call a change-of-pace."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I thought you might like to know that the wine you recommended not only complemented the dinner—it made the dinner unnecessary."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Heinrich Schnibble and the Quiz Program

"Hello? Is this Mr. Heinrich Schnibble?"

"Ja, ja. Meinself ist Schnibble."

"Mr. Schnibble, this is Burt McKurt, calling for the Pul-Pul Tractor Company, sponsors of the Sixty-four-Acre Question. Are you watching the show?"

"Ach, nein! Ich ben watchen ein goot show mit——"

"That's all right, Mr. Schnibble! You don't have to be watching to win. Would you like to try for the sixty-four acres? Of course you would! All you have to do is——"

"Meinself ist refusen!"

"That's just dan—— Refusen? But why?"

"Ich ben haten das Pul-Puller!"

"Now, Mr. Schnibble, the Pul-Pul ben the very finest tractor on the market. No other tractor is so economical, so simple to handle!"

"Ach! Himmel! Das simplisch handlen ben ein grosser upmesser!"

"Do you own a Pul-Pul, Mr. Schnibble?"

"Nein. Hans Obermeyer ist getten das Pul-Puller und oberdriven mit showen to meinself."

"Well, now, it may be you haven't given das Pul-Puller a fair trial."

"Ach du lieber! Ich ben driven das schtunker und suddenisch der simplisch handlen ben wrecken mein barn und gesmashen der milken-staller und scaren der honkenflappers und——"

"But, sir, you can't blame der simplisch—I mean, das Pul-Puller ist —— Ben scaren der honkenwhat?"

"Mein geesers."

"Oh, der geese! Now, Mr. Schnibble, be reasonable. Yourself ben knowing das Pul-Puller ist—— Surely it doesn't ben our fault—— Please, sir, won't you try for——"

"Nein! Nein! Nein! Ich ben refusen!"

"But das—I mean, Ich ben——"

"Gooten by, Herr Puller!"

"Gooten by, Mr. Acre. Now, back to das show. Meinself ist Gurt McPuller mit der sixty-four Tractor Company, und das schtunken sponsor ben —— Ach! Ach, Himmel!"

DAVE MORRAH

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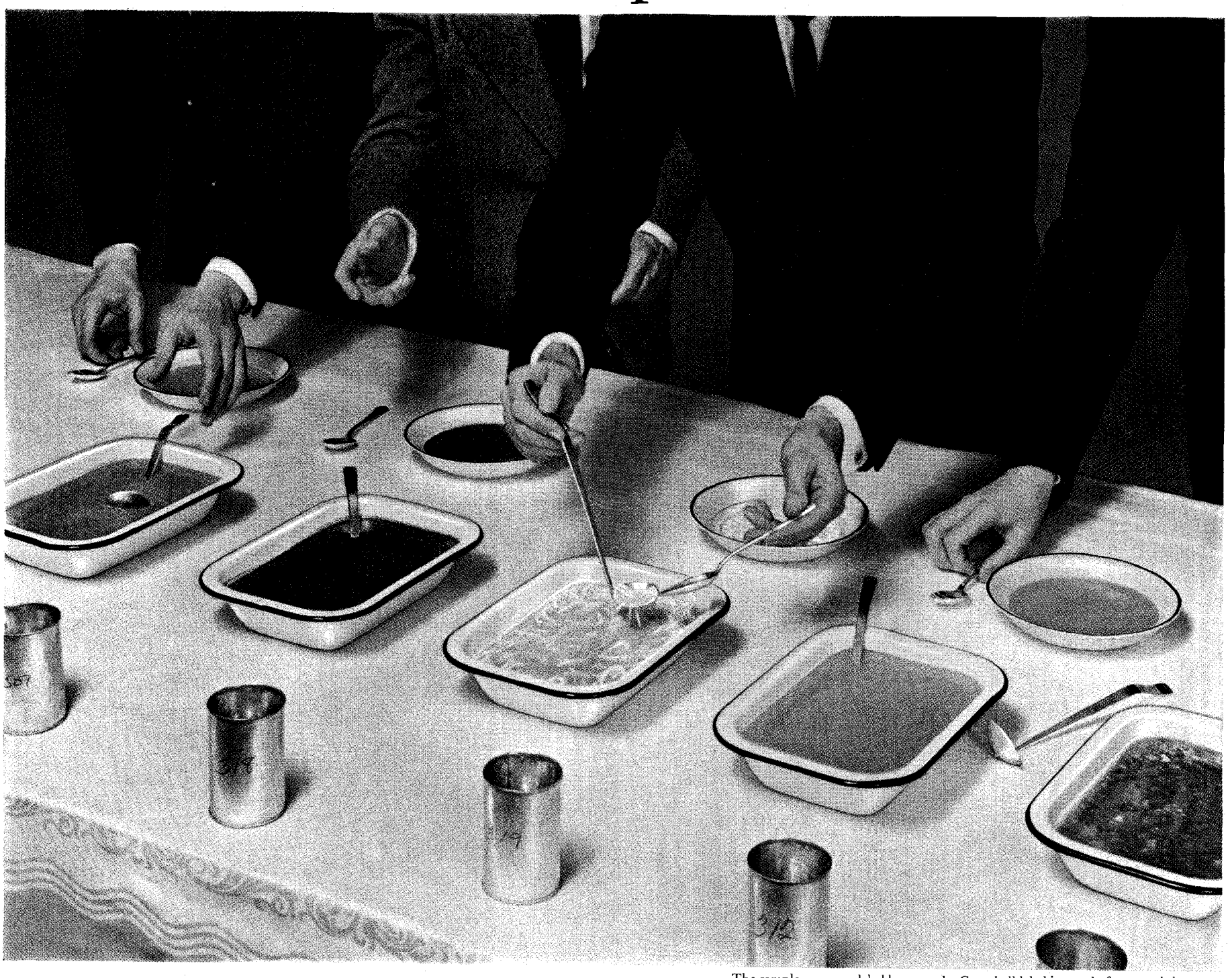
11 O'Clock Management Meeting at Campbell's



The samples wear no label because the Campbell label is a seal of approval that must be won. Should one of these cans be rejected, the production will be rejected.

Like any good cook, we taste the soup before we serve it to you

Part of the job of being a member of the management group at Campbell's is this homely, but highly important duty:

To taste Campbell's Soups fresh
from the soup kitchens.

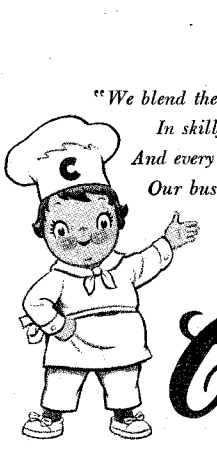
It is a tradition that was born with the company. The sampling is usually done at 11 a.m. when tastes have been sharpened by a good morning's work.

We have been somewhat surprised to discover that some people seem to think this an unusual practice. Who ever heard of a good cook who didn't taste her dishes before serving them to "company"?

Here at Campbell's, we cook for "company" every day and we make it a point to taste our own cooking. All of us, from top to bottom, take all the care it is possible to take so that you may serve any food from the Campbell Kitchens with confidence. And a touch of pride.

Quality is no accident, so we take it for granted that our highest executives will taste our soups critically and regularly. It's one of the many ways in which we try to live up to this simple creed:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



Campbell's

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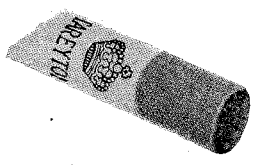
The TAREYTON Twosome

the perfect choice for better smoking



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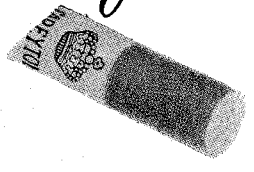
For better smoking, ask for Herbert Tareyton. You'll enjoy the mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos and you'll like the genuine cork tip that always stays firm and fresh . . . that adds so much to your smoking pleasure.



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All the pleasure comes thru . . . the taste is great! Filter Tip Tareyton smokes milder, smokes smoother, draws easier. And Tareyton's filter is pearl-gray because it contains Activated Charcoal for real filtration. It's the best in filtered smoking!

Only FILTER TIP TAREYTON gives you Activated Charcoal filtration

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MURDER IN DISGUISE

Raphael caught her against him, kissed her expertly– and thought how to kill her.

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

Raphael crumbled Mynnelu's note and put it in his pocket. *Not a child*, he thought. *I won't kill a child.* But it was her life or his.

A few days ago, Raphael had met Benjy Neils on the train. Benjy had bragged about his scheme to swindle Amelia Dooley, a wealthy, childless widow, by posing as her lost nephew. Benjy and Raphael then got into a fight. Raphael had knocked Benjy off the train. Sue-Ellen, a little girl, witnessed the killing.

Raphael read the letters he had taken from Benjy, and decided that he himself could play the role of the missing nephew.

Raphael convinced Miss Amelia that he was her lost relative. Ichabod Carr, Miss Amelia's lawyer, also investigated Raphael's background. Since Raphael actually was an orphan, his story checked completely.

Now, however, Sue-Ellen, who was living a few doors away, threatened to upset Raphael's scheme. Mynnelu Schultz, Raphael's partner in a vaudeville act, who had taken a job as Miss Amelia's maid, warned Raphael that he had to kill the little girl.

Raphael tried to push Sue-Ellen into the river. Wes Olson, Miss Amelia's farm manager, stopped Raphael just before he shoved Sue-Ellen.

Then and there, Wes became convinced Raphael was a fraud. Wes told Kathi, Miss Amelia's secretary, that he intended to check into Raphael's background more thoroughly. Kathi, however, had some sobering news. She told Wes that Miss Amelia had written a new will leaving everything to Raphael.

Raphael overheard the whole conversation. He knew he had to do away with Miss Amelia before he was exposed. Raphael decided to kill Miss Amelia with an overdose of heart medicine.

A few minutes later he went down to tea with Miss Amelia. She sat, smiling at him. Smiling back at her lovingly, Raphael slipped seven drops of medicine into her tea.

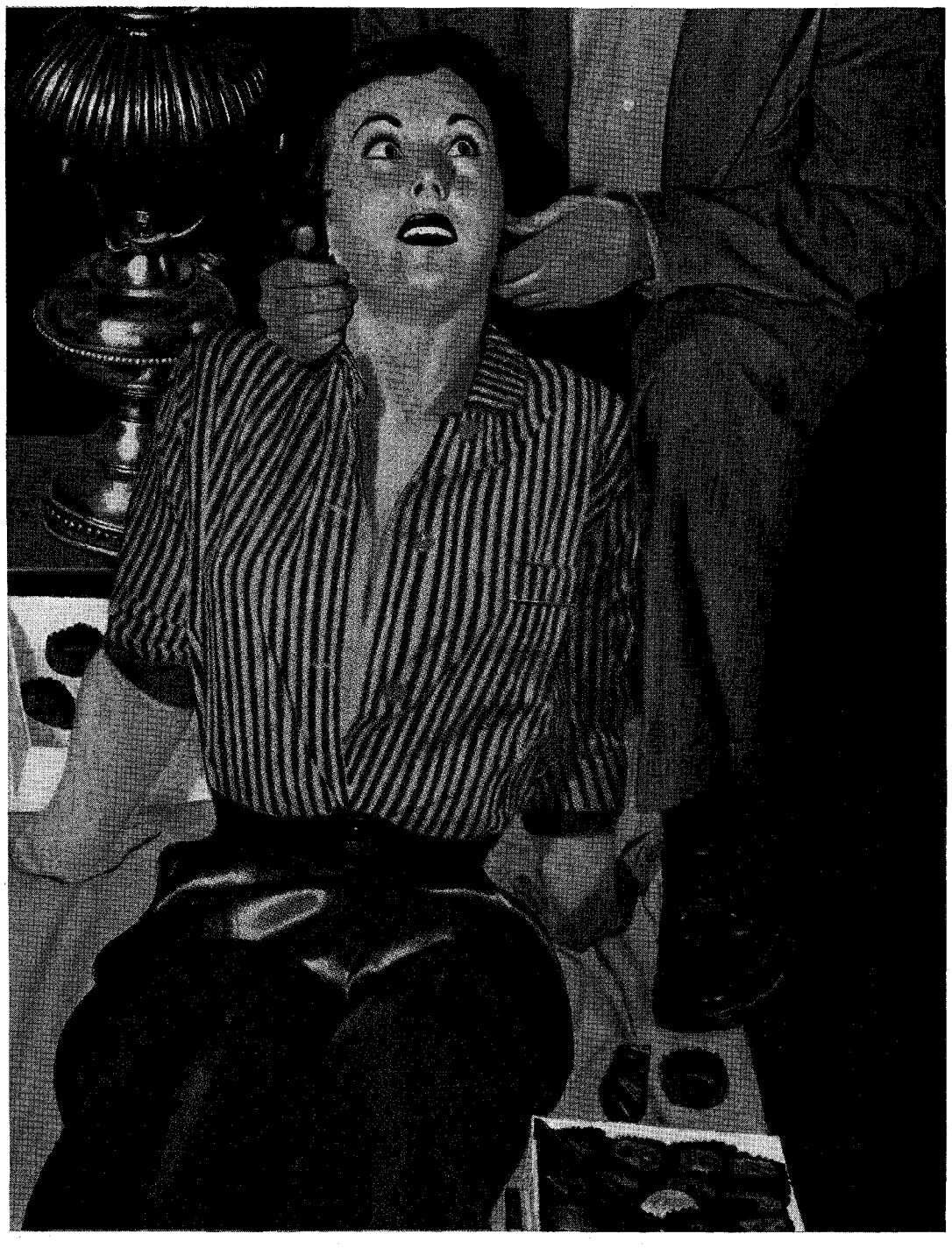
V

The next morning Miss Amelia sat in the grass by the memorial stone to Patrick Dooley, carefully cultivating with a small trowel. She pushed back a wisp of white hair from her eyes. Her thin, lovely hand moved with unaccustomed slowness. She did something she had never done before; she leaned back against the ancient picket fence. Even under her frail weight, it creaked dangerously.

Her voice broke uncertainly, "I can't understand it, Mr. Dooley. I'm so tired. I've never been tired before."

She rested for a few minutes, her eyes closed. Finally she said, "I'll be all right, Mr. Dooley. You're not to worry. All the Jordans are very strong. This business about my heart is just a flurry. Just—a—flurry." She rested for a while longer. "I'm afraid I must go now, Mr. Dooley. I'm going for a ride with Kathi and Raphael." Her voice brightened. "Do you think I'm a meddling old fool? I won't be like dear mamma. She meant well, but one shouldn't interfere in other people's loves. Even though the reason for interfering is love itself. If we had had a daughter, Mr. Dooley, I would have wanted her to be exactly like Kathi. To look like Kathi, tall and graceful, with her lovely bright hair. And to act like Kathi too. Kathi has spirit and courage. Even if she also has temper. You liked me even with my temper. And dear Raphael." Miss Amelia leaned back to rest again. Her voice was becoming increasingly faint. "He is my nephew. My only living relation. Only, something is bothering him. Last night as he sat watching me, I had a strange feeling. I don't know exactly what it was a feeling

(Continued on Page 72)



"It's been a long time," Mynnelu said breathlessly.

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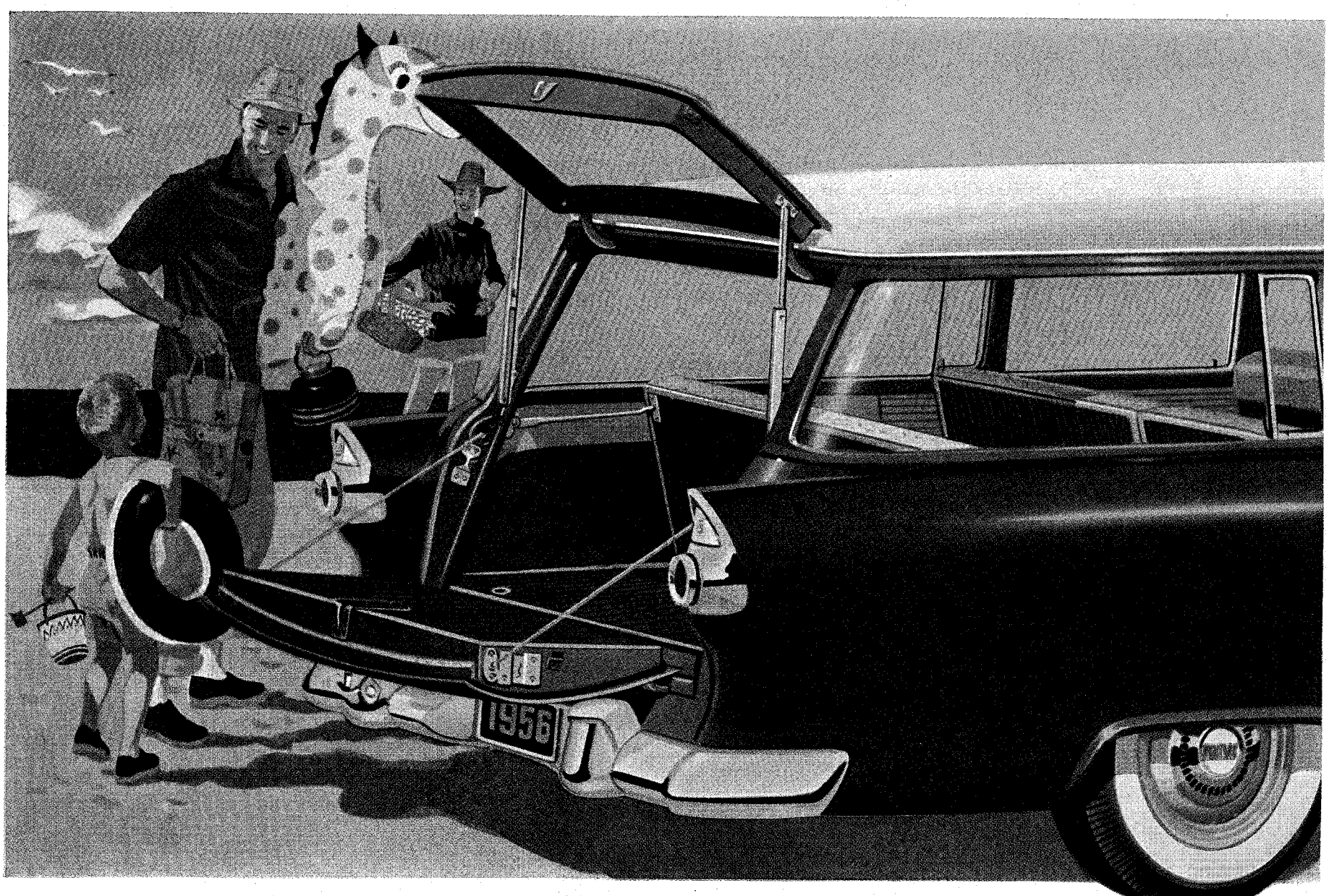
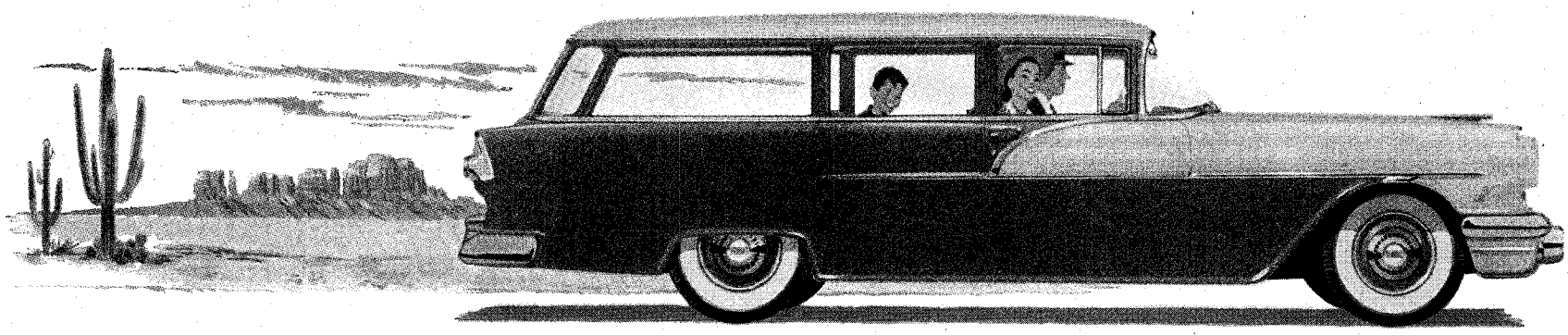
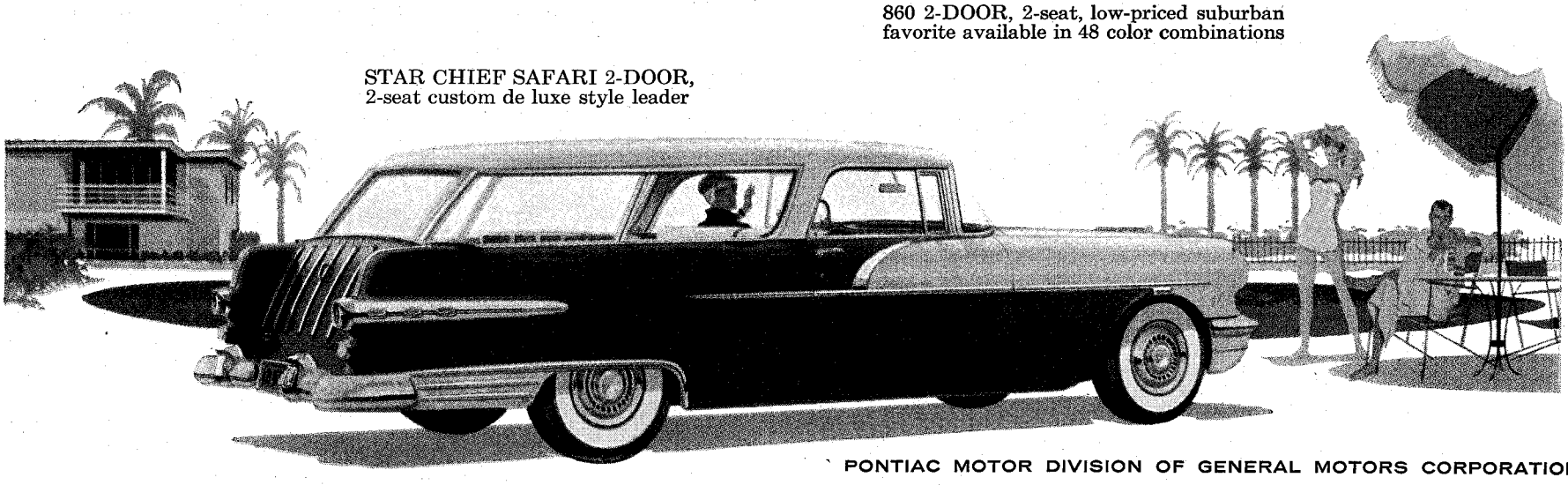


FOUR OF AMERICA'S BEST BUYS.



860 2-DOOR, 2-seat, low-priced suburban
favorite available in 48 color combinations

STAR CHIEF SAFARI 2-DOOR,
2-seat custom de luxe style leader



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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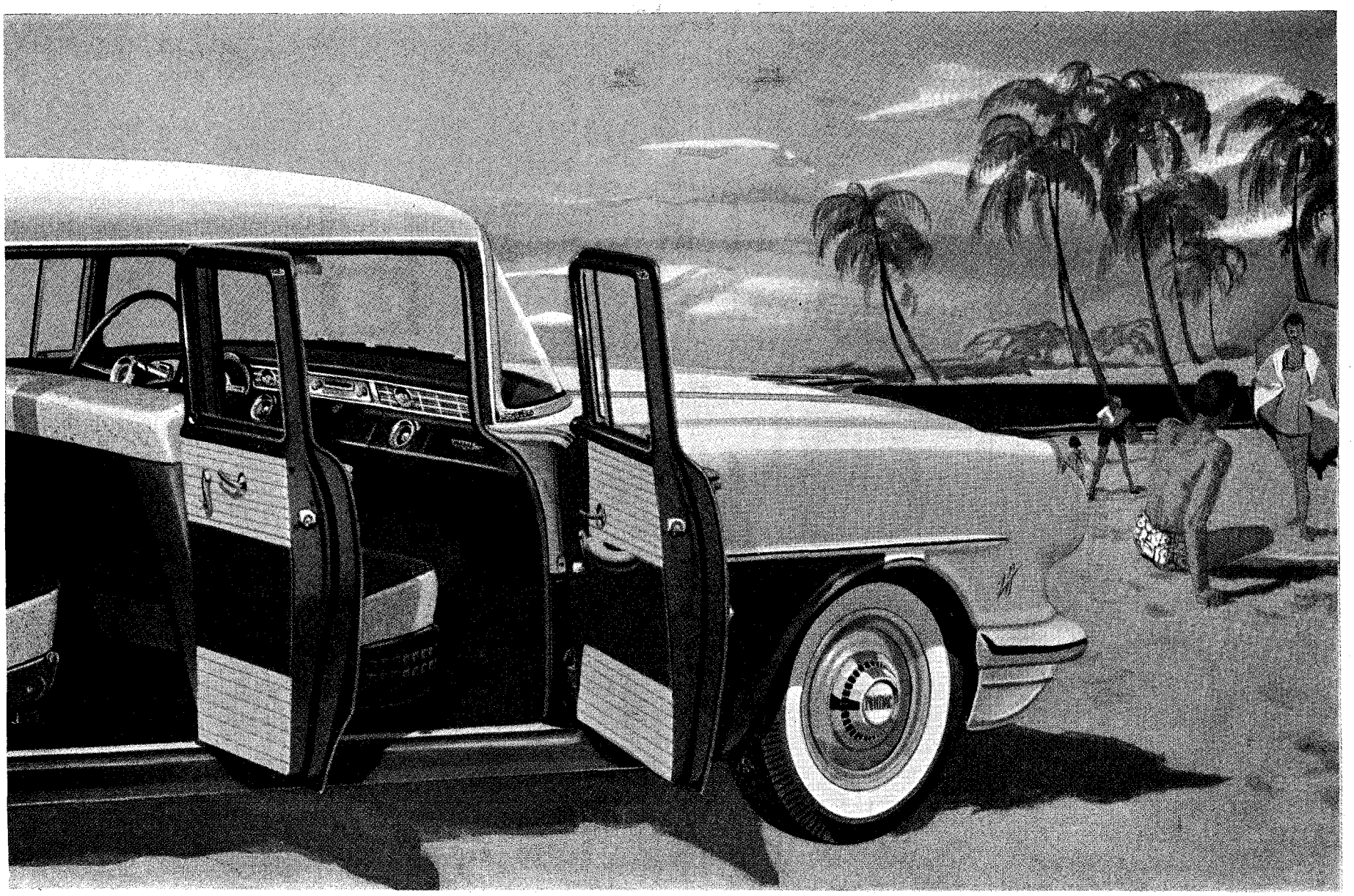

860 4-DOOR, 3-seat, with room for 9 passengers . . . both rear seats fold for extra carrying space

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Why not have fun while you're being practical?

Here are four wonderful ways to do just that! Each one is sleek and exciting as a sports car, handy as a pickup truck . . . and extra *big* in the bargain with a road-leveling 122″ wheelbase!

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There's nothing like it . . . because they're powered by the greatest performance team ever offered in a station wagon . . . the mighty 227-horsepower Strato-Streak V-8 and revolutionary Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic Drive*!

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870 4-DOOR, 2-seat, rear seat folds flat for 7½′ carrying space with gate closed, 9′ gate open

'56 STRATO-STREAK **PONTIAC**

WITH STRATO-FLIGHT HYDRA-MATIC

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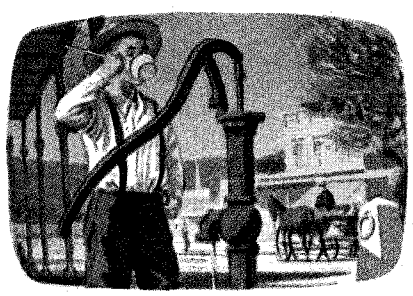
Now–1956–Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

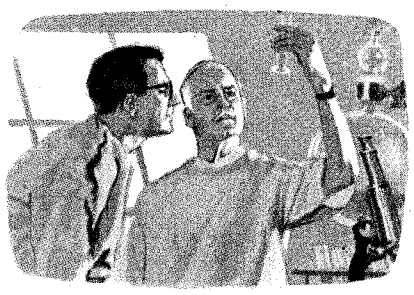
TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens tooth enamel to lock out decay from within

FLUORISTAN IS PROCTER & GAMBLE'S EXCLUSIVE FLUORIDE COMPOUND—FAR SUPERIOR TO FLUORIDE ALONE

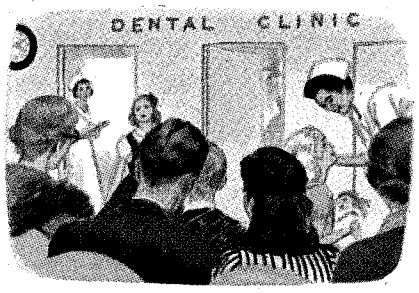


Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children growing up in certain Western towns were virtually without cavities. Then science learned why: nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride,* was present in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride—only medically approved preventive of decay—in a toothpaste. At last, university scientists and Procter & Gamble discovered *Fluoristan,* exclusive fluoride compound, *far superior to fluoride alone.*

Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest—world's greatest weapon against tooth decay. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Protects permanent teeth of adults and of children, six and over.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years, on 5,673 people. Crest set records of decay prevention *never equalled by any other toothpaste.* And Crest blocks out *bad breath* as it locks out decay . . . helps keep teeth white. You'll *love* refreshing Crest!

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay, for people of all ages. Thereby, Crest marks the turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

Instead of waiting helplessly for cavities to strike, Crest now makes it possible for you to build strong defenses against decay *within teeth themselves* . . . to actually *fortify* teeth so that they turn back the destructive attacks of decay (as opposed to the old-fashioned method of depositing a temporary coating of protection on the surface of teeth). With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

WORLD'S GREATEST WEAPON AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

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The Mystery of Misty Creek

(Continued from Page 29)

be on foot. Burr reached a place where there was a choice of trails, both coming together again further on. Here he made another ambush, and this time it worked. The tracker showed himself, at least, and stood a moment undecided at the fork. He was deep in shadow, and Burr couldn't identify him, but he carried a rifle, something Lot Larkey never went without, while Kell or a valley puncher would be more apt to carry a hand gun.

"I could shoot your head off, Lot," Burr finally called out, with taunt in his voice. "I know you."

The tracker moved like a flash, going down the other trail. He was noisy then, but that stopped as soon as he pulled himself together. *If it's Lot*, Burr figured, *he'll ambush me at the join-up, and try to scare the life out of me.* But he wasn't sure it was Lot. Once caught, the Larkeys would be apt to feel their joke was played out and let it go. Burr started to move, but a faint sound behind him stopped him again, and he reached for his gun.

"It's all right, Burr," a soft voice called out from the cover. "It's me—Jud."

Jud was the other Larkey. He stood almost within touching distance. "Watch yourself, Burr," he warned; "you're being trailed."

"That's no news to me," Burr muttered.

"You'd best get down off your horse till we get past the join-up."

"I'm tired of this. I won't walk a foot. You call Lot. I saw him."

"It wasn't Lot you saw," Jud answered.

"Who then?"

"I don't know. Maybe Lot'll know. He's trailing him. We came over Big Fifteen on our way to Making's meeting and tried to catch up with you. We almost ran him down, so I went around to catch you, and Lot stayed with him. Get down, Burr, please." His voice was soft and wheedling. He was listening hard at the same time.

Burr got down and stood waiting. Finally, a night bird made a thin cry and Jud said, "That's Lot now. All clear. We can go on." He took the lead and motioned Burr to follow.

Lot stood waiting at the trail join-up. "He scared off," he announced. "I could've knifed him, but he hadn't really done nothin'." Both these Larkeys had Indian stealth in their blood, and sudden violence, and the gentle thoughts of children in their heads.

"I ought to make you take oath you weren't funning me," Burr said.

"He was after your scalp, Burr," Lot said quietly.

"All right," Burr said, believing it at last, "and who was it?"

"A Down There puncher." Down There was the name of the valley that lay at the foot of the hills. Stanhope's Spur was the biggest part of it, but there were other ranches occupying the eastern edges.

"A puncher on foot?" Burr said dubiously.

"On foot, and with a rifle in his hands."

"I don't see why he would pick on me," Burr said. He mounted, and they moved on again.

"We are all potluck game to Down There folk right now, Burr," Lot said. "It's the valley against the hills to the end of time. It seems like it was meant to be, in all places and all times."

"It's such a shame," Jud said. "About the Stanhope boy, I mean. I ——" Feeling suddenly blocked his throat, and he couldn't go on.

"Now, Jud," Lot said comfortingly.

Far off, and down below, like a fallen star, Stanhope's house light showed, and Burr could almost feel the hot fever that must hang over the place, with men still coming and going on grim errands.

Burr watched that steady light and saw it go out at last, and then he looked clear across the valley to Far Dendro, where there was light, too, more than at Stanhope's Spur, and where a man could go with his savage anger and deepest woes, and inform against those who had misused him, without fear or favor from living on a hill or down below.

Jud Larkey spoke up to say he had taken a trudge around during the day and had seen the boy put to rest under the trees at Spur. "It tore me through," he said, "and I put a flower in his hand."

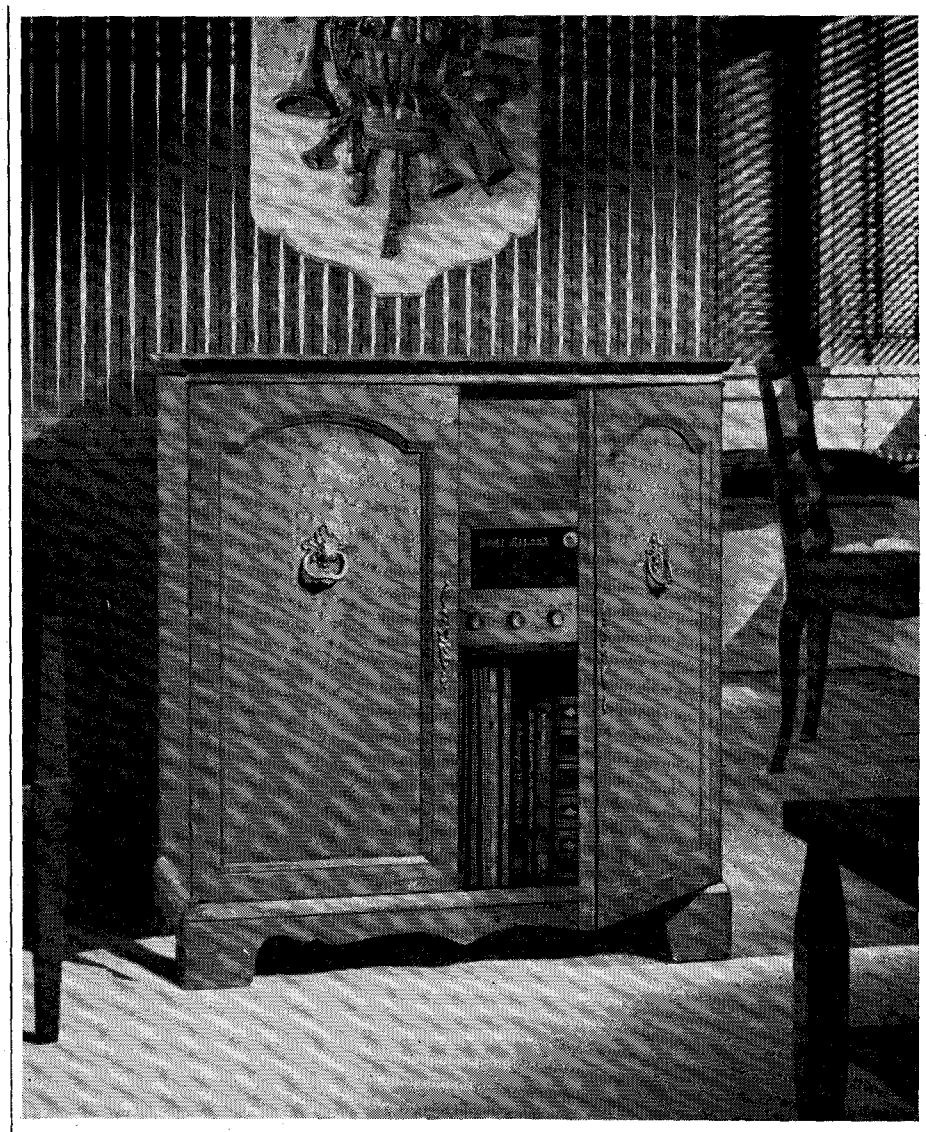
Burr understood Jud's ways and his talk. Jud would have been standing on some far hill watching the burial, and might have gone through the motions of doing what he said he had done or, perhaps, merely thought of doing it. Those Larkeys—but Jud more than Lot—lived in their own world where something done in the heart could be spoken of as actually done because the thought was more than the deed. In a little while Making's bonfire came into view.

It was big and bold, putting light against the farthest buildings. The Larkeys went to the fire, and Burr tied his horse.

(*Continued on Page 58*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just how big was our grocery bill last month?"



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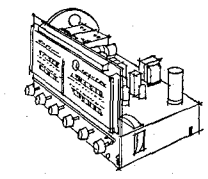
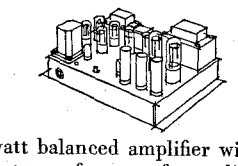
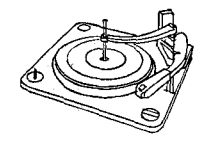


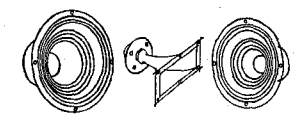
New AM-FM tuner utilizes 16 tubes (including amplifier, rectifiers and precision tuning eye). Record compensation switch.



20 watt balanced amplifier with dual output transformers, for undistorted, full-range high fidelity reproduction.



Precision multi-speed automatic intermix changer. Patented Pianissimo pickup. Diamond stylus.



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makes you look better in any light!

World's favorite film now finer than ever! Gives you the best black-and-white snapshots ever... of people, pets, scenery and everything else you snap!

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Here's the kind of film professionals use... now for the first time made widely available for popular cameras!

In *any* light, new Verichrome Pan shows you at your very best. In sunlight, it softens harsh shadows. With flash it brings out sparkling detail. And on cloudy, dark days it gives you clearer pictures than ever before.

Pan stands for panchromatic—which means sensitive to all colors. Verichrome Pan even shows the difference between two shades of the *same* color. Naturally, it gives you more lifelike snapshots of scenery, flowers and foliage!

No other black-and-white film captures so well the soft, fresh charm of childhood. And none other sees young *and* old through such friendly eyes.

Like all Kodak film, Verichrome Pan comes in an airtight seal, and is date-marked for your protection.

By all means, get your camera off the shelf... and try Kodak's exciting new Verichrome Pan Film *today*.

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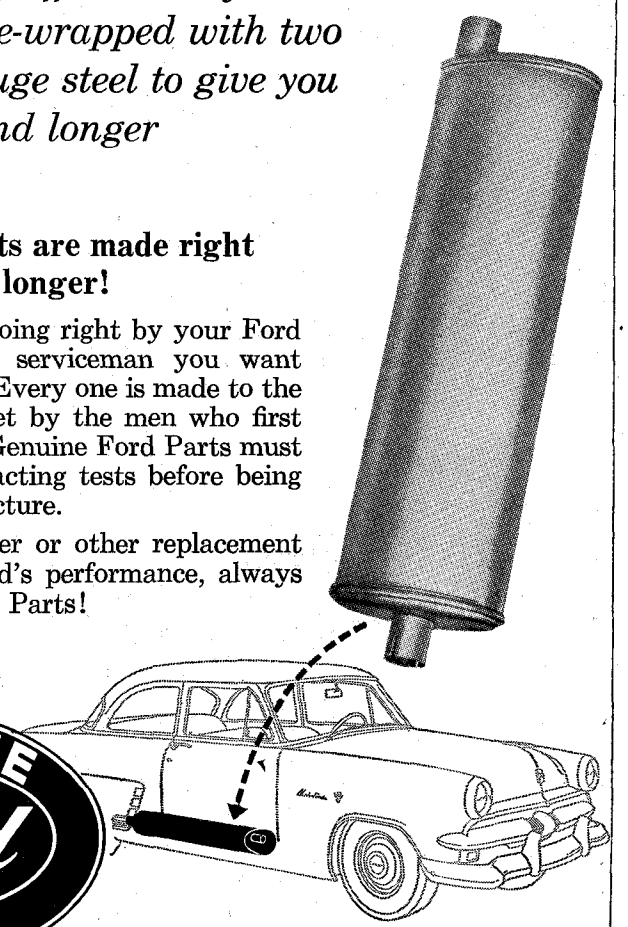

GENUINE Ford PARTS

Keep your Ford all Ford

(*Continued from Page 55*) Making was a grave middle-aged man, and Burr could see that the part he had been asked to play sat heavily on his shoulders.

"If you don't want to go through with it, Jim," Burr said, "I can do it some other way."

"No," Making answered, "it concerns us all, and I will do my part." He lowered his voice. "You say you saw the boy killed, Burr, but are you positive you know the man who did it?"

"I am," Burr answered. "I'll tell you how if you want to know, but I thought you could handle the meeting better if you didn't."

"No, I better not know," Making agreed. "I might let it out somehow."

"If we decide to take him to Far Dendro, we've got to cross the valley, and I'm afraid Stanhope will try to grab him. I don't want that to happen if I can help it."

"We'll see how things go," Making said.

Guy Kell rode in from the same direction Burr had come, and Making went to welcome him. Burr watched. Kell had arrogant ways with older men, as though he could be proud he was younger than they. Making didn't seem to notice it, although he probably did. Kell pretended the meeting inconvenienced him, but Burr guessed thunder and crack-tree lightning couldn't have kept him away. He wore a hair vest spotted black and white, and the pearl-handled weapon with which he had killed the Stanhope boy hung on his hip.

"Hi, Burr," Kell called, with an indolent wave of his hand, and Burr answered the greeting.

Other hill men drifted in. Fitzroy, the trapper, came on foot, as the Larkeys had done. The rest rode horses, most of which Burr himself had caught and broken. Horses were his business. Old Parr, wearing a white beard that hung to his waist, was the last to come, and after giving him his due of ceremony, Making called the meeting to order.

"This meeting was called on account of the Stanhope boy," he announced. "We're all concerned because we'll get the blame, and it is important to decide what we intend to do as a group. It is easy enough to guess what happened. He came upon a man slaughtering Stanhope beef on Misty Creek, and was shot out of hand simply because he happened to see what was going on."

"What was a sprig like that doing out there at that time of night, anyway, I'd like to know?" Jay Babb inquired. He spoke as if the mere mention of the boy's own folly absolved them all of blame.

"I understand he sometimes went swimming out there in a pool," Making said, "but that's neither here nor there. He's dead. That is what we must face."

"What do you propose to do, Making?" Parr asked in his grim old way. "Bring him back to life? I don't understand the purpose of this meeting. We all know we'll get blamed, and Stanhope'll try to hang us for it. You don't need a meeting to tell us that."

"You're assuming that none of us did it, Parr," Making said.

"Who says otherwise?" Parr inquired. "Who except the valley?"

"I do," Making said. "One of us did do it."

"Sure," Parr scoffed, "one of us shot the man in the moon, too, if you listen to Down There talk." His big mouth made a red hole in the middle of all that handsome beard. "That's valley talk, Making, saying one of us here did it."

"It happens to be true," Making answered quietly. "One of us sitting here among us saw it done."

Even to Burr Maxim, who knew it was coming, the statement sounded like a thunderbolt. A wild muscle tugged at his jaw, his smooth dark face grew tight with strain.

He studied the fire at his feet, and wouldn't look to right or left, but he saw Kell suddenly shift and place his hand near his gun. They sat next to each other. Burr had felt obliged to let happenstance have its way when they had sat down.

"And that someone," Parr went on, "intends to become an informer?"

"That's right," Making answered him. "That's an honorable thing, Parr. Don't try to make it sound contemptible."

"I agree, under certain circumstances, but he could be lying."

"He could," Making said. "That would have to be decided."

"By whom?"

"By those whose business it is to decide such things."

"The law in Far Dendro?"

"Just wrap up anything that's handy—she'll return it, anyway!"

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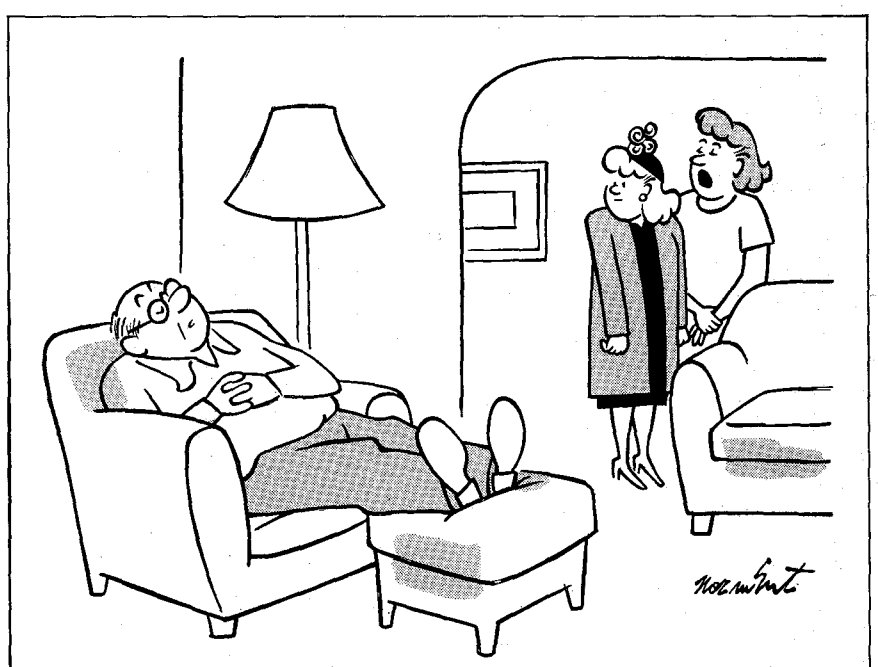


"After dinner, he generally relaxes for about ten hours."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't know of a better place," Making said. "If you will let me go ahead, I'll explain all that."

"Well, go ahead; I'm listening. I don't understand it, though. This boy is a Down There boy. He's nothing to us."

"Do you mean to say you condone the murder, Parr?" Making asked.

Parr had a quick answer. "I do not, but I simply will not believe anyone here did it, and I will not lift a finger to help Stanhope find his satisfaction."

"Someone here did do it," Making repeated, "and someone from here will be hanged for it, you can depend on that. It is the purpose of this meeting to see to it that the right one is in the right way."

"Right side up, I s'pose." Parr was not a callous man, but it was his way to get at the truth with this kind of blunt, wry talk, and they all understood that. "Well, speak up, whoever knows, and we'll hang him ourselves. Make it a peace offering to the valley, if we're getting that soft. Why all this beating around the bush?"

"What an old crackpot!" Guy Kell muttered. "Anybody who killed that kid is clear outa the country by this time."

Burr didn't find it easy to answer him, but he said Making seemed to know what he was talking about.

Making spoke of old troubles between the valley and the hills, and said he thought that sometimes old loyalties seduced a man's reason and took them all to ruin.

He said hill men usually got the reputation of being dogs in the manger, because they had their own special codes and preferred to live by them, as though they might say the law in Far Dendro was not for them, and they would choose their own way. But justice, he said, was a word written in the books and left nothing to choice, because choice only planted the seed of further outrage.

"S'pose I saw someone rustling Stanhope beef," Parr interrupted. "Would I go to Far Dendro with it? I would not. I would say, 'God bless you, friend, help yourself.'"

Burr could see Parr's point, and he could see Making was having trouble with it, too, but Making finally said such matters were daredevil doings that had no relation to what they were discussing now. "We are talking now about the ruthless killing of a boy. If you want to say that's the same, Parr, I think you stand alone."

"That's all very sound, Making," Parr said; "very sound. You must have studied on it."

Making flushed with pleasure at Parr's approval. "I'm glad you find it sound," he said.

"Sound, but not to my liking. Wouldn't they crow down there to see a hill man hang in Far Dendro? And wouldn't it shame you to the ground?"

"I am already shamed," Making said. "Aren't you?"

"But don't you realize nobody will hang in Far Dendro? Stanhope would break him out of the jailhouse and hang him himself."

"That would have to be on his conscience then."

"How will you get him down there? You've got to cross the valley, and Stanhope will stop you and take him."

"The prisoner would remain unnamed until we got him to Far Dendro. I do not know who he is myself, and so I couldn't tell Stanhope."

"He'll take anybody; maybe two or three for good measure."

"I don't believe so."

"And this murderer, whoever he is, will come meekly along, I suppose, and allow himself to be thrown into jail?"

"The man who knows him will be over him at all times on the way. We can make it work, Parr. We must make it work."

"It's very odd," Parr said, and retreated into his thoughts.

"It's not odd," Making answered, "unless it's odd to fight evil. That much we share with the valley, I hope."

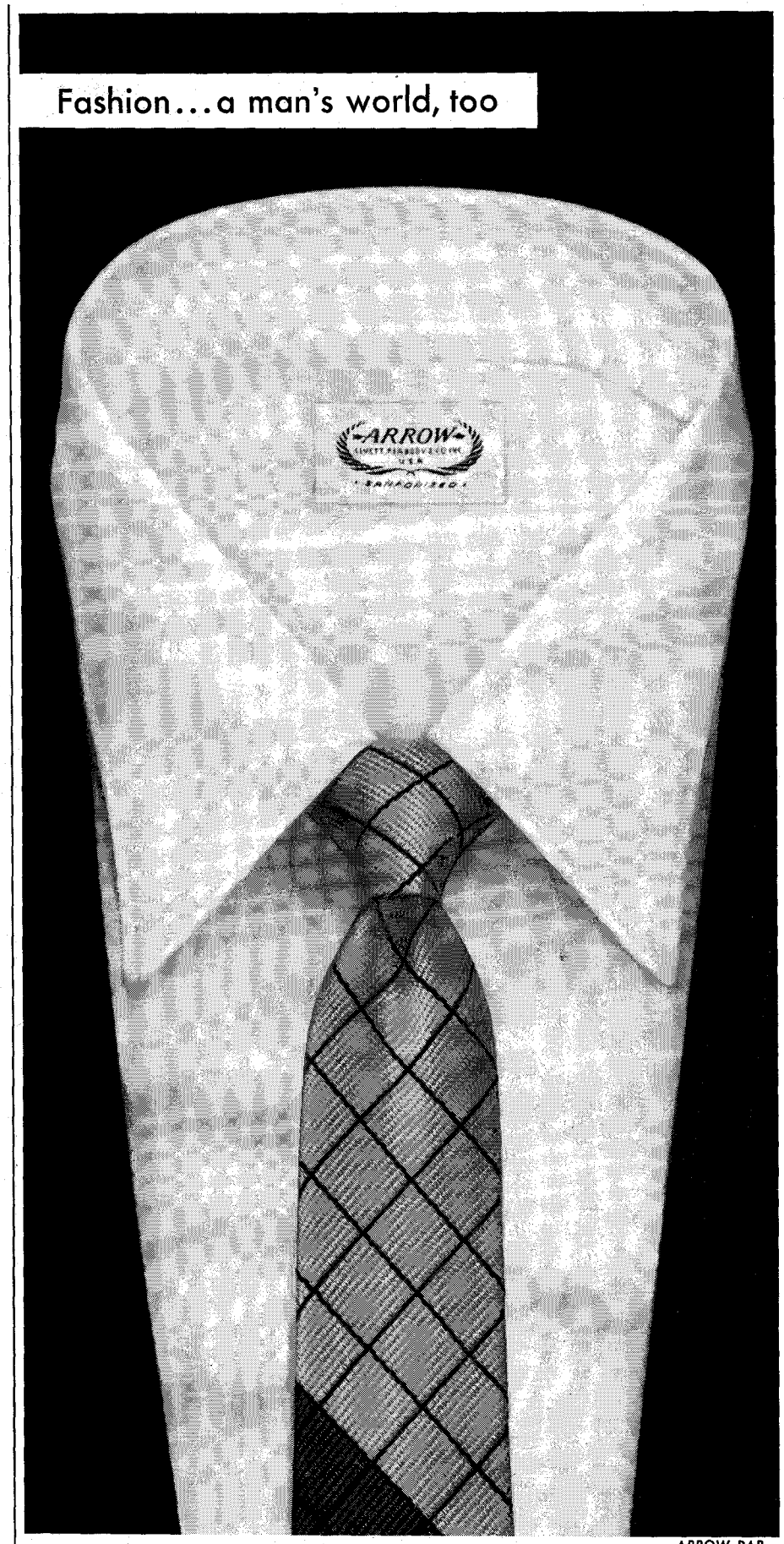
"We hold ourselves above them in that," Parr stated. "What about these people who have special interests down there? Fitzroy collects most his bounties from Down There ranchers, mostly from Spur. Maxim sells them horses. Babb sells them moonshine. Jud Larkey was a friend of the boy. There are others. Is one of them behind this? Some men make friends where it pays. I understand Maxim is courting the Stanhope girl. What about those things?"

"They have no bearing," Making said. "The man who saw the boy killed could have gone straight to Far Dendro with it. Or to Stanhope."

"Then why did he come here?"

"To give us a chance, all of us, to speak out against it."

Parr's reference to Laura Stanhope gave Burr a hard jolt. It was true, but it was secret, and to throw it to the winds could serve (*Continued on Page 61*)



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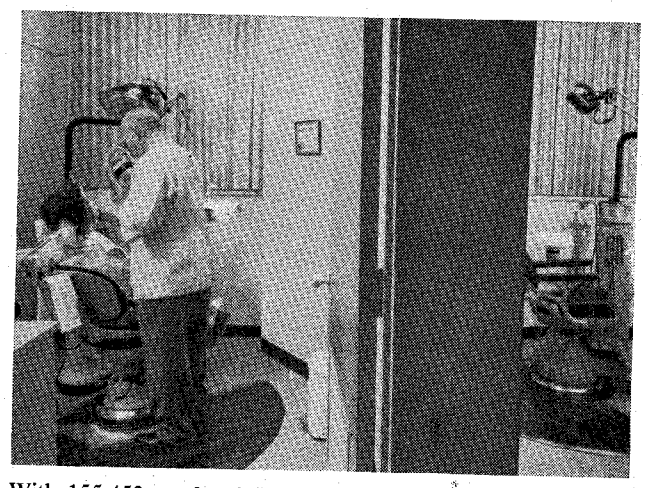

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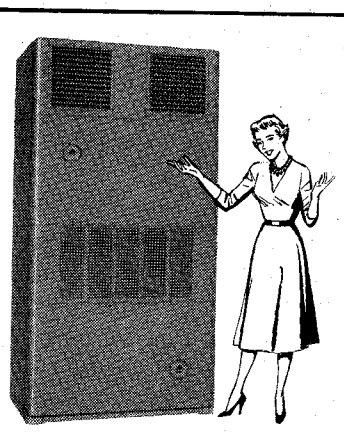

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(*Continued from Page 59*) no better purpose than to destroy it. He gave Parr a resentful look, but got only a blank stare in return.

Fitzroy, the trapper, who, as Parr had said, collected most of his predatory-animal bounties from Down There ranchers, said Stanhope was a reasonable man. "Reasonable and fair. Naturally, he wants the guilty punished, but that's all. He doesn't want to hang us all."

"I think he would be glad to," Parr said, "but as I understand it, he is to get no satisfaction out of this at all. Well, that suits me."

Some of the others had a little to add, mostly just to show they were there, and then Making put the question and got their unanimous agreement to take the murderer down to Far Dendro. Burr saw Guy Kell raise his hand in agreement, the same as the rest, and then Kell rolled a smoke and lit it with a coal and sat smoking. A little later he took out his gun and polished it with the heel of his hand, and sighted down the barrel into the flames, and kept himself amused in different ways.

As well as Burr could tell, Kell made no effort to identify the man who stood against him. Maybe he knew. Maybe that was why he had come to sit down beside Burr, but he acted as innocent as any of the rest. Burr himself had a harder time of it than Kell, because it was now his responsibility to get the guilty man to Far Dendro.

For all he knew, Kell might shoot him without warning and run. Or he might suspect someone else—Babb, for instance, because there was hard feeling between them over money, and Babb would grab at a chance to make it tough for Kell. But Kell did nothing, only waited like the rest, and it tore at Burr's nerves.

Perhaps he thought he was safe, that he had a way to shift the guilt onto someone else, or that he was waiting for a better time and place to break away, if that was what he meant to do. Burr could feel the speculation going on among the rest, the choosing and rejecting according to a man's likes or dislikes, and he could feel the resentment of the innocent standing half accused and helpless before an anonymous informer.

Burr could face the name he called himself without flinching. Parr had called him an informer, putting all the contempt he could into the word, but Making had called it honorable, and Burr supposed it was one or the other, according to circumstances. He had thought this out before he came to Making and knew there was no dishonor in it for him.

"Let's sing or something," Making suggested. "We've got to wait till first light before we get on the move."

Jud Larkey began a song, but the words and tune were all of his own devising, so no one could join in. It was soft and sorrowful, too soft to hear all the words, but before the finish Burr understood it was about the Stanhope boy, because the words Jud had spoken on the trail about putting a flower in his hand were in his song too. The Larkeys were odd, and there were some who laughed at them, but Burr could tell from the made-up song that Jud's sorrow ran deep, and that there must have been a friendship between him and the boy that went far past the common run of such things."

"You know," Guy Kell spoke up, "if Making wasn't such a strict teetotaler, we might be able to find a drink around here. Man alive!"

"I don't imagine you could find any," Burr said.

"I had no idea we were goin' to sit around here all night or I wouldn't've come."

"It's not fun," Burr agreed, "but I don't suppose it was meant to be."

"Who do you figure killed that boy?"

"There's only one man here who knows that."

"It's kinda funny sittin' around here waiting and wondering. What would you do if you were at the short end of this kind of a deal?"

"I guess I'd feel like running," Burr said.

"You might get shot down."

"Very likely."

"Well, nobody c'n point at me. I got my own beef. How about you—do you eat horsemeat?"

"No, I don't."

... ...

Manning an Observation Post in a Remote Area in Maine

By Sarah Bridge Graves

Busy now with baking
bread
She nonetheless pokes out
her head
At that first distant
wavering drone
That cuts her thoughts in
half. Alone
She ponders on the
sound-in-space
Pulsating through this
lonely place,
Silent except for cows and
dogs,
And pulpwood cutters
sawing logs.
These silver spindles in the
sky
Must be reported when
they fly,
And country wives on
scattered farms
Daisy-chain their plane
alarms,
Glad to have a pioneer's
share
In guarding hearth fires
everywhere.

... ...

"So you're courting the Stanhope girl?"

"So Parr says." Burr began to get the feeling that Kell was testing him. There was always cunning in Kell's eyes, always the shrewd, appraising look, and all his questions touched the edge of danger. *If he knows*, Burr thought, *this will come to a head before it should.*

"At any rate," Kell said finally, "I guess I'll stretch my legs. Nobody ought to shoot me for that."

The big fire had died down a little. Wild animals were howling in the hills, and Fitzroy was listening carefully, as if perhaps he could fix the place exactly in his mind. Jud Larkey was still humming his new tune, with strange new twists that gave it more sorrow than ever. The horses stood hipshot at the fence, limp as scarecrows.

Kell took his walk close around the fire. He spoke to Making briefly and then circulated around among the others. He moved to the line of horses and looked them over one by one. Burr watched and let his hand slide closer to his gun, but Kell came back of his own accord, and stood by himself awhile, facing the men at the fire and giving each of them in turn his most careful attention. Then he started back toward the horses, always moving as if he were only trying to pass the time.

"You better sit down like the rest of us, Guy!" Babb finally called out.

Kell stopped and glanced over his shoulder. "That's pretty loud talk, Babb."

"Sit down," Babb repeated. "You're no better than any of the rest of us."

"I think I'm better than you, Babb. How do you like that?"

"I don't know in what way," Babb blustered.

"For one thing, I'm not a moonshiner. That's against the law. First thing you know, somebody'll be hauling you down to Far Dendro for that."

"At any rate," Babb fumed, "I never killed anybody!"

Making made a stunned sound. The rest fell silent. Under the circumstances, Babb's words were an accusation that Kell had killed the Stanhope boy, but he didn't know it. Actually, they were only bluster, the wild bluster of one who grabbed hold of any words he could find to have the last say, and nothing more. He had no idea how dangerous they were, because he didn't know Kell was guilty. Only Burr knew that, and because he was the only one, he was obliged to save Babb from his folly.

"Step out this way, Babb!" Kell called. "Everybody ought to have a chance to kill somebody one time or another! This is yours! Step out and see what you can make of it!"

Babb, of course, couldn't make anything of it, not against Kell. He might have been foolish enough to try, but Burr got up and took it out of his hands. "He's trying to keep this under control, Kell, that's all!" he called out. "You better come and sit down!"

As far as Kell was concerned, this must have been a horse of a different color. Burr Maxim had a reputation for marksmanship that was hard to beat, and Kell surely realized he might come off second best in a fight with Burr. Besides, his thinking must have become confused again. He had singled Babb out as his accuser, and now Burr Maxim might be the man.

He came and sat down in his old place. He was shaky now and let his head hang down, resting it on his arm as though he had been through something that had winded him.

If he only knew, really knew, Burr thought, *he'd shoot me here and now, and dig out. He doesn't quite know yet, but the time will come.*

"O.K., Burr," Making said. "I guess we all understand now how serious this is. Let's not have any more fooling. Let's start up a song. . . . Jud, can't you start one?"

"No," Jud said in a long, regretful drawl.

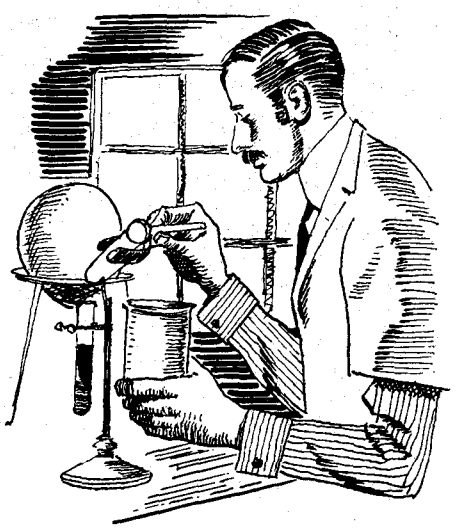
"Well, by jingo, we ought to do something," Making muttered. He raised his voice toward the house. "Martha, can you fetch us some coffee? It's cooling out here."

"I surely can," she answered from the doorway, and when she came and went around pouring, she told Burr she had heard he was courting Laura Stanhope.

"Yes, ma'am," Burr admitted, less grudgingly this time; "I looked for someone like you and found her."

"Oh, go away, Burr. Are you bespoken to each other?"

"In our hearts," Burr said, and thought it sounded like Jud Larkey's kind of talk,



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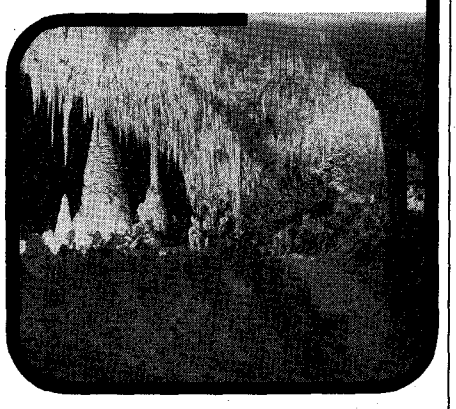

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but it was true they had never spoken the words.

The next morning at first light they took the trail for Far Dendro. The Larkeys and Fitzroy rode Making horses. They rode single file; and, as though by sheer happenstance again, Burr Maxim rode behind Guy Kell. Making took the lead, and old Parr, wrapped up in a black blanket, brought up the rear.

They crossed Misty Creek, a fast-moving stream up here, and crossed it again, the trail following its general course until it fell over a drop-off with a big thunder and made a pool below.

"That's where he came swimming," Jud Larkey said, "down there in that pool."

"You make too much of it, Jud," Lot told him. "You won't be fit to live with."

"When we get down," Making announced, "we'll go roundabout to keep off Spur."

Burr had no trouble with Kell. He was sure it would come, but he didn't know when. Down at the lower end of the trail they entered a ravine so narrow that Burr could sometimes touch both walls. This opened up into a gentle slope that ran down to the valley floor. Making pulled up, and the rest bunched around him.

"Well," he said, "I guess ——"

Then an ambusher hidden in the brush called out to them to stand in their tracks. Burr heard guns come to cock, like teeth clacking, and the brittle snap of dead litter underfoot. A man's head showed, and Burr recognized him for a Spur puncher. Babb, with his usual bluster, made a reckless move, and a gun roared. Babb's arm melted into red dribble, and he pulled his horse outside the small huddle of hill men, making wild, throaty sounds of anguish and dismay.

Parr spoke to him reprovingly, as if he were injuring the dignity of them all. "Make a fool of yourself if you wish," he said, "but not of us. Let us do that in our own way, if you please." He still hugged the blanket close around his shoulders.

Spur punchers came out of the bushes from all sides. Burr recognized most of them. "Bring up the horses," someone called, and he recognized Stanhope's voice. The horses came around from in front, and Burr saw many that had once been his. Each man took over his own as they came up. Stanhope was a hardy man, but the ravage of what had happened showed on his face. It was taut and gray; he was walled up inside his grief.

"We regret your loss, Stanhope," Parr spoke up. "In behalf of all of us, we offer you our deepest sympathy."

"Joel, collect their guns," Stanhope ordered.

Joel Toms, a man who showed a lot of Indian blood in his veins, was Spur's foreman. He came forward and collected their hand guns and rifles. It was done in a dead silence, a silence so sinister no one dared to break it, except Babb with his blubbering.

Then Parr spoke again. "We are taking the guilty man to Far Dendro," he said. He evidently had got the impression they were all to be shot here on the spot.

Stanhope spotted Fitzroy, the trapper, and told him to go home, but Fitzroy didn't move. "Are you running this, Parr?" Stanhope asked.

"No," Parr said, "Jim Making is."

"All right, Making; give me the man."

Making looked as though he wanted to make an explanation, but realized how long-winded and incomprehensible it would get before he got through. "I can't do it, Stanhope," he said finally. "I don't know who he is."

The expression on Stanhope's face didn't change. "You're taking him down, but you don't know who he is. What kind of talk is that?"

Making tried to get his explanation started. "We had a meeting and ——"

"I know all about your meeting," Stanhope broke in. "I had a man up there looking around. That's how we knew you were coming down and ambushed you. One of you killed the boy. I want him. Name him or you'll all come along and we'll hang you one by one."

Making was speechless. Parr laughed suddenly. "Didn't I tell you?" he crowed. "They want a spree. . . . Babb, will you quit that caterwauling or leave us?"

"Just keep quiet, Babb," Stanhope said. "You aren't going anywhere."

Except for two or three men, Burr knew the whole Spur crowd. Joel Toms liked his soft-broken horses and would ride no other. He had once found Burr and Laura together at a rendezvous, and had possessed the kindness to say nothing about it. He wasn't a rambunctious man, but some of the others were, and flame and fury flashed out of their eyes.

"I trailed you a long piece last night, Maxim," Windy Prim bragged. "Had half a notion to shoot you down half dozen times."

"Why didn't you?" Burr drawled.

"I like this better."

"Had half a notion to shoot you several times myself," Burr said. "You had a long walk."

Prim came forward, evidently angered at Burr's cool talk. He reached up suddenly, caught Burr's arm, and pulled him off his horse. Burr went down headfirst, and Prim kicked him before he could roll out of reach. Nausea engulfed him, but he got it under control and got his feet under him. Standing in a crouch, he faced Prim, fists knotted, teeth showing.

Prim drew his gun. "Come on," he wheedled, "come on, come on."

"Put up that gun and stand back," Stanhope snapped. "Who do you think you are?"

Prim backed off, looking surprised at Stanhope's violent anger. Burr could understand him. Prim wanted to humiliate them and brand them with infamy until they went to pieces bit by bit, and let the world see they were destroyed and that Spur had done it. There were others in the crowd who silently cheered him on and would have followed him through all his fury, but for Stanhope this whole thing was something else. It was a solemn undertaking, a violent but just obligation he owed to himself and his own. It was the same thing Making had tried to say, that justice was a word in the books and came of necessity, not choice, but while Making said it could be done only in Far Dendro, Stanhope intended to carry it out himself. But he was balked. Burr didn't consider it likely he would hang them all. That was only a threat, and he had been right to keep his secret until they reached Far Dendro.

"Anyone speaking up?" Stanhope asked, and when no answer came, he ordered them all on the way to Spur. "Parr, you old fool, you go home. . . . You, too, Fitzroy. You don't belong in this."

Parr and Fitzroy didn't answer, but they both stayed, and Stanhope didn't insist. They cut straight across the valley to Spur, the horses hurrying, but always keeping to a walk, as though it were a piece of ceremony.

"Don't you think we ought to send Parr and Fitzroy back?" Joel Toms asked Stanhope. "And Maxim?"

"Maxim?" Stanhope inquired. "Why Maxim?"

"Well," Joel said uncomfortably, "he turns out mighty fine horses."

Burr could hear the talk. He knew Joel wasn't talking about horses. He was talking about that other secret, and worrying about the near certainty that it was something Stanhope would have to face before the day was done. Toms' words gave him something else to think about. The Spur foreman evidently had no doubt Stanhope meant to go through with his threat to hang them all.

Spur made a rough semicircle around them, the hill men riding in cluttered silence, the Larkeys together in a separate silence of their own, and Babb outlawed by all by his whining. Coe Minter and some of the others seemed incredibly stolid; Guy Kell kept his face best of all.

"He wouldn't do it," Making said in a low voice. "He wouldn't dare to do it."

"You watch and see," old Parr contradicted him. "This is the end of us, gentlemen."

Babb let out a dreadful sob, and Parr said he ought to be shot beforehand. "You shame us all, man. I never knew you were such a poor piece."

"I can't help it."

When they passed near the little rise under the trees where the boy was buried, Stanhope's eyes closed, and the gray shadows of suffering swept over him like dust. Jud Larkey freely let his tears go with all the easy grief of a child.

Burr watched the house windows as they rode into the yard, but Laura didn't show herself. Spur punchers got up a rope over an extension of the barn ridgepole and planned on using that. Stanhope had a word with Toms and went into

(*Continued on Page 64*)

". . . and in conclusion . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Super Plenamins carry the same unconditional guarantee that has applied to Rexall drug products for 52 years.

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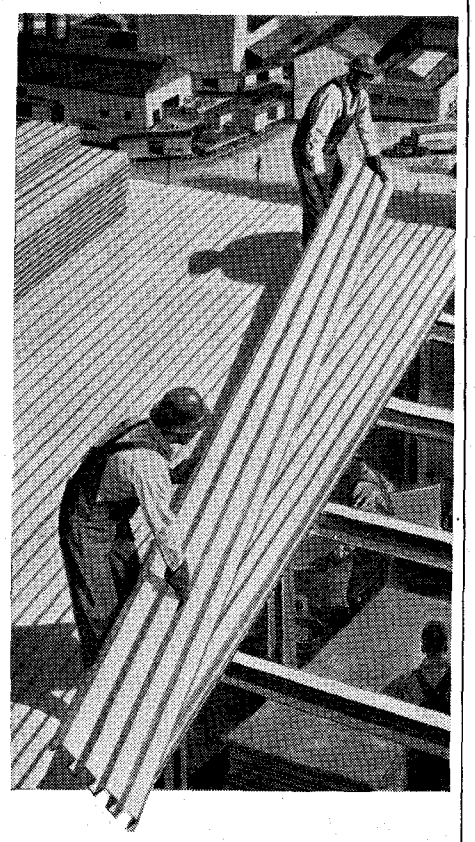

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Steel windows, panels, partitions, lighting fixtures, heating and air conditioning equipment—all these have been available with Bonderite* protection for many years. Now architects, builders and owners can have this same excellent protection on steel roof deck made by one of the leading manufacturers.

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Since 1915—Leader in the Field

PARKER

RUST PROOF COMPANY

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(*Continued from Page 62*) the house.

Prim counted the captives. "Holy smokes! It'll take all day!"

Making still didn't believe they would go through with it. He respected Stanhope, and must have thought such monstrous violence couldn't come out of him. It could, though, Burr thought, recalling the frozen dusty look on his face when they passed by the burial spot.

After some idling and waiting, Joel Toms came and spoke privately to Burr. "About Laura," he said. "I saw you that one time, you know."

"Yes," Burr said, "I know you did."

"It looked quite intimate," Toms said. "Am I right?"

Burr flushed. "I can't ——"

Toms raised his hand. "I don't mean to be nosy or impudent. I'm only thinking of Stanhope. He's lost a boy, and if you get hung here, I'm wondering if he will lose a daughter too. Such a thing will stand between him and her, won't it?"

"How can I say?"

"You know what she is, don't you? You know how she feels about you, don't you? You know she doesn't throw herself at anybody, don't you?"

"Yes, I know all those things."

"Are you bespoken?"

"Yes, in a way. Does he know about us?"

"I didn't tell him." He paused and frowned. "I think you ought to clear out of here. I could give you enough leeway to make a run for it. Prim's the only one who'll raise a big howl."

"What's wrong with him, anyway?"

"You aren't the only one who ever took a look at Laura, Maxim."

"Oh, I see," Burr said.

"You think you do," Toms told him, and walked away, his face suddenly taut, his eyes struggling with bitter hurt.

"I can't go," Burr called after him.

Spur punchers ate breakfast in relays while others stood guard. Prim came out of the cookhouse with a toothpick stuck between his teeth at a jaunty angle. As soon as he finished his smoke, he mounted a horse and sent it under the dangling rope. "Watch this, boys!" he called out. "Here I go!" He grabbed the rope and kicked the horse out from under him, flailing and kicking and making a big show of strangling while he hung there, all in mockery of the real thing.

Making wanted Parr to take advantage of Stanhope's offer and go home, but Parr wouldn't do it. "Stanhope isn't going to hang anybody," he said, making a surprising switch. "He wants the one man, that's all, and he's fiddling around here until one of us betrays him. And don't think for a minute, Making, there aren't some here who would do it if they knew who it was. That was pretty sound sense you used up there last night."

"I was only the go-between," Making said modestly, although he was pleased. "The question is whether it shouldn't be told now."

"Told now?" Parr objected. "What happens to all that fine talk of yours then, Making? Just talk?"

"I don't know, Parr," Making said with a long, gusty breath. "I didn't think this would happen."

"Stick it out, man," Parr stated. "You're on the right track."

"A track that can get us all hung," Making mumbled.

Burr took him aside and said he wouldn't let it go that far. "I'll name the man if I must, but not till everything else is played out."

"I asked Stanhope to send for the sheriff, but he won't do it. I think I know the man you will accuse, Burr. It came to the front last night when you took over for Babb."

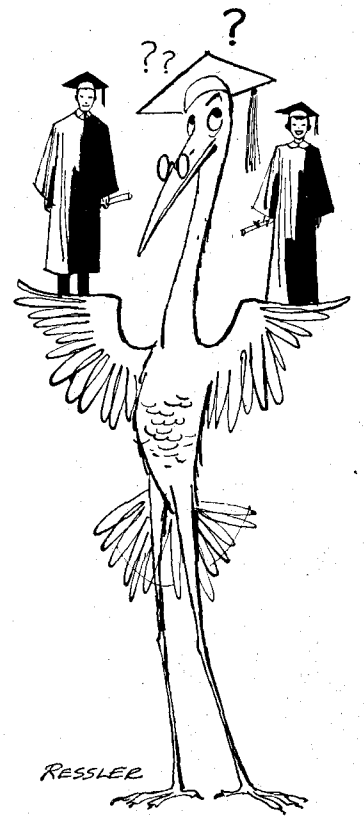
"I suppose it did, to you."

"Guy Kell."

Burr nodded reluctantly. "But I'm holding you to your word."

"I understand that."

Stanhope came outside at last. The fact that Parr and Fitzroy were still there clearly irritated him, as though they were the biggest lump he had to get down to go through with his threat of mass hanging.



People are Like That

College graduates are the only group or class of married people in the United States who have failed through the years to have enough children to reproduce themselves. Do you suppose that the nationwide "baby boom" since World War II has changed this?

Yes, but not enough. Married college graduates of the class of 1944 now have an average of 1.70 children per couple instead of the two needed to reproduce person-for-person. A study of 31,000 grads of the classes of 1929 and 1944 reveals that the younger group already averages more children than the older group. With fifteen years more of family building ahead of them, the class of '44 may possibly attain an average of two children. Graduates of Brigham Young University in Utah, named after the famous Mormon, had the largest families.

J. C. Lison

Burr remembered Stanhope had lost his wife when the boy was born, and it was probably true that sorrow heaped on sorrow tortured a man until he might strike out savagely in all directions.

"Fetch 'em to the barn, Joel," Stanhope ordered, and quick-stepped that way, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground ten feet ahead of him. He gave the noose a jerk, then stepped away from it and put his fists on his hips.

Spur punchers rounded up the hill men and loose-herded them forward. Burr walked beside Making, but they had nothing to say to each other. Parr hobbled along with old wounds and morning rheumatism to bother him.

"Now then," Stanhope said, "it's getting late. We'll put them each on a horse and line them up."

"Mr. Stanhope," Toms said, "I wonder if we couldn't ——"

"Get the horses!" Stanhope exploded, showing at that moment, more than any other time, how taut he was. He spied Parr and added, "Parr, I told you to go home. Haven't you got any sense?"

"No, not much," Parr agreed, but he sounded smug as a cat. "I wouldn't miss this for the world. Never saw anything like it before. How much time you going to give each of us, Stanhope? You ought to give us enough time to kick our life away. I understand it sometimes takes a while."

"Anyone want to speak up before we get started?" Stanhope asked. "Do it now or not at all."

"Nobody," Parr said. "Nobody."

"I *will*!" Guy Kell suddenly called out. "I'll speak up. Burr Maxim's your man! I saw it!" He took a step forward and stopped, as though standing for questioning.

It caught Burr by surprise, but almost as soon as it was spoken, he realized it shouldn't have. It was a cunning thing to do, but Burr could see cunning didn't have much part in it. Kell's throat jumped up and down like a trip hammer, and he had trouble breathing. Fear was the whip that goaded him—fear of the rope.

A flood of sound began to rise. Windy Prim jumped forward and clamped hold of Burr's arm. Burr jerked free and stepped away from him.

"Quiet," Joel Toms spoke up.

"Mr. Stanhope," Jud Larkey stated, "that's a lie."

"No," Babb mumbled, speaking against Jud, not against Kell's accusation. Then his head went down, and his knees sagged, and he slid to the ground.

"Windy, a bucket of water for him," Joel Toms ordered.

Making started to say something, but Burr spoke his name warningly, and he held it back. Stanhope made Kell repeat what he had said.

"You heard me!" Kell lashed out angrily. "Maxim's your man!" He spoke with his eyes on the long rope, looking at no one, for once a little abashed at his own perfidy.

Burr could almost read his thoughts. He had made his guess between Babb and Burr, and he knew from all that had gone before that no one could contradict him except Burr himself. He had taken hold of all this and twisted it to his own advantage at the crucial moment. Whatever Burr might say now would seem only a means of saving his own skin.

"You can't believe that, Stanhope," Parr spoke up. "Kell's riffraff."

"He has eyes," Stanhope said.

"To see anything he wants to see."

"You tell me then, Parr."

"I would name no one recklessly. . . . Making, explain this."

Making looked at Burr, but Burr wouldn't (*Continued on Page 66*)

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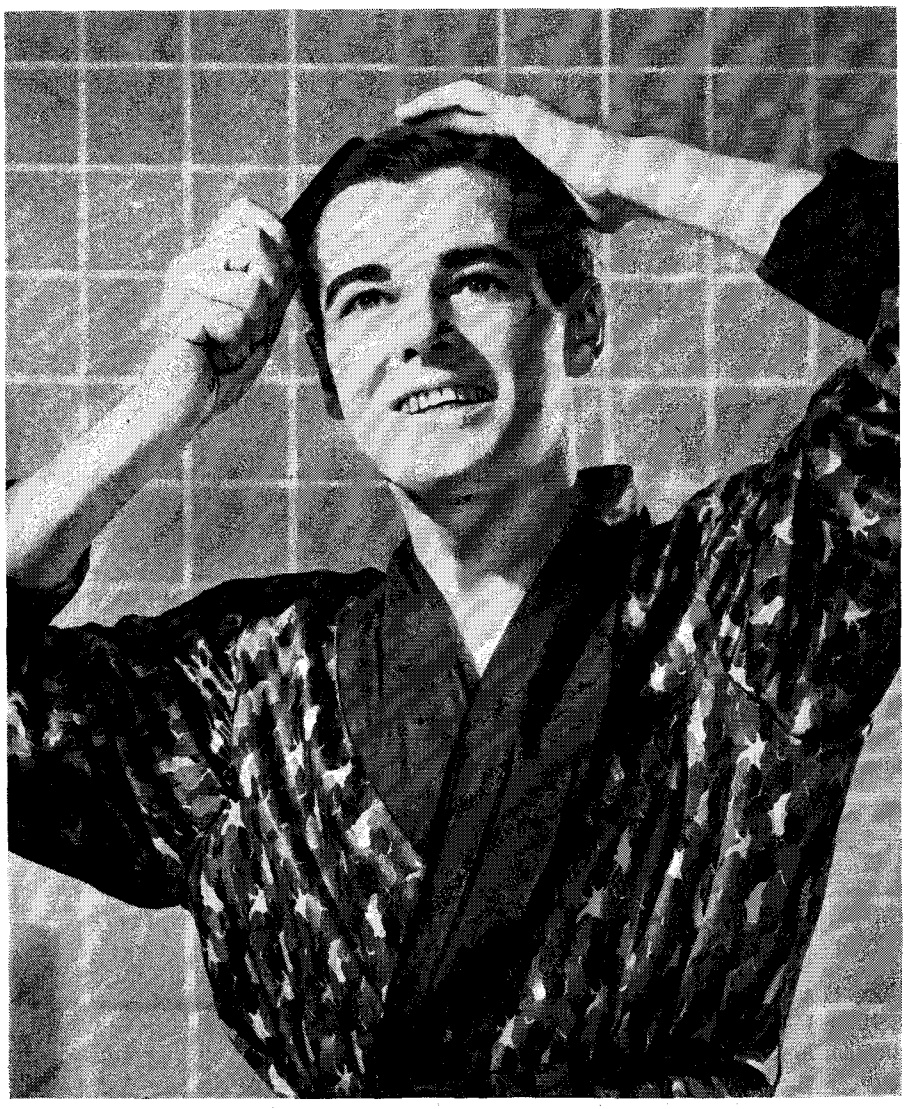
MORNING HEADACHE? ACHING MUSCLES? HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? CATCHING COLD?



MORNING HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—A day that gets started wrong usually goes from bad to worse. That's why, when you get up with a dull, morning headache, you should take Bayer Aspirin first thing. It puts you on the right track—*fast!* Even before you've finished dressing, your headache should be gone and forgotten.

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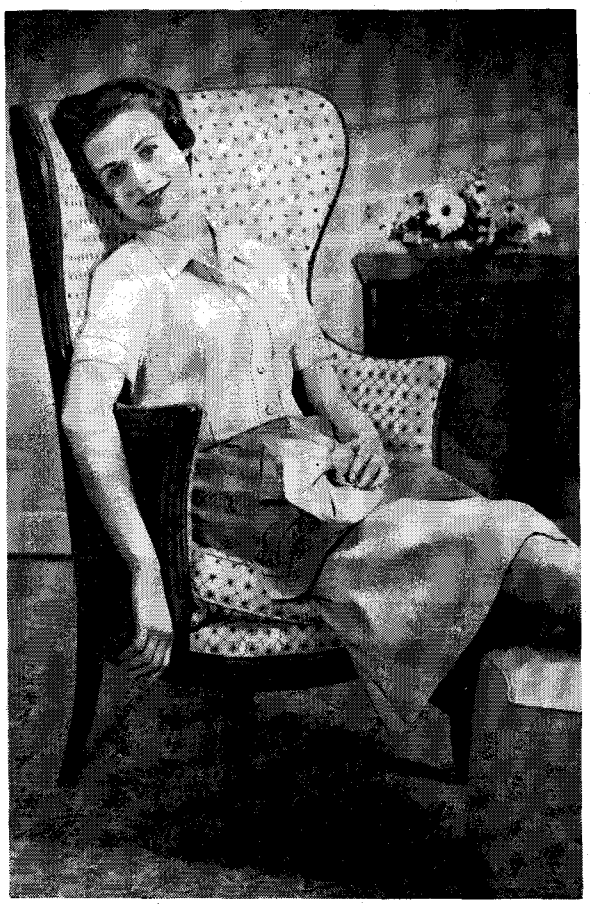

HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Here's the thing to do any afternoon that housework has you feeling tired and headachy. Take Bayer Aspirin to relieve your headache . . . sit down for a few minutes . . . put your feet up . . . and *relax*. You'll soon be feeling like yourself; so you can *enjoy* your evening.

CATCHING COLD? FEEL BETTER FAST—Spring showers bring flowers—and they often bring colds, too. And that's when you need Bayer Aspirin. You should take two Bayer Aspirin tablets at the *first sign* of a cold. This not only relieves cold discomforts but *also* reduces fever! Just see how *quickly* it has you feeling better.

WHY BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST—

Just drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water and watch what happens. You'll see that it starts disintegrating *instantly!* It does the same in your stomach. That's one reason why Bayer Aspirin brings you *fast* relief!

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It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY with just one brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

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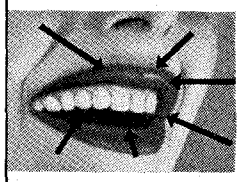

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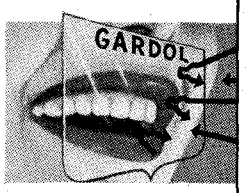

STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

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Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

(*Continued from Page 64*)

free him, and so Making closed his mouth and had nothing to say.

Babb got his feet under him again and went up to Parr and said, "I got a family."

"Yes, Babb," Parr said. "See that your boys make more of themselves than you did. That would be one thing." He turned his back and spoke to Making. "I understand you, Making." Then he turned again and spoke to Stanhope. "You're destroying yourself, Stanhope."

"I hadn't noticed," Stanhope answered. "Now clear out, all of you."

Some went fast, and some reluctantly, with Spur guns prodding them, leaving Burr alone under the rope. Stanhope kept their weapons, but Making found a length of iron handy to his grip and walked off with it. Stanhope saw it, but made no objection.

Kell drifted toward the Thirty Hills, but Making made him take the road to town with the rest. Before they went out of sight, Burr saw them stop to haggle. Kell was the center of it. In the end, Making struck him with the iron, and they put a lead rope on Kell's horse and took the road to Far Dendro with him in tow.

That much Burr had won, that a man was on his way to Far Dendro, instead of a wayside tree, to answer for murder, but it was nothing unless he got his chance to say, in Far Dendro, too, what he had seen that night on Misty Creek.

He was still watching the last of the hill men go over the rise when Stanhope suddenly called, "Laura, go back to the house!"

Burr swung around. Laura was coming his way. When she saw he was looking, she lifted her hand to him, and he did the same. He gulped with relief. He hadn't seen her since the beginning of this turmoil, but the way she lifted her hand touched him with comfort.

She carried a bucket, as if she were going for water, but she didn't stop at the windmill. Joel Toms started toward her from one side, and Stanhope from the other.

"Laura!" Stanhope called again.

"Keep away from me," she answered him. "You, too, Joel."

Toms stopped, but Mr. Stanhope didn't. When he got close, she reached into the bucket and took out a gun. Dropping the bucket, she cocked the gun, and told her father again to keep away.

"I'll surely shoot," she told him.

Stanhope stopped. "Have you gone crazy?" he exploded.

"No, not I," she answered, and kept on. She swung sideways, and for the last short distance backed toward the barn door.

"Laura, Laura," Burr breathed reprovingly.

She reached back with her free hand, and he took hold of it and guided her toward him. "Don't do any shooting with that thing, Laura," he told her.

"I won't need to, Burr."

"Let me have it."

"No." She moved away from him a little. "This is between me and my father."

Joel Toms motioned the crew away, sending them out of earshot to the bunkhouse. Stanhope started forward again; he looked honestly puzzled at Laura's interference.

"I don't understand this, Laura!" he called. "I don't understand it at all!"

"It ought to be plain, papa. This is where I hope to stand all my life. Don't come any closer." Her voice was low and carried no malice. Burr knew it wasn't easy to alarm her, and she wasn't alarmed now.

"We're going to hang him, Laura."

"No, you're not."

"He killed Joey." Stanhope strangled on the words.

"No, he didn't."

"And what has he made of you?"

"Everything I've ever wished to be. We aren't shabby, papa, neither Burr nor I. We belong to each other."

Burr saw Toms flinch at her words, and he felt a sudden great compassion for him, that the trace of the moccasin was on him, and he couldn't say what was in his heart. Her words, so quietly spoken with such disarming candor, shocked Stanhope, too, as though he hadn't entirely understood her earlier declaration that she hoped to stand beside him all her life. He made a mumbling, groaning sound with muddy words behind it that didn't quite come out. He tore at his shirt and ripped off some buttons. One of his knees buckled.

"Mr. Stanhope," Toms called, "are you all right?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I take it then it's all right if we rent out your room."

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"Don't take my word for it;
just ask my partner here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Of course I'm all right," Stanhope answered, and it seemed to Burr he made a hard effort to control the anger or weakness that engulfed him. "How long has this been going on? You've always had something in the back of your head I couldn't get at, haven't you, Laura? I know that. Now, when it hurts the most, you let me have it. What are you trying to do, kill me?"

"You're trying to kill yourself."

"So Parr told me." It was strident and jeering. He turned on Burr. "What's the matter with you? You lost your tongue?"

"What do you want me to say?" Burr asked.

"I don't like to see a man hide behind a girl. Speak up, if you've got anything to say."

"I regret the secrecy, Mr. Stanhope."

"He regrets the secrecy, Joel," Stanhope mimicked. "Isn't that killing?"

"Mr. Stanhope," Toms said, "you aren't yourself. You ought to ——"

"You keep out of this, you damned half-breed!"

Toms' arms went down to his sides, his face froze, and for a moment his own dark thoughts had their way with him. Then it passed, and he was alert and watchful again.

"I'm sayin' things here I don't mean," Stanhope said, but he meant this only for Joel Toms, and he seemed to become more and more vindictive and lost to reason.

"I know how it is," Toms said quietly.

Burr stood very still, as if the slightest move by him would throw Stanhope off completely. Small barn sounds behind him tortured him, setting him to thinking someone might try to get at them from behind. The crew were clumped together at the bunkhouse, but one of them might have ignored Toms' order and circled around to the rear. A ranch dog howled and leaped against its chain. A fighting rooster, probably a pet of one of the crew, strutted across the yard in all its finery and wild arrogance.

Time was going, and Burr wondered if enough had gone so Making's head start would get him safely to Far Dendro. When it had, he could tell Stanhope the truth, but he had to wait long enough so Stanhope couldn't send his crew to overtake the disarmed hill men. Not that the telling would save him from the rope. Stanhope was whipping himself up to a point where nothing could stop that, not even Laura and her steady loyalty, and he dreaded the moment that was coming for her, when she would be put to such an extremity.

"Laura," he begged, "give me the gun. Please."

She shook her head. "You wouldn't shoot. That's the trouble with that."

"What's that?" Stanhope called.

He didn't get an answer, and then he turned on Toms and called out, "Shoot him, Joel."

Toms made a sudden despairing gesture. "Mr. Stanhope," he pleaded, "you ought to call this off. You are wore out. There's been too much ——"

"All right," Stanhope cut him off; "don't then." He raised his own gun and leveled it off at Burr. Toms started toward him, but stopped, apparently fearing he would do more harm than good. Laura's face turned deathly white. The gun shook in her hands, but at such close quarters she wasn't apt to miss.

"I will," she warned.

"Laura, don't," Burr begged. "You can't do any more. You've got to ——"

Stanhope's gun sagged. He wiped his forehead. "You would, wouldn't you?" He seemed stunned, as if he hadn't realized it clearly until now.

Burr felt his knees shake. He saw Laura tremble, and the gun fell out of her hand, but she recovered it instantly. "You make it very hard for me," she accused her father.

"Mr. Stanhope," Burr spoke up, thinking no more of the time Making might need, "I wish you would listen. I'm the one who saw Joey killed, and I know who did it. I was afraid of what it would touch off, so I got Making to call his meeting, and we all agreed to take the one who did it to Far Dendro. None of them were told who it was. As it turned out, that was the right thing to do. By now, he's ——"

"Who is it?"

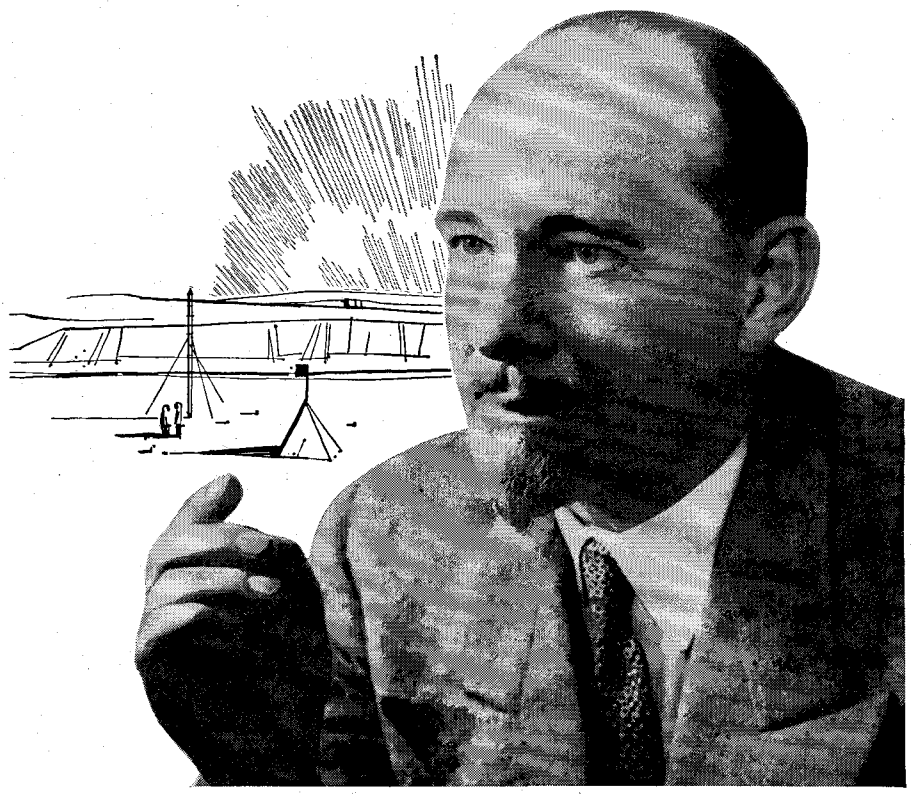
"Guy Kell."

Stanhope hesitated briefly before answering. Then he said, "I don't believe it." He wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. He moved sideways, as though he had lost his balance for a moment; then did it again, the other way, and swore at himself.

"I saw it done," Burr told Laura regretfully, "but I couldn't stop it. I was just that much too late."

SIR HUBERT WILKINS, *world-famous explorer, says:*

"Not even the Arctic wastes are lonelier than a man without hearing!"



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"Kell claims you did it," Stanhope started up again, "and you claim he did it. Where does that get us? Nowhere, that's where. But you got something to add—you saw it done, so if we finish you, he goes free in Far Dendro."

"I'm telling you the truth, Mr. Stanhope."

"Yeah," Stanhope jeered. "On the Bible." His words had a thick sound, as though they had died deep down in his throat. Then he staggered again, and this time he lost all control of himself and went down, thudding so hard dust spouted up.

Laura made a dismayed sound and ran toward him. Toms came at him from the other side. Burr moved, too, but Toms motioned him back. Stanhope lay in a heap, his arms folded under him like broken sticks, one leg doubled back under him so it looked as if it were missing at the knee. Laura got down on her knees, dropping the heavy weapon on the ground beside her, and tried to straighten her father out. She didn't see the mistake she had made until it was too late.

Stanhope hadn't collapsed. He was playing possum. As soon as he got a good chance, he scooped up her weapon and came to his feet.

"Now we'll see!" he called out, and turned on Burr Maxim again.

He still didn't have his voice under control. There was too much jeer in it, too much gloat for a man of his natural stature. He had lost himself in a world of vengeance, letting all the bitter hours of his life come with him, and he was going to fetch back a black yesterday and make it bright. He had become impatient of the rope. Burr would not be hanged. He would be shot, as a dog is shot, to get it done and behind and throw it out of one's mind. All this was in Stanhope's eyes, and in the swift, smooth motions he made to get in the clear and get it done.

There was nothing to say that would stop him, nothing to do, and Burr's eyes settled on the muzzle of the gun, watching for gun flame, while his thoughts twisted and turned trying to find something that would stand against the black ruin that would come of this, for the Stanhopes as much as for anyone else.

Toms saw as much of this as Burr did, and he stopped it. He did it grudgingly, and surely more for Stanhope's sake than for Burr's; or, perhaps, considering the raking he had got from Stanhope, entirely for Laura's sake. He and Stanhope weren't far apart. All he had to do was to drift back a few steps. Then he lifted his gun and struck Stanhope alongside the head with the barrel.

Stanhope's arms wilted and his knees gave way. His head dropped forward, and he started to go down, but Toms caught him before he fell and carried him away.

"You wait," he told Burr.

He carried Stanhope to the house, and Laura followed. "Take that rope down," he called as he went past the bunkhouse, as if it were an eyesore, "and don't bother Maxim. Give him the run of the yard."

Burr sat down. He felt as if he had had a rough time of it, even though he had no scars to show for it. No hand had been laid on him, except Windy Prim's in the ambush, and that was nothing but a bumpkin showing off. Violence in and of itself was nothing unless it won or lost a man what he wanted. It was the standing ready that drained a man dry, and gave him his stature, too, so that men like Parr and Making, and Stanhope when he was himself, stood so high in a man's mind. Anyone who came easily to violence was a small man, but one who wouldn't come to it at all was equally small. There was a narrow treadway between the two on which a man had to make his way.

The morning ran along. A Spur puncher went to town to fetch a doctor for Stanhope, and he came back with the news that Guy Kell was in the calaboose to stand trial for what he had done. This news spread around the yard, and went to the house too.

"We'll bust him out and hang him," Windy Prim boasted. "Tonight." It was brag, and it would go only as far as Stanhope or Joel Toms let it.

"They say you saw it done," the puncher who had been to Far Dendro said.

"Yes, I did," Burr answered.

"I s'pose then he'd got off if we'd hung you."

"I s'pose so."

"Don't you stick together up there?" There was surprise in the question, and open criticism.

"As much as we ought to," Burr said, and could make no more of it with words. "Did you tell my friends I was still here?" he asked.

"I told Jud Larkey," the puncher said. "He's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"I understand he and Joey were friends too."

"Yes," Burr said again. He thought how much he himself had liked Joey, and had readied a horse for him that was gay and gentle, and had only been waiting for a way that Stanhope would tolerate to give it to him. Now, he thought, he would give it to Jud Larkey.

Can You Name This Star?

The class prophecy for this twelve-year-old graduate of a girls' school at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson predicted that she would "break men's hearts." It might have added, "on the screen." For she has been married to her one-and-only husband since 1945. Hollywood beckoned her two years earlier, after she modeled fashions for a smart magazine. Her movie debut, at the age of twenty, was opposite Humphrey Bogart in To Have and Have Not. Now a tall tawny blonde of thirty-one, her fame is made. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Lauren Bacall

At noon the crew were fed, but Burr got none of it. They were almost finished when Toms came out and saw this, and said he was to come to the house to eat. Burr thought this was Toms' way of hiding a discourtesy by Spur, but when he got inside he saw a place was already set for him.

"Sit here, Burr," Laura said.

"So Kell's locked up," Stanhope spoke up from the couch along the wall. "Accusing you was quite a foxy thing for him to do. But like Parr said, he was always riffraff."

"You ought to be in bed," Doc Corey muttered.

"No," Stanhope said, "this is fine. I have something to say. Burr, I am more myself now, but I almost made a serious mistake, and I want to have my say right now. I want you to know the idea you have will be respected by Spur. It's something new for us, but I understand it, and I will respect it. You risked too much to have it treated lightly. I will go still further and say there will be no more enmity between the Thirty Hills and us, as such. We stand together against what's wrong. That's what your idea comes to, isn't it?"

Burr nodded. "That's what I've been trying to say," he agreed.

"Meanwhile"—Stanhope glanced briefly at Laura and made her eyes shine—"this house is yours. Come and go as you wish at all times. And send Parr over to talk. I like that old devil." This had cost him effort, and he closed his eyes on all the dinner clatter and fell asleep.

"Now that's all right," Doc Corey said.

Burr sat facing the big window and could see the hill under the trees, and the raw little mound at the top of it where grass would grow again and make the world a little greener. No one tried to banish such a lasting thing as sorrow, but it could be snugged away in a deep place, and he thought he saw the beginning of that here.

Between her serving, Laura looked where he was looking, and when she moved past behind him, she stopped and touched him on the shoulder with her gentle fingers, as though at last a benediction had come upon this house, and she wanted to share it with him. Before the meal was finished, Burr saw Jud Larkey climb the little hill.

He had come secretly, and on foot, at least part of the way, and he stood there awhile with his hat in his hand. Laura saw it, and then the rest did, and Joel Toms moved away from the table and stood against the far wall so he could watch and not betray himself.

Jud Larkey might have been singing his tune. His lips moved, and he lifted his hand, holding it palm down over the place while he looked up at the blue sky and let his eyes travel the length and breadth of the Thirty Hills and then come back to the place under his hand, as though he had traveled the world in that brief space and found no place to assuage his grief. Burr marveled that a man who roamed the hills like a cat and had the most incredible fortitude against all manner of hardship could be so gentle and leave no prompting of his heart unanswered.

Jud had some flowers, and this time he put them down, not in Joey's hand as he had done that other time from his heart, but as near as might be, and then he brushed his knees and moved away again.

Joel Toms went outside. Doc Corey moved to the couch and studied his patient. Laura put her hand on Burr's shoulder again, and held it there a long time. "Isn't that nice?" she said finally, and began to stir around again.

THE END

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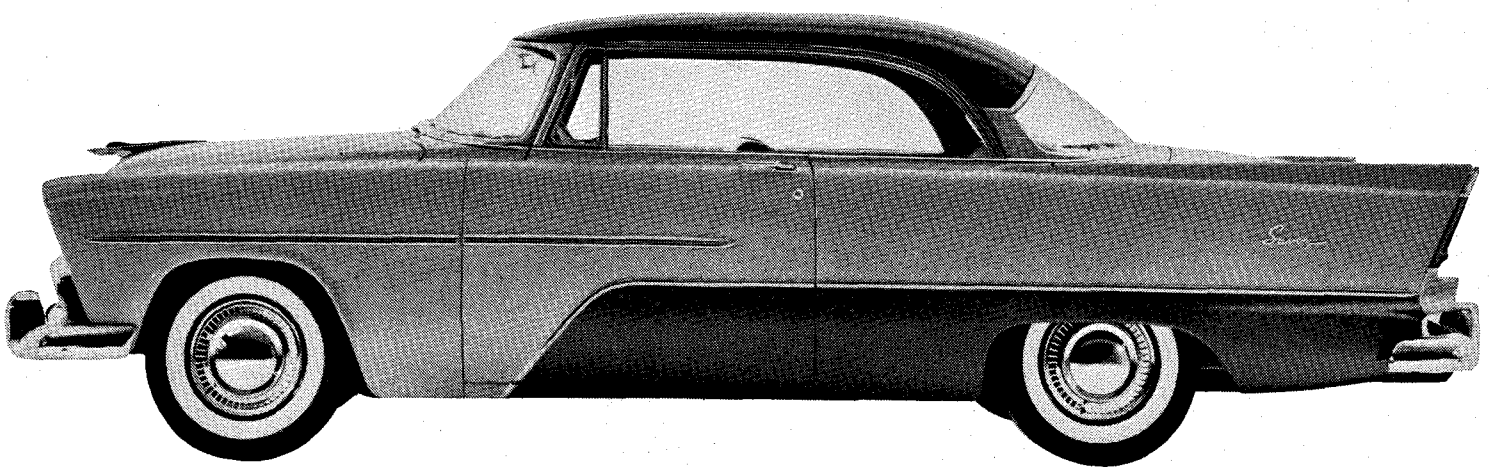
Own a '53, '54 or '55 low-price car? Here are

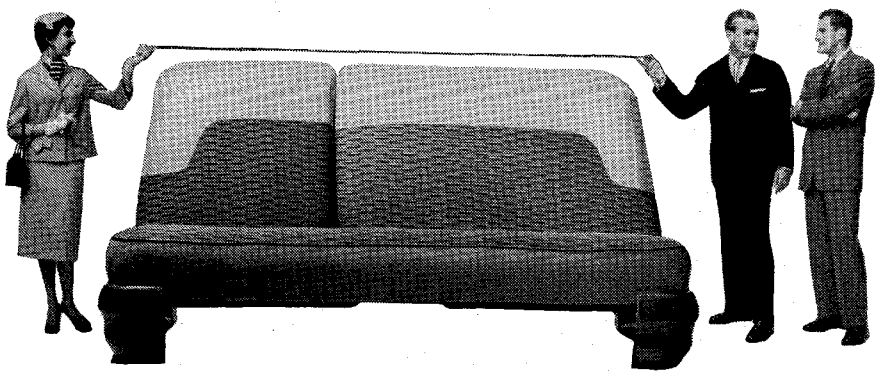
3 PAGES OF PROOF you needn't wait

for something new... Plymouth has it now!

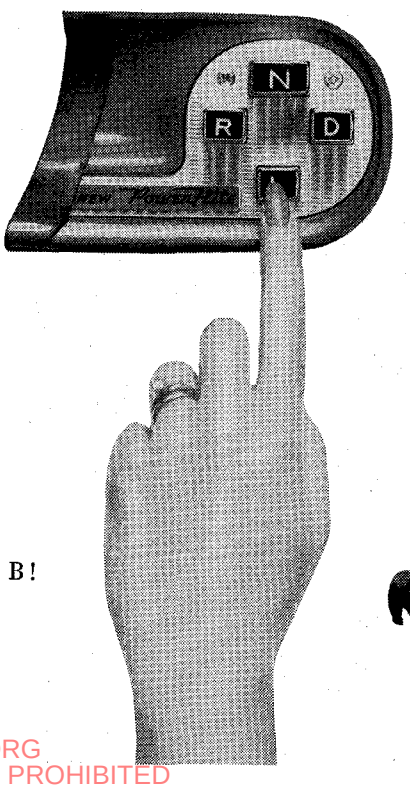
Why Only Plymouth Dares to Compare! If you've been driving one of the two competing cars you probably have the impression—looking at the '56 models of "your make"—that there isn't much change in automobiles this year. Very little that's new in features or styling. That's true of Plymouth's competition! *But how different it is with Plymouth!* Plymouth is *all new . . . right now!* And here are three lively picture pages of FACTS . . . FACTS . . . FACTS showing how wise you'll be not to wait . . . how much you'll gain by taking quick advantage of the terrific deals we're offering *now* on Plymouth '56 . . . *biggest car of the low-price 3* . . . all new in Aerodynamic beauty . . . all new in higher power and getaway thrust . . . all new in the magic of Push-Button Driving. So, now LOOK AT ALL 3 . . . without leaving your easy chair!



BIGGEST, LONGEST OF ALL 3! 7.3 inches longer than car A . . . 6.3 inches longer than car B!
You can't see the ends of the "other 2" when they're parked behind the big Plymouth!
And the beautiful Plymouth Savoy Hardtop above is *not* our most expensive model!
You get *all* of Plymouth's rangy length and jet-age beauty in *every* Plymouth!
But you can't get them in *either* of the "other 2"!



WIDEST FRONT SEAT OF ALL 3! Most comfort where it's most appreciated by driver!
Most front-seat head room, too . . . and most leg room for rear-seat passengers!
Yet this big, long, spacious Plymouth is actually the *lowest* and most graceful
of all 3! With highest door openings, so it's easier to get in and out!



EXCLUSIVE PUSH-BUTTON DRIVING! You can't get it on car A or car B!
But it's sheer driving magic! A positive mechanical control—
the safest (children can't reach it) and easiest
(like ringing a doorbell) driving control ever designed.

Now, turn page for further facts . . .

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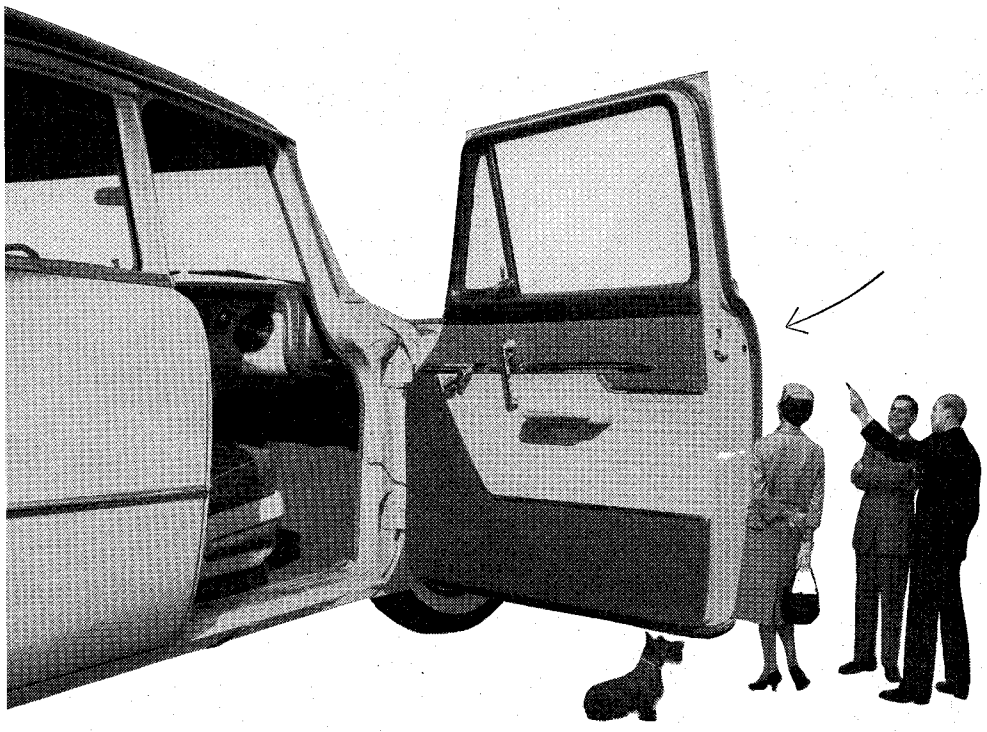
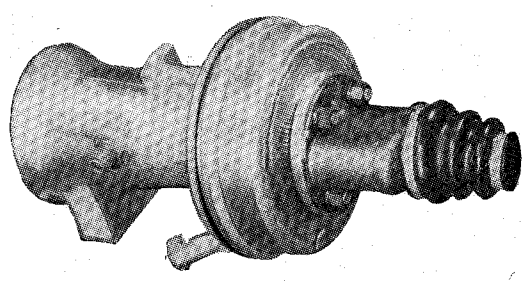
now...COMPARE PLYMOUTH'S SAFETY WITH THE "OTHER 2"!

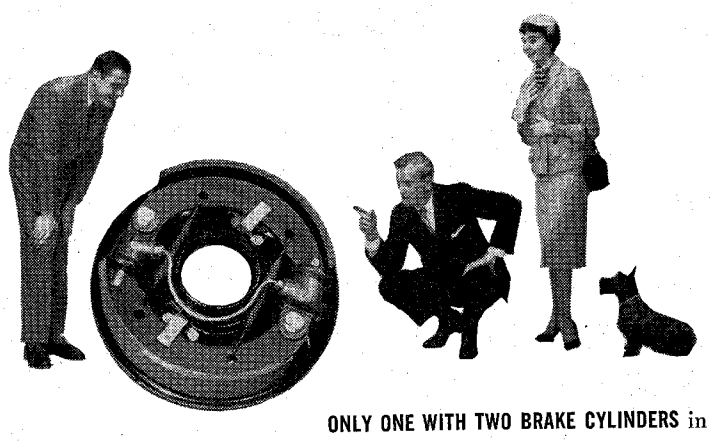


Some other makers are just beginning to talk about safety.
Plymouth engineering has been geared to safety for years!
Here are some of *today's* Plymouth safety exclusives that can save lives!

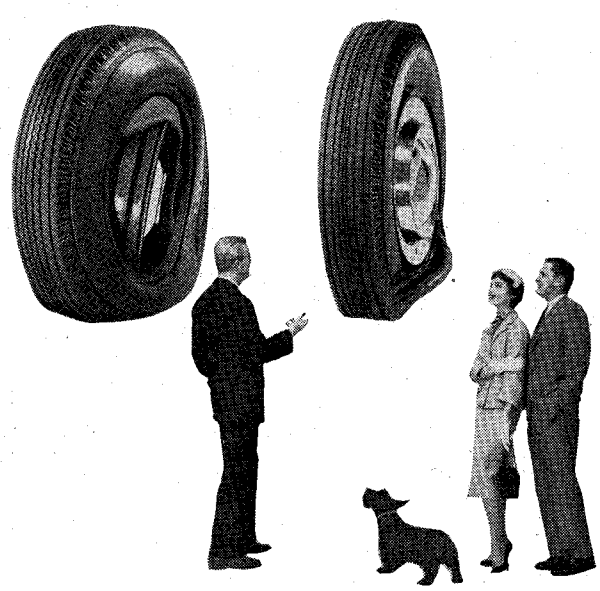
ONLY CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE 3 with Plymouth original SafeGuard door latches! Doors are held fast by interlocking plates of tough steel. Won't open on impact. You stay *inside* the car, where experts agree you're safer.



ONLY ONE WITH SEPARATE "SAFETY BRAKE"!
Plymouth has *two* distinct brake systems.
Car A has only one . . . car B has only one.
A vital extra safeguard, for emergencies and parking.



ONLY ONE WITH TWO BRAKE CYLINDERS in each front wheel!
Car A has only one . . . car B has only one.
Plymouth's double front wheel cylinders give you more *positive* control of sure, safe stops . . . *safer* stopping than you enjoy in any competing car—*old or new!*



ONLY ONE WITH SAFETY-RIM WHEELS! This big Plymouth exclusive is one of the greatest safety features on the road! It helps keep tire firmly on the wheel if a blowout occurs, while you come to a safe, straight stop! Tire isn't apt to twist and wrench your car off the road! If you're driving an older car, you'll want this—and only Plymouth has it in its field!

ONLY ONE WITH FRONT-SEAT SAFETY BELTS AND FRONT SEAT ANCHORED TO CAR FRAME!
A super-safety feature that cars A and B don't have. Seat won't lurch forward on impact. And belts needn't be re-adjusted when you change position of the seat!

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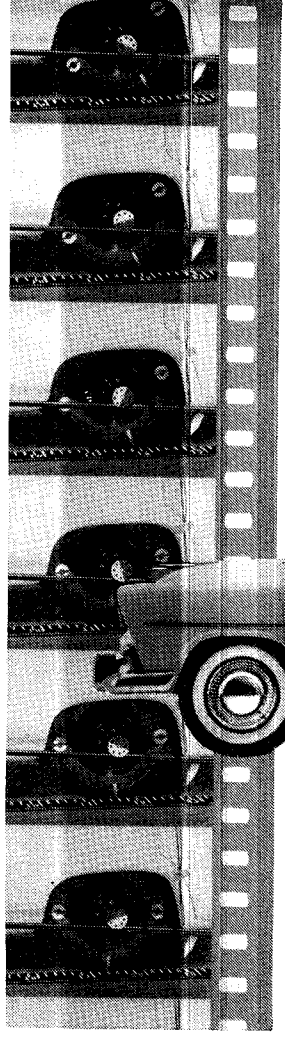
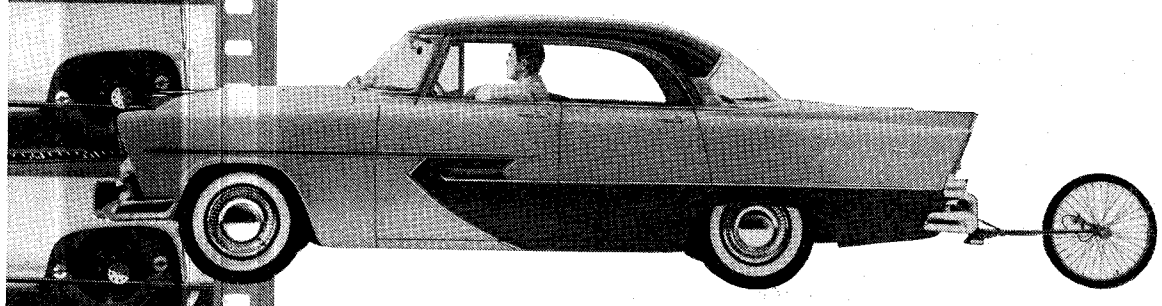
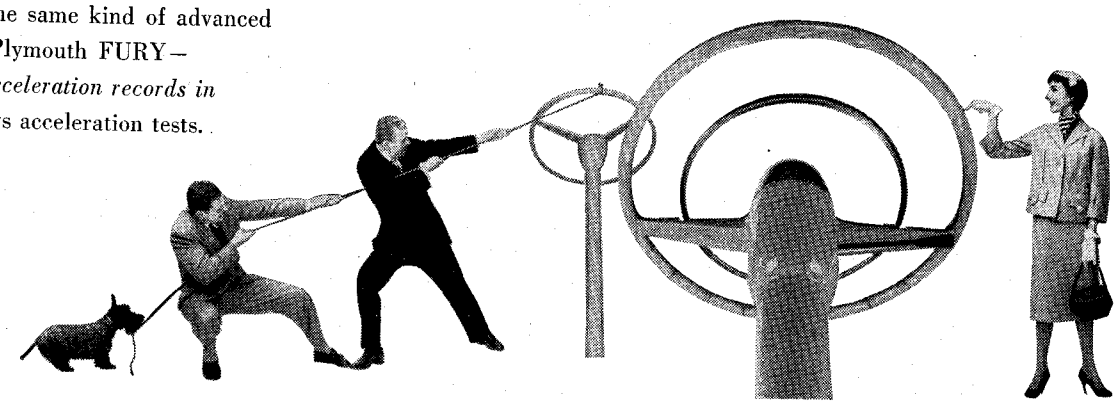
and COMPARE FOR BREAKAWAY...
PASSING THRUST...
HANDLING EASE...ALL-NEW BEAUTY!

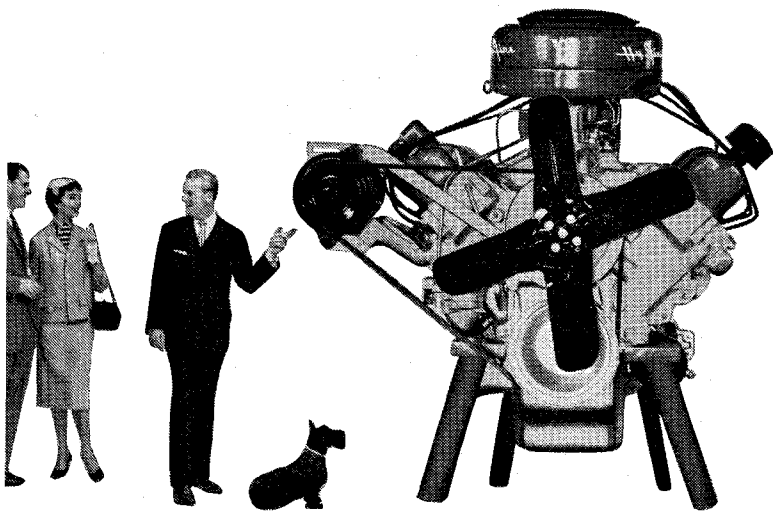




ONLY LOW-PRICE-3 CAR with highest torque across the board, for top-thrust getaway and split-second, safer passing. No other low-price car offers so much torque in *all* models! In *every* Plymouth you get the benefits of the same kind of advanced engineering that created the amazing new Plymouth FURY—the car that *broke the stock car speed and acceleration records in its class* at Daytona Beach. Film at left shows acceleration tests.

ONLY ONE OF "ALL 3" WITH FULL-TIME POWER STEERING!
Maybe you've now got "part-time" power steering—the kind that doesn't go to work until you exert a 3 or 4 pound tug on the wheel. Plymouth's FULL-TIME power steering goes right to work . . . no danger of "oversteering." And it actually *saves you as much energy in 100 miles of driving as you would use to shovel a ton of coal!*





ONLY CAR WITH NEW $50,000,000 ENGINE! Sensational new Hy-Fire V-8 comes from Plymouth's new Qualimatic Engine Plant. Up to 200 hp . . . and you can get it on *any* Plymouth model! Or choose Plymouth's brilliantly smooth new PowerFlow 6 . . . up to 131 hp. Two other big Plymouth exclusives—90-90 Turbo-Torque and PowerFlite fully automatic transmission—work with new Plymouth power to give you utmost GO!

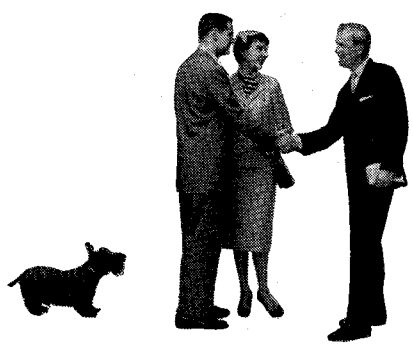
ONLY CAR AT ANY PRICE with all-new Aerodynamic styling! The one car of "all 3" that looks all new because it *is* all new! With Plymouth '56, you don't have to stop and ask if it's this year's car or last year's.

And Plymouth's *dollar-for-dollar value* is emphasized by one of America's great "fleet" owners, who found Plymouth's operating cost per mile was 11% less than car B, and 6.2% less than car A! Your Plymouth dealer has a money-saving deal for *you* on these great cars!

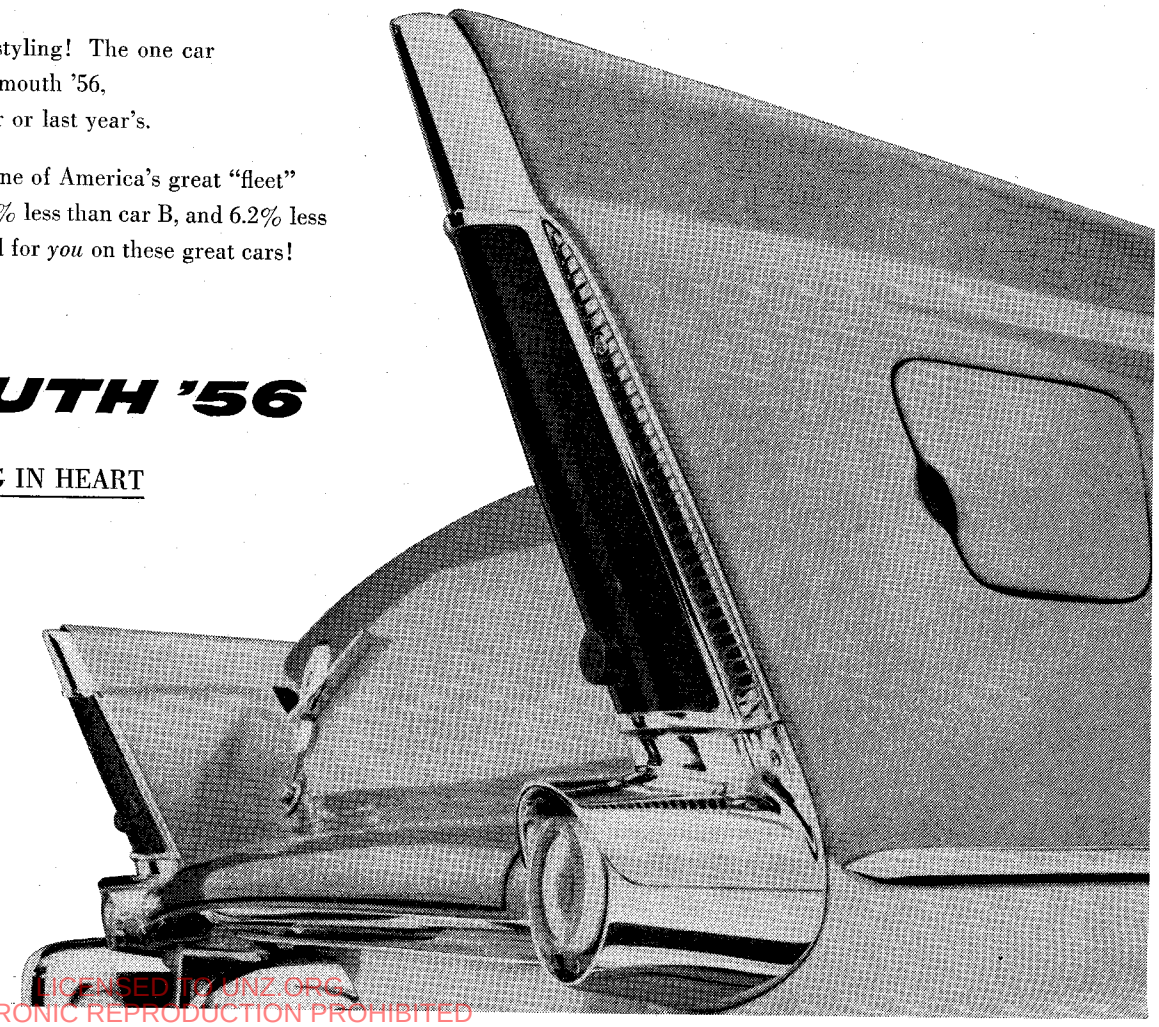
More car for your dollar!

The easy to own PLYMOUTH '56

The car that's going places with the YOUNG IN HEART



Get the news: "Plymouth News Caravan," with John Cameron Swayze, NBC-TV. "Shower of Stars" and "Climax!" CBS-TV



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Murder in Disguise (Continued from Page 51)

of, because, of course, dear Raphael couldn't ——" Miss Amelia rested again, leaning on the fence. Then she stood up painfully. She took a few steps, not at all like her usual brisk ones. She toppled quietly, wordlessly, to the grass.

A few minutes later, Wes Olson, coming out of his guest house, saw the small figure. He broke into a run. He knelt beside her, his eyes alert, his fingers on her pulse. He moved to pick her up. He looked angrily at his injured arm. He looked toward the house. It was beyond shouting distance. He put his fingers in his mouth for a long, shrill whistle. This brought Folly to the upstairs-study window. She shouted something unintelligible and disappeared into the house, still shouting. She clattered down the back stairs and ran across the lawn, outdistancing even Kathi, who was running close behind her, and Mynnelu and Raphael, who had come from the front of the house.

Folly dropped to her knees, openly sobbing, cradling Miss Amelia's head in her purple-skirted lap.

Kathi also knelt, white-faced. "Is she ——"

"No," said Wes. "She's unconscious. It's an attack of some sort. I don't know what, yet. Probably heart."

"We must get a doctor."

Wes said, without emotion, "I am a doctor."

Kathi's brown eyes met his for one startled second. Then Wes' fingers held Miss Amelia's wrist again, and his entire concentration was on her. He was completely in charge of the situation. His voice, calm and confident, issued orders and everybody moved to obey them. "I want my bag. It's in my house in the cabinet beside the bed."

Raphael said, "I'll get it."

Wes looked up for just a second. His gray eyes measured Raphael. "No. Kathi will get it. . . . Now, please, Kathi."

"Yes," said Kathi. And she was running across the lawn, her full skirt flying about her long legs, her bright hair a blur against the fall landscape.

"Folly, please go in and call Miss Amelia's own physician," said Wes. "Tell him what's happened and ask him to come quickly. I want to talk to him before he starts. As soon as I come in. Then get her room ready. I don't think we can move her as far as a hospital."

Folly moaned. Reluctantly she let Mynnelu pillow Miss Amelia's head in her smaller lap. Folly looked down at Miss Amelia, made a strangled sound, and ran for the house, her big figure moving awkwardly, but with incredible speed.

Kathi came back with the bag. Wes' fingers moved among its contents uncertainly at first; then with more and more confidence. He broke a vial and held it under Miss Amelia's nose. He took her blood pressure, moving at first with one-handed awkwardness, then simply asking Kathi to help him with the things he could not manage with one hand. Kathi's fingers were strong and sure; she followed his instructions without difficulty.

Finally Wes said, "We'll move her now. I'll tell you how to carry her, Raphael. And be careful!"

He even has me taking his orders, Raphael thought resentfully. *And he's watching me like a hawk. Why wouldn't he let me get his bag? Damn him, anyway. He would be a doctor. If he hadn't been here, she would have died then and there. I know she would. And I would have had the money. And the end of the worrying, always worrying. I think Wes suspects I had something to do with it. But how could he? She only had an overdose of a medicine her own doctor prescribed for her, medicine that she gives herself. Nothing to connect me with it. But if Wes calls in the police ——*

Raphael picked little Miss Amelia up gently. So gently. He was pleased that he could do it quite impersonally, without any annoying twinges of conscience. "Dear Aunt Amelia," he said. He let his voice break just a little. He judged that his performance was a good one by the tears that came to Kathi's eyes. But Wes Olson's remained quite dry.

"Careful," said Wes. "I don't want the slightest joggling. Slowly. Go slowly."

Raphael ground his teeth and smiled tenderly. . . .

Presently Miss Amelia was in her own big four-poster bed. Lying there, she looked very small and white. *She'll die*, Raphael thought, feeling better. *She'll die anyway, in spite of Wes Olson. Nobody could look that bad and not die. Not even Miss Amelia. And the money will be mine. Then let Lieutenant Verek or Wes Olson or anybody else think anything they like.*

His eyes, in passing, met those of Mynnelu. Mynnelu's were shining, with excitement, with happiness. And with something he had had only occasionally from Mynnelu. With admiration. Mynnelu knew he had given Miss Amelia something. She admired him for his nerve in doing so. In a way, this was strangely pleasant. Without Mynnelu, no one would have known. There was satisfaction in an anonymous performance, in knowing you had fooled everyone. But there was also a gratification in having an audience, even Mynnelu, to appreciate one's daring.

There was also an added element of danger. If at worst there were suspicions of murder in connection with Miss Amelia's death, Raphael was the instant and only suspect. And Mynnelu's testimony would be fatal. To have one's life at the mercy of a merciless person like Mynnelu, dependent on her discretion, which was notoriously bad. Her silence—Mynnelu, who woke up talking and never stopped all day!

Wes Olson was watching him. "Better sit down." His voice was gentler, almost kind. Wes thought Raphael was upset about Miss Amelia's condition. Well, he was. He was upset that she was still alive. That she wouldn't die. Suppose she lived? He might have to wait years. This attack was going to look suspicious enough. But another murder attempt might hang him. Even if it were successful.

Raphael found that he could look at Miss Amelia now without thought of her past kindnesses. He was glad that he had rid his system of such sentimentality. She had had the money for years. Now it was going to belong to him, all that stood in his way was this frail woman on the bed.

Folly came into the room breathlessly. "Miss Amelia's doctor is out somewhere on a call. His nurse is trying to reach him. Meantime, she looked on the chart. It said he had been treating Miss Amelia for a heart condition, nothing too serious, and he had given her some medicine." Folly looked down at Miss Amelia and sobbed. "And she never told me!"

"Stop sniveling," said Wes, very firmly. Folly stopped, from sheer surprise. "I need you to help me. Did the nurse give you the prescription number? Call the druggist who filled it. I want to talk to him. I'll use the phone in the hall."

Folly swallowed prodigiously. She lumbered out to make the call.

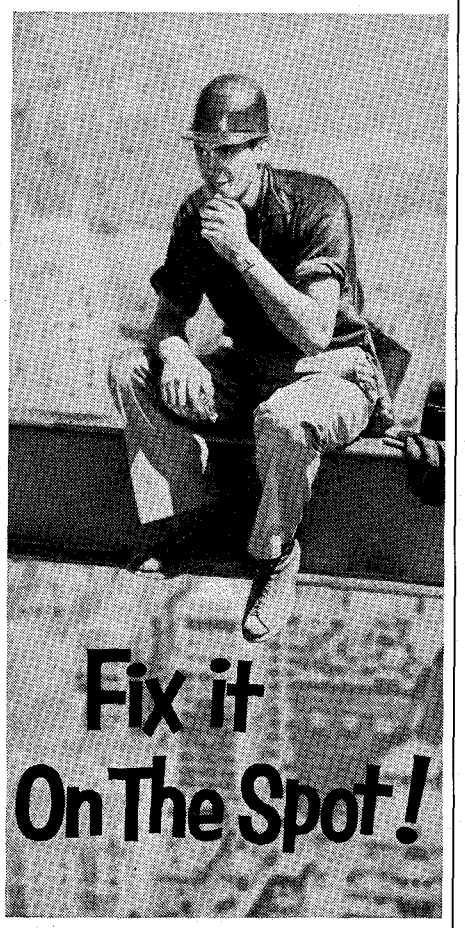
Wes came back from the phone to go directly to Miss Amelia's medicine cabinet. He took out the bottle labeled HEART DROPS by Miss Amelia. He smelled it, shook it, put a little on his finger and tasted it. He moved toward the bed.

He said, "Perhaps if she had been taking this regularly for some time and then neglected to take it ——"

This was perfect, Raphael thought. Absolutely. If Wes gave Miss Amelia any more of the heart drops, she was sure to die. Right away. And the autopsy would show only an overdose of the medicine given her by Wes Olson. Then let Wes try to persuade them to suspect Raphael!

Wes put a few drops in a glass of water. He held the (*Continued on Page 76*)

Acid Indigestion? Heartburn? Gas?

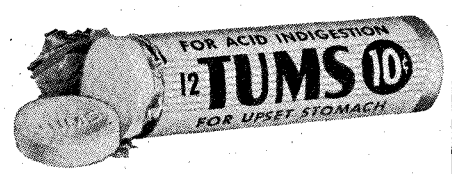


Millions of Americans take TUMS wherever they go —fix Acid Indigestion, Heartburn—Fast!

Acid indigestion catches up with practically all of us . . . sometimes in the darnedest places. But with TUMS in your pocket or purse you can get relief that's fast, sure and wonderful.

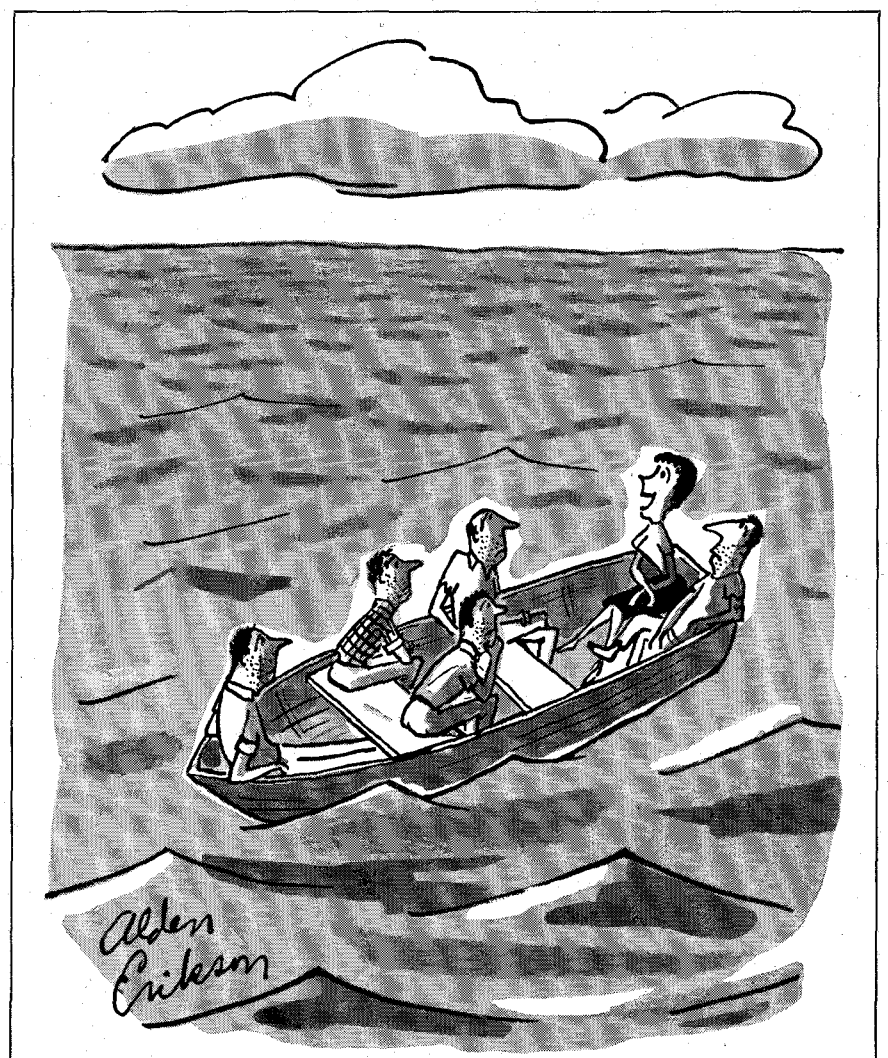
Handy TUMS, as tasty as candy mints, neutralize excess stomach acid almost instantly . . . making acid indigestion, gas and heartburn just plain disappear. TUMS are *safe*—do not overalkalize your stomach as alkalizers do. No laxative action, either, to worry you when you're out!

So take your TUMS wherever you go. No glass—no water needed. And instead of suffering when acid indigestion strikes—fix it on the spot.



FOR THE TUMMY

THREE ROLL PACK, 25¢
—AND YOU CAN'T BUY SAFER, SURER RELIEF



". . . And, of course, when I saw that her hat was exactly like mine, I returned it right away, because naturally . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Presenting

NEW NYLON CUSTOM TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION

by GOODYEAR

Safe new way
to take to
the road
in Style!

Your nearby Goodyear dealer
cordially invites you
to visit his store and see
this new safety-built
Goodyear 3-T Nylon Tire.

and now, please turn this page . . . ➔

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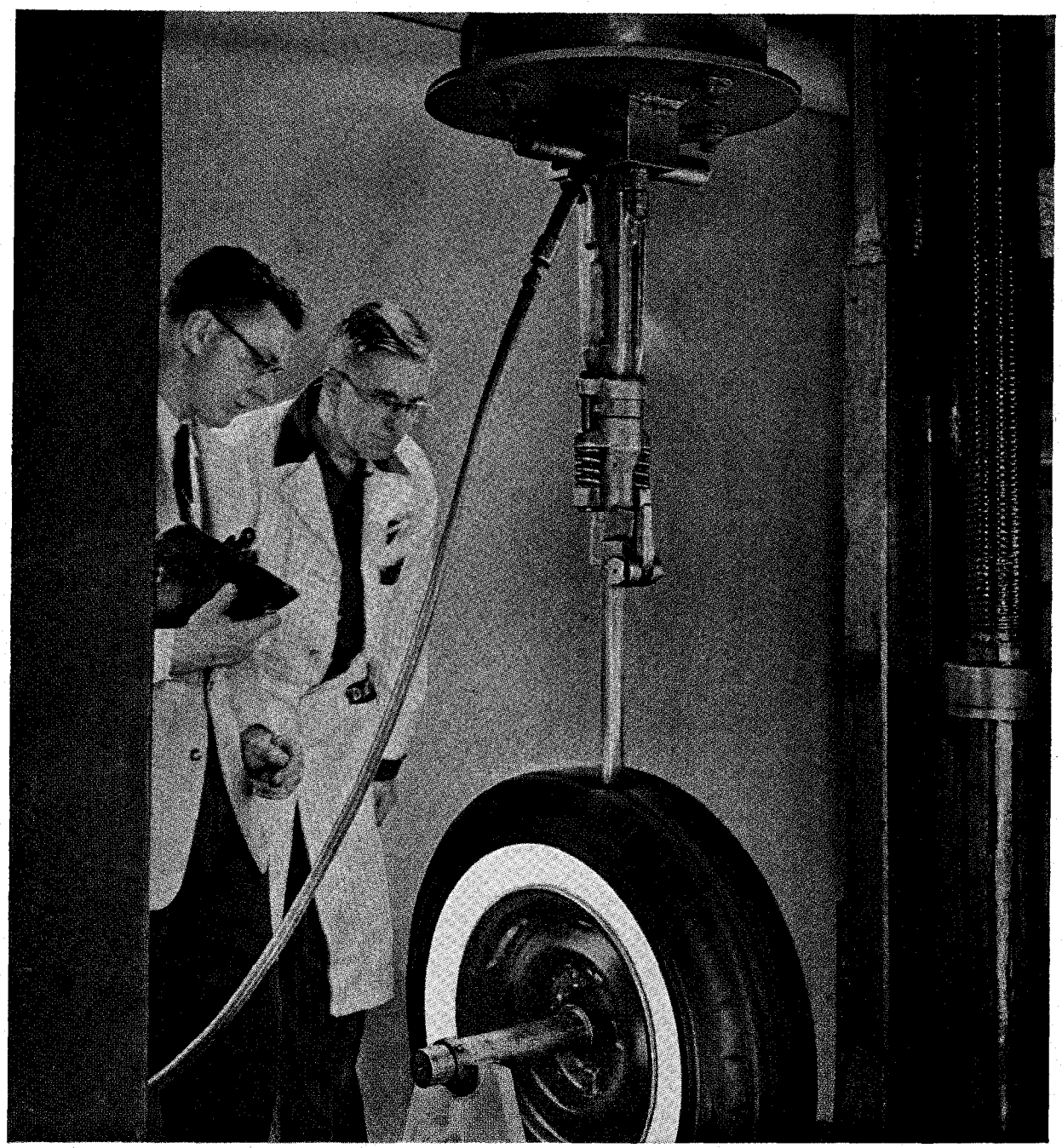
NEW 3-T NYLON TUBEL

gives you the miracle strength of 3-T Nylon...plus a r



Stronger on the inside . . .

A mounted jackhammer—the same kind that's used to break concrete—pounded Goodyear's new 3-T Nylon Cord tire for 34 hours, delivering over two million brutal blows.

And yet, after all this punishment, *we couldn't find a single broken cord!* Amazingly tough and resilient, 3-T Nylon Cord gives you the miracle strength you need for extra protection against sudden, dangerous blowouts.

That's because Goodyear 3-T Nylon Cord is triple tempered in an exclusive process involving Tension, Temperature and Time.

Safer on the outside . . .

Staking his life on the extra stopping power of the tire he helped build, Goodyear Development Engineer Mel Wilson stands in front of a speeding car on this wet, slippery stretch of asphalt.

In this dramatic test, the blue car, equipped

Here, in one great new Goodyear tire, are the safety advances of more than a decade of tire progress—*plus* the smooth, hushed, comfortable ride and the long miles of trouble-free wear so characteristic of Goodyear tires.

The beautiful new 3-T Nylon Custom Tubeless

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

3-T NYLON CUSTOM TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION by G

There's a Goodyear dealer near you. See him for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

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:SS TIRE BY GOODYEAR

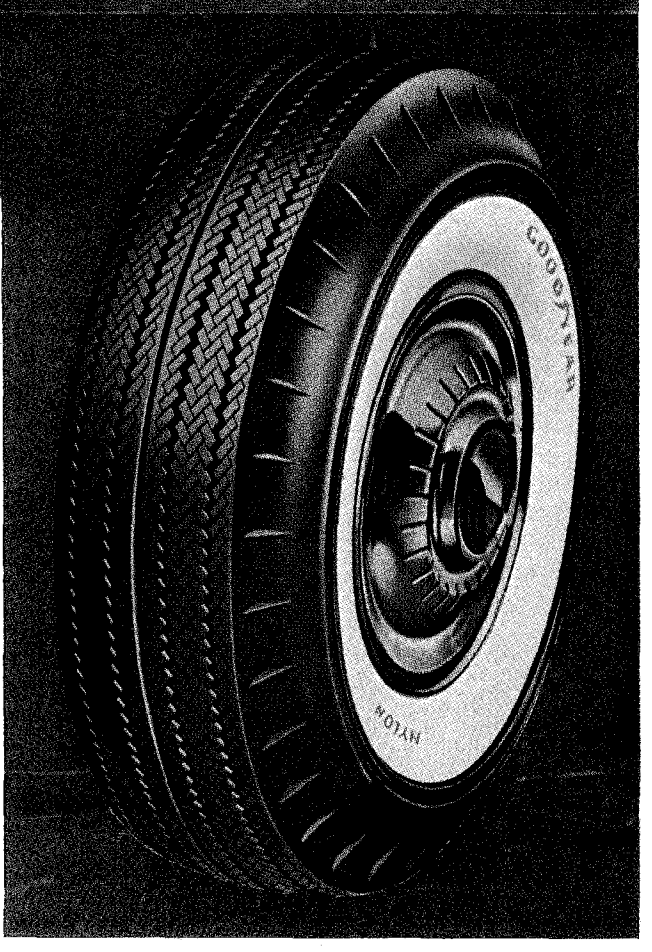
tread that stops 24% quicker at 40 miles an hour!

th new tires having ordinary-type treads, ashes into the dummy set up in its path. The d car with new Nylon Custom Super-Cushions ts braking action at the same time, but comes a swift, safe, straightline stop well in front of e unharmed Mr. Wilson.

An exclusive Twin-Grip tread gives you 8640 biting traction edges, stops up to 24% quicker at all speeds to give you a margin of safety that can save a life! Get this safety advantage for your car—and get it today!

• • •

This new Twin-Grip tread design is also available in a tube-type Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.



ıper-Cushion is standard equipment on some America's finest new cars—and it will fit the ıeels of your car. It costs only a few dollars more than a standard tubeless tire, and your Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

OODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron. Ohio

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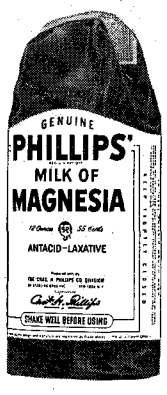
Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than *any other laxative* which acts only on constipation... gives *better* relief than *all* of them—because it *also* relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. Three tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely. Your sleep is not disturbed. When morning comes you get the relief you need to start the day feeling wonderful. Use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

(*Continued from Page 72*) glass in his hand, gently rolling the contents. He looked down at the bed. He said, "An overdose of this could produce these same symptoms. And yet, knowing what a careful and meticulous person Miss Amelia is, it is incredible that she would be careless about the measurement of a strong medicine." He moved the glass again. He leaned toward Miss Amelia. He put the glass down on the table. He shook his head. "We'll wait a little and see."

Raphael had never felt so much like killing anyone as Wes right at that moment. Not even Benjy or Smiley. He could cheerfully have leaped at Wes' throat, in plain view of Kathi, Mynnelu and Folly.

Miss Amelia's thin eyelids fluttered. Very slowly, her brown eyes opened. She looked about the room. She spoke, though the words were so faint they had to lean forward to catch them. She said, "Tell Mr. Dooley not to worry."

Wes held her thin hand. "Yes. We'll tell him. Now try to rest."

Miss Amelia closed her eyes quite willingly. Wes bent over her. "Did you take your heart medicine today?"

Miss Amelia's eyes opened again. "Certainly. I always take my medicine."

Wes was smiling as he let her hand gently down on the coverlet. "We'll let her rest. I'll stay with her a while. The rest of you wait somewhere else, please."

Raphael said, "Surely I can stay?"

Wes raised his eyes, though not his voice. "Somewhere else."

Raphael found himself in the hall with Kathi. She put her warm soft hand on his arm. Mynnelu brushed past them angrily, her taffeta petticoat swishing under her neat gray uniform. She looked back at Raphael, and the look boded no good.

If Mynnelu gets jealous, if Mynnelu talks —— She may be mad, but she won't talk. But when she's jealous she doesn't care what she says or does. I can handle Mynnelu. I always could. But I'd better see her as soon as possible. Tonight. I don't dare take any chances. When Mynnelu gets that look on her face, she's dangerous.

Mynnelu still had the look on her face when Raphael slid quietly through the doorway of her room that evening. It was a small room, cluttered, as Mynnelu's rooms always were, with assorted incongruous objects which she had collected in the course of their travels and which for Mynnelu created the atmosphere of home. A red velveteen pillow from the Kansas State Fair, 1952. A cheap set of multicolored china horses from San Francisco's Chinatown. An ash tray shaped like a sombrero from Dallas, Texas.

Mynnelu herself, in blue satin lounging pajamas, sat on the couch bed eating candy and reading a confessions magazine. Raphael put his finger to his lips, indicating Folly's room next door.

He whispered, "Let's go outside. I want to talk to you."

Mynnelu said crossly, "Talk to me here."

"Folly might hear us."

Mynnelu shrugged. "She's gone off to play poker somewhere. She gave me her phone number and said as long as the nurse wouldn't let anyone in to see Miss Amelia and the doctor said she was going to be O.K. —— The strength that Folly has! I'm beat. But she'll play cards all night and come home and start working tomorrow. She's talking about doing a fall house cleaning." Mynnelu shuddered. She glared at Raphael. "I can't take much more. When are we getting out of here?"

"Mynnelu, I know all this is hard on you. I hate to see you doing that heavy housework. You're so little."

"You don't act as if you hated to see me doing it. Sometimes I almost think you enjoy watching me work."

"You can't believe that!"

"Well ——"

He said, "No one can hear us? You're sure?"

"I'm sure. They're half the house away."

He put his hand on her leg. Mynnelu stiffened and drew back. He caught her against him and kissed her. He kissed her hard and expertly, but without excitement. Mynnelu was not Lynne. Or Kathi.

Mynnelu resisted, at first. Then she kissed him back. After a while she spoke, a bit breathlessly. "It's been a long time since you kissed me like that."

It's been a long time since I've wanted anything as much as I want that three or four million dollars. Or wanted not to hang for murder. And you hold the key to both my ambitions in the palm of your avaricious little hand, damn you. Why else do you think I'm here?

He made his voice soft, "Mynnelu, there's really no need for you to work so hard. It will be a while now before—before anything can happen. To get us the money, I mean. Why should you work all that time? Why don't you just go to a nearby town, stay at a good hotel and wait for me?"

Mynnelu straightened. Her voice was suddenly brisk and businesslike, "Oh no, you don't."

"I was only thinking of you."

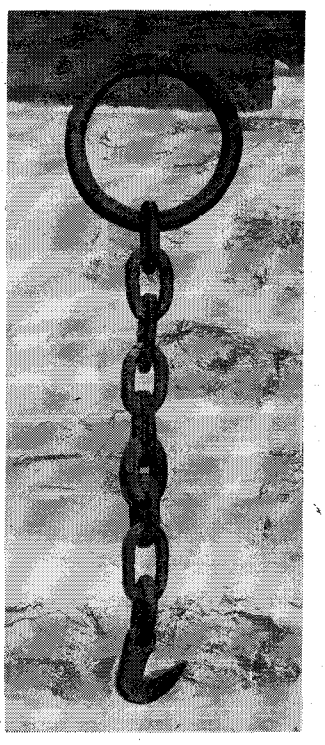
"Of having me out of the way. So that you could moon around that red-haired Kathi."

"You yourself told me to be nice to all of them."

"Not that nice. Don't think I haven't seen you look at her. As if you wanted to put your arms around her. As if you had, sometime. Don't think you can fool me."

It was uncanny, he thought, how Mynnelu could sense things. How he felt about Kathi, that he had indeed once kissed her. And a lot of good that had done him. Kathi had almost run at the sight of him, since then. She was polite—so polite. Plotting with Wes Olson to prove Raphael was a fake. Well, not really plotting, and she did say she liked Raphael. (*Continued on Page 81*)

How's Your Pioneer Instinct?



This heavy iron ring and chain figured prominently in the pioneer life of these United States. The inside diameter of the ring is eleven inches, and the chain is four feet long with a six-inch hook on the end. This example is preserved in the Landis Valley Museum, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Can you name it and identify its use?

It was called a	It was used to
CANNON AIMER	Aim old muzzle-loader cannon, by slipping the ring over the muzzle and pulling.
STUMP PULLER	Yank stumps out of freshly cleared forest.
FELON COLLAR	Chain up dangerous prisoners awaiting trial.
CLOSER CHAIN	Fasten the gates of log stockades against Indians, by fitting the ring over the key log in the gate.

Barlow Bridges

CORRECT ANSWER

A stump puller, to which one or more teams of oxen were hitched. The ring went around the stump, and the oxen yanked until the stump was uprooted.

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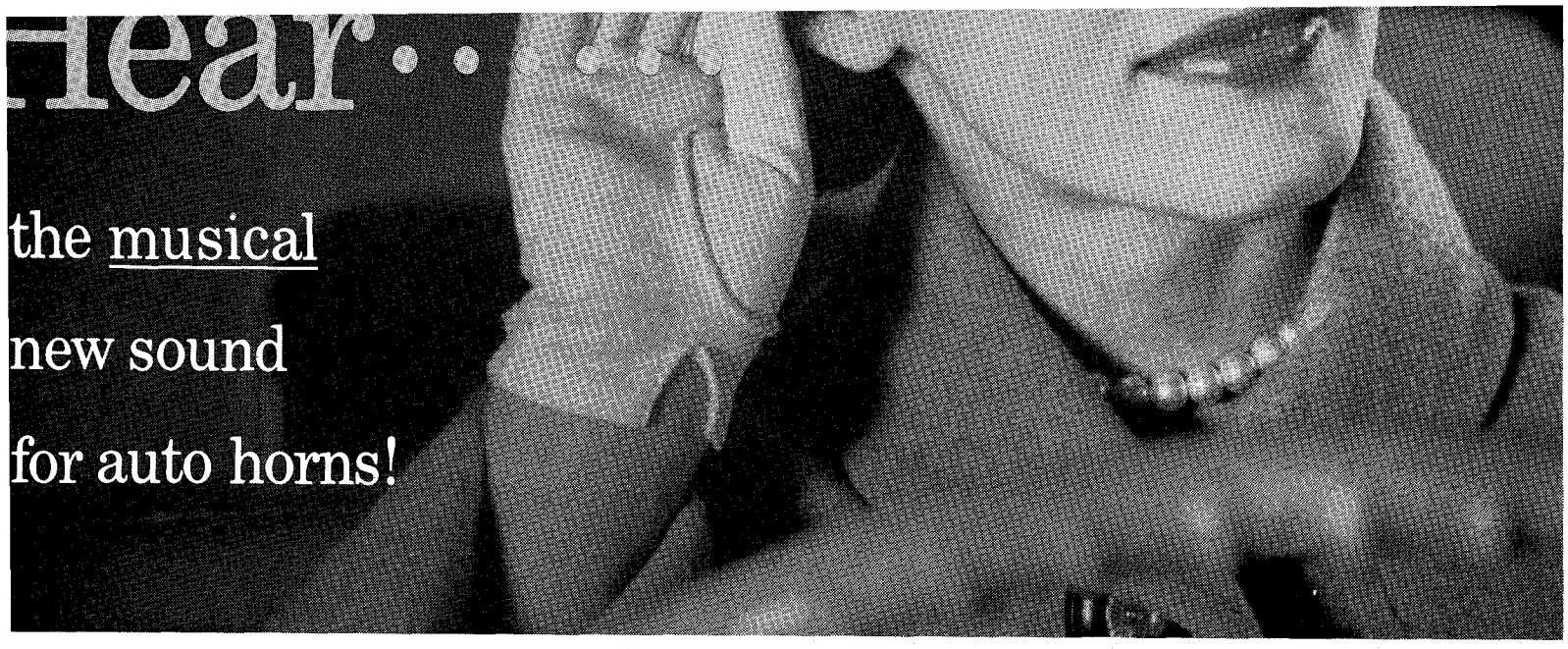
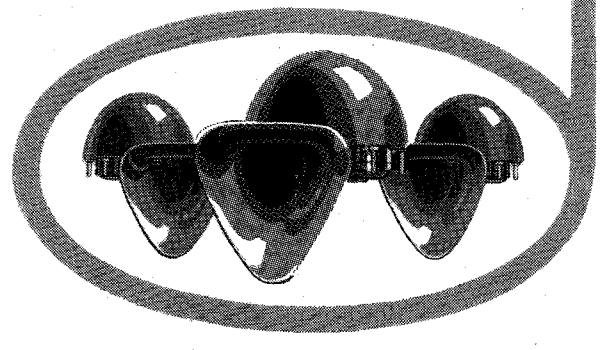


New Klaxon "K-3",
the harmonizing horn,
makes your car sound
as good as it looks!



Delco-Remy's new Klaxon "K-3" harmonizing horn blends its note with the two notes of your present twin horns to create a musical chord that gives your car a really distinctive new voice.

You can have the new Klaxon "K-3" installed quickly in your new or present car at very little cost. So see your General Motors car dealer or United Motors Service dealer today for the Klaxon "K-3"—enjoy the harmonious new sound in auto horns.

DELCO-REMY, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, ANDERSON, INDIANA

GM GENERAL MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS LEADS THE WAY—STARTING WITH Delco-Remy ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS

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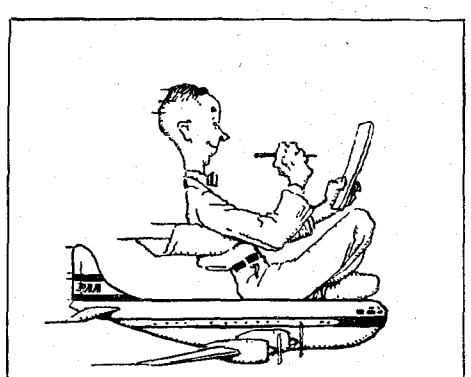
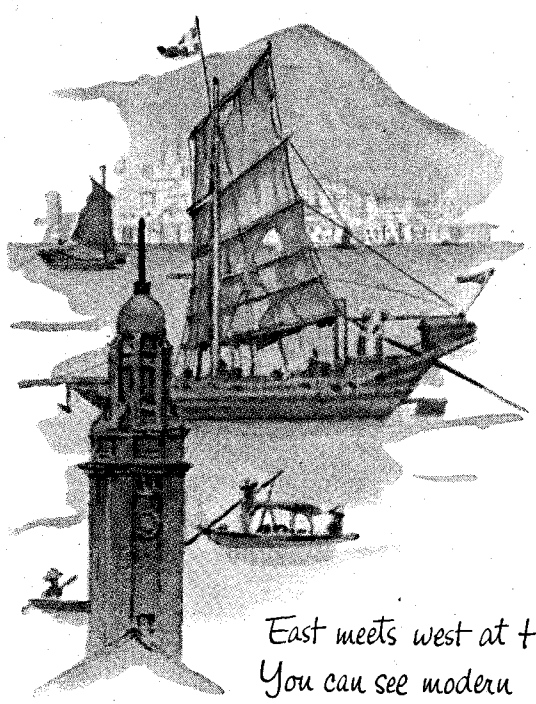
The Tower of London guards are proud of their traditions.

Gay Paree has the best floor shows, and the best menus. There's something for everybody in this beautiful city.



Norman Rockwell says "Pan American was my



East meets west at Hongkong. You can see modern skyscrapers in the city, sampans and junks in the harbor.

For real sukiyaki in Tokyo, you leave your shoes outside, sit on the floor.

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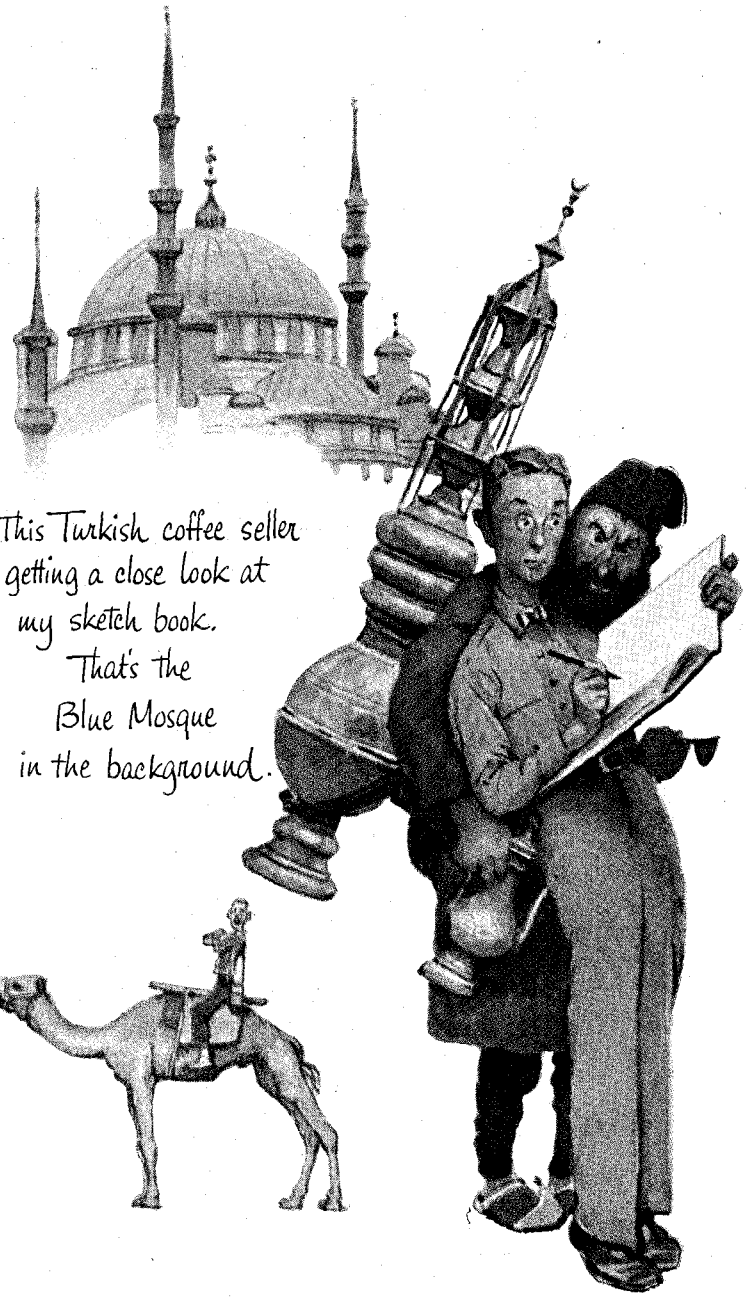
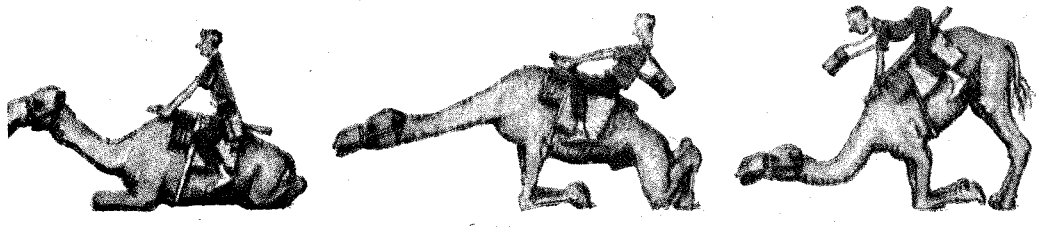
The routes of the flying Clippers lead to Rome, too.
It's a city of fountains, fashion, and wonderful shopping.



This Turkish coffee seller is getting a close look at my sketch book. That's the Blue Mosque in the background.



Four steps in learning to ride a camel.

magic carpet around the world"

I call Pan Am the world's most generous airline because they showed me more of the world in less time than I ever thought possible," says Norman Rockwell. "On the ground and in the air they made me feel at home . . . even in faraway places like Rangoon and Hong Kong.

"My Pan Am tour of the world was exciting, but any trip abroad will give you a new look at some wonderful people. And there's no better way to go than on the wings of a Pan American Clipper*."

Wherever you go you'll want "New Horizons," the travel book that guided Norman Rockwell around the world. Hundreds of photos, new maps, 16,287 useful facts, packed into the new 576-page edition—greatest world travel guide ever written. Send $1 for "New Horizons" to: Pan American, Dept. 112, Box 1111, New York 17, N. Y.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Hawaii is a real fun and sun land. Here I am sketching at Waikiki... surrounded by distractions.

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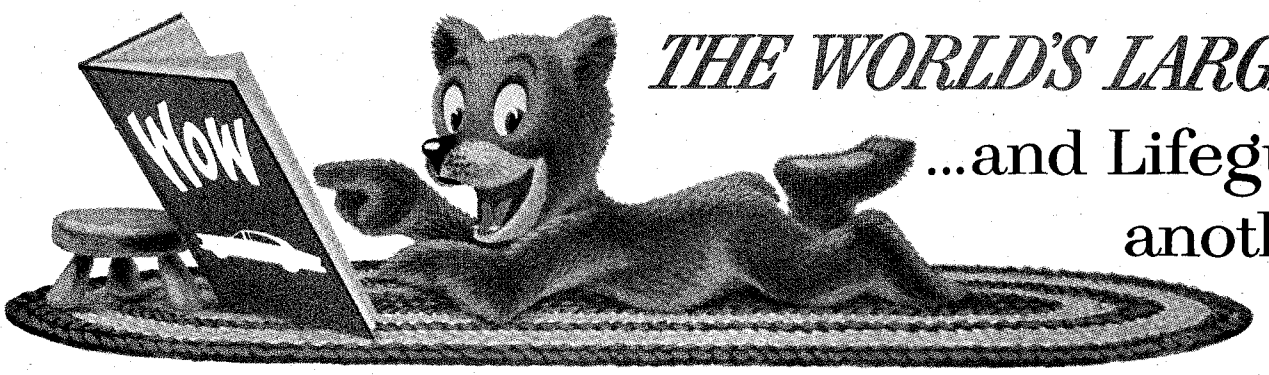
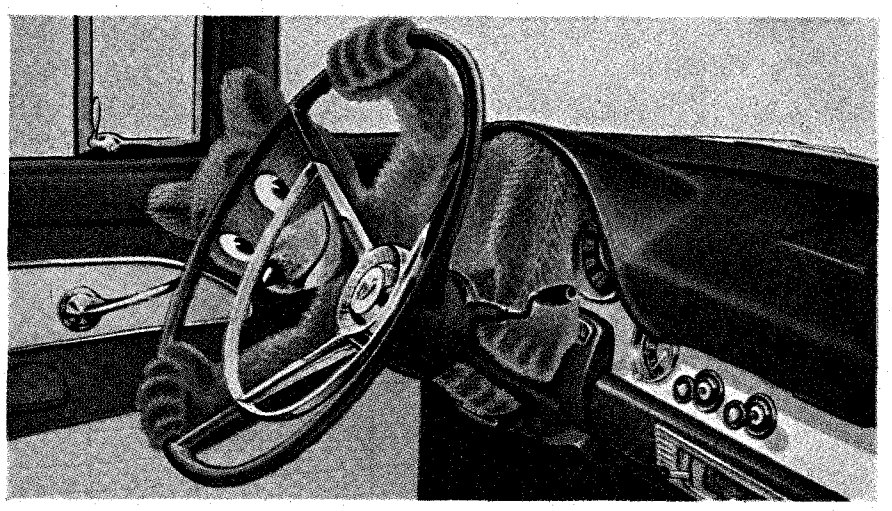
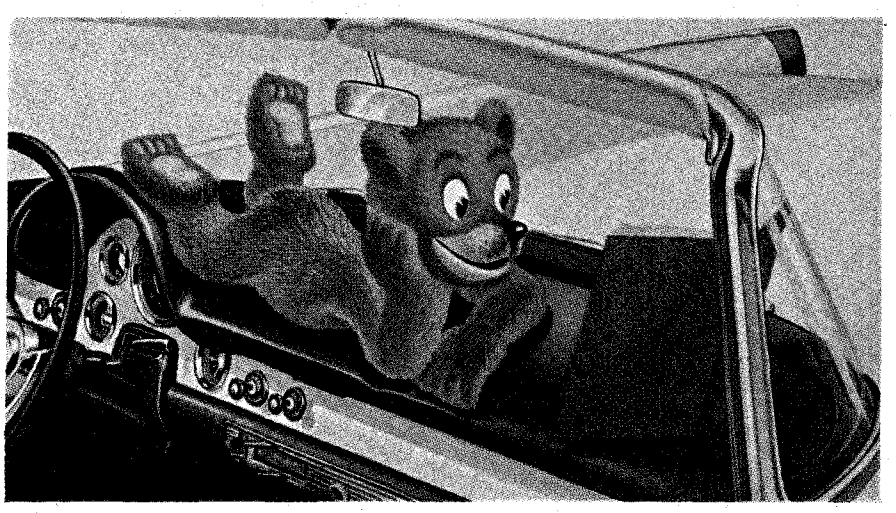


THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING V-8

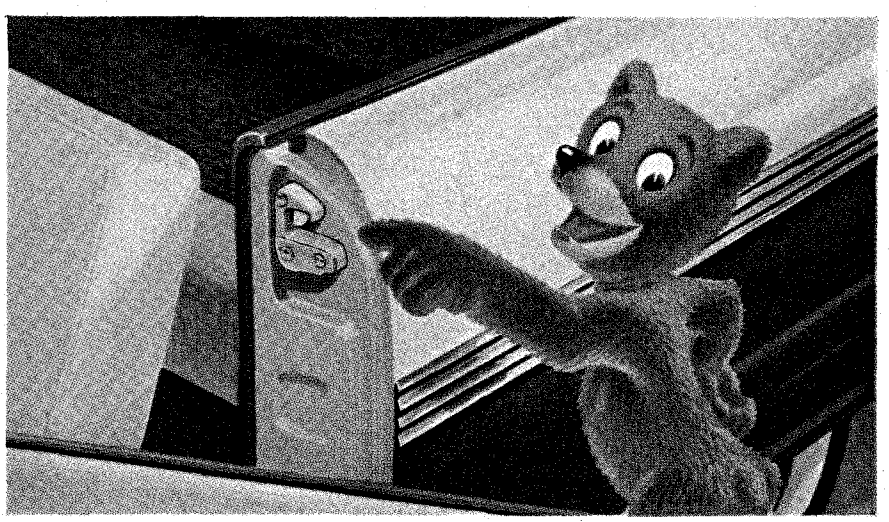
...and Lifeguard Design is another reason why!



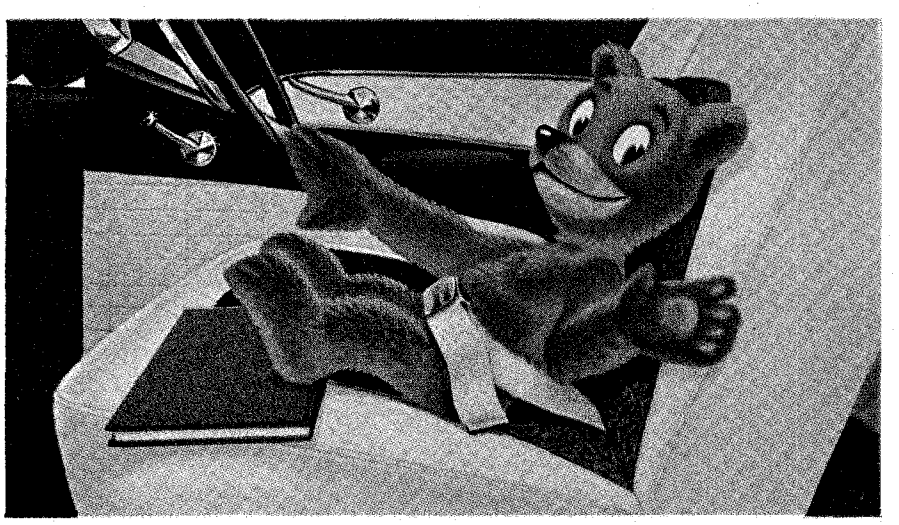
This Lifeguard steering wheel has a new deep-center construction to reduce the possibility of driver being thrown hard against the steering post in case of an accident. Our Ford engineers have mounted the rim of the wheel high above the recessed steering post to help "cushion" your chest against severe injuries from impact.



Optional Lifeguard padding protects you against accident injuries by providing a "crash cushion" on both the instrument panel and sun visors. It is five times more shock absorbent than foam rubber. New Lifeguard double-swivel rearview mirror that "gives" on impact and resists shattering is standard on all '56 Ford models.

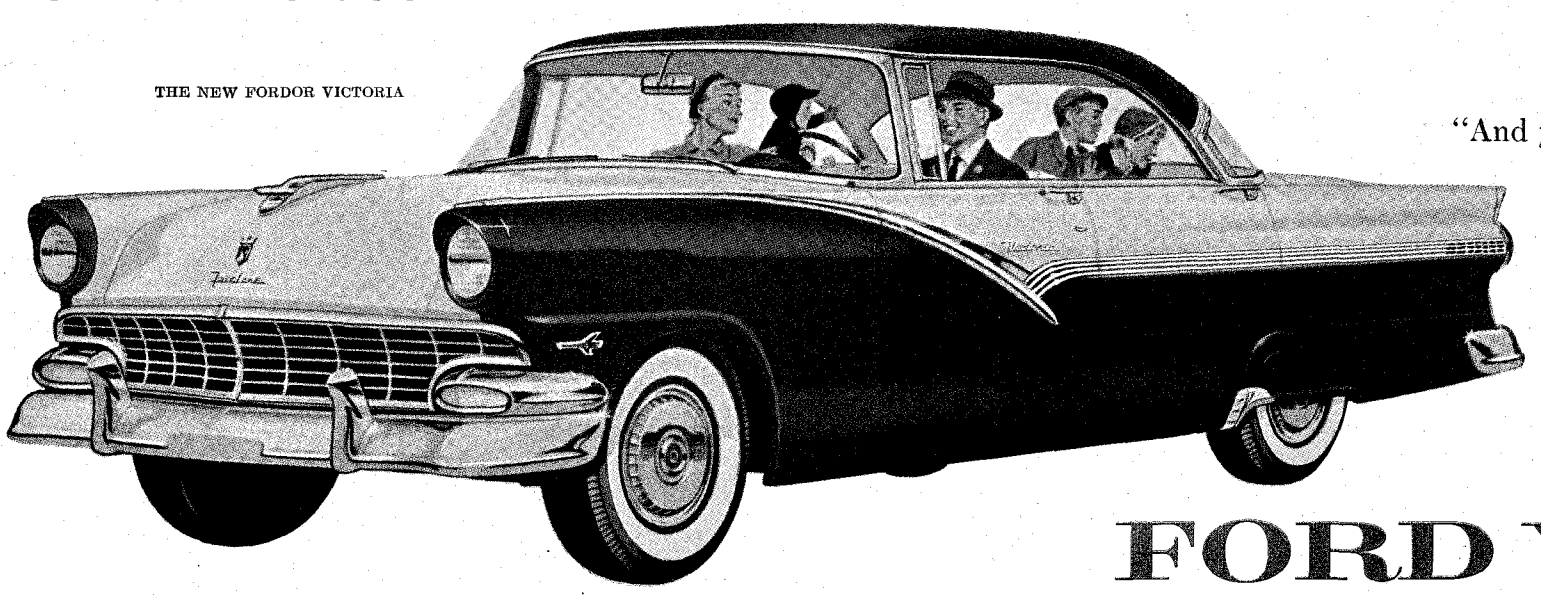


You're twice as safe if you stay inside the car in an accident. Statistics prove it conclusively. So our Ford engineers have designed these new Lifeguard door latches with a *double grip* to reduce the possibility of doors springing open in a collision.



Look at this Ford seat belt! One-third stronger than required for airlines, it is securely anchored to reinforced, all-steel floor structure. Optional Ford seat belts can be adjusted or released with one hand . . . are available in colors to harmonize with interiors.

THE NEW FORDOR VICTORIA



"And you'll drive safer ever after!"

FORD V-8

Sells More because it's Worth More !

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(*Continued from Page 76*) "You're thinking about her now," Mynnelu said sharply. "You're sitting here holding my hand and talking soft to me and thinking about that girl!"

Careful, Raphael. Mynnelu could spoil all your work. All your worry. All your prospects. With a dozen words she could hang you. And she would too. She won't cause any trouble if you keep her happy. Not while it's as much in her interest as yours to keep still. Unless she gets jealous. Then she'll do anything. Anything at all. Forget about Kathi now. Later, when you get the money and have paid Mynnelu off ——

Briefly he speculated on what Mynnelu's price would be. Mynnelu would drive a hard bargain. A hundred thousand? Two hundred thousand? It didn't really matter. Freedom from Mynnelu would be cheap at the price. Any price.

He said, "I was thinking about you, Mynnelu. Only you."

"Well, you'd better be. For years I've watched you weep over the picture of that toothy circus girl. That Lynne. And now that you're finally getting over that, I'm certainly not going to start in on any red-haired secretaries."

"Of course not." He kissed her again.

But for once Mynnelu's solid little body did not melt against his. She pulled away. She said, "You always think you can get around me with a kiss. And you usually can. But not this time. Sit over there. We need to talk business."

"But ——"

"No," said Mynnelu firmly. "Don't touch me. Sit over there."

Raphael sat down in the room's only chair, a small denim-slip-covered one. He tried without success to arrange his long legs comfortably. Mynnelu sat on the sofa bed, her tiny feet out in front of her, her slim ankles displayed to advantage.

"All right," she said. "What are you going to do about the old lady now? And when?"

Raphael had no intention of discussing this with Mynnelu, of giving her knowledge of another murder to hold over his head. "I don't know what you mean."

"Stop it," said Mynnelu crossly. "Do you expect me to think Miss Amelia's attack today was an accident? What did you give her?"

"I didn't give her anything."

"Likely. Why didn't you have sense to give her enough? For a while this afternoon, I thought, 'Raphael's done it. He's finally done something right for a change, instead of bungling it, like he usually does.' But no. You don't give her enough and she lives. The doctors say she'll be all right."

It was as if they were back in the theater a few weeks ago when Raphael had got them fired by hitting the manager who was beating his wife. Or the theater where he had got them fired by dropping the entire juggling act. Or the one where he had left the latch on the trunk and Mynnelu had got stuck in it, when he was supposed to saw her in half, instead of escaping, and only her shrieks had kept him from literally performing the feat advertised. All of his mistakes of the past three years were in Mynnelu's flat voice, as they had always been in her voice in these scenes. As they would continue to be. Even when he had the millions.

Sitting there facing Mynnelu, he also faced the future. The facts of it which he had always known, but had fought facing. And still he tried to fight against them. "Mynnelu, why should I want to hurt Miss Amelia?"

Mynnelu said shrewdly, "It must have been because she finally made a will leaving you her money. You wouldn't have tried it otherwise."

"No. You're wrong."

"I'm not wrong," said Mynnelu. "Not about you. Other men, maybe, I've been wrong on. Like Schultz. But not you. I know what you've done, and why, and what you're going to do next, before you do it, even. And now I'll tell you. You're going to finish the job on Miss Amelia, and this time you're going to do it right."

"Not now. We've got to lie low for a while."

"Through fall house cleaning? Oh, no!"

"We have to. Today's heart attack might have been an accident. They seem to have accepted it as that. But two accidents in a short period of time simply wouldn't be believable. And if there is the slightest suspicion of murder, who do you think Suspect Number One is going to be? Me!"

"Then," said Mynnelu coolly, "this time you'd better do it right. It won't be fatal to have them suspect you. Just so they can't prove it. That's the way it's got to be. And soon."

"Not too soon."

"Real soon. Before fall house cleaning. I'm tired of this stalling. I want that money now. I want to be Mrs. Raphael Jordan. I want to throw a plate of soup on the floor and say to Folly, 'Clean it up!' I want a mink coat and a mink stole and a mink cape, and I want to say to that Kathi, 'Take a letter: Get out of my house and stop mooning at my husband.'"

She'll take the hundred thousand, Raphael told himself desperately. *She'll have to. She's just talking big.*

But he knew, with a cold, sick certainty, that it was he who was talking big. Kidding himself. Mynnelu did not have to take a hundred thousand. She wouldn't take it. She would take the whole thing and keep him. He would be no better off than he had been the day he met Benjy Neils. He might have three or four million dollars, but he would also have Mynnelu.

Mynnelu smiled at him cheerfully. "You're awfully quiet. Are you thinking about how to do it?"

"No."

"You are too. You may be a good enough actor for the others, but not for me. You can't fool me."

No, he thought drearily. *I can't fool you, Mynnelu. You always know. Except that I'm going to have to give a good enough performance to fool you, this once. Because my life depends on my fooling you. And your life too.*

"What's funny?" asked Mynnelu.

"Nothing. Nothing, really." He smiled at her.

"You can come over here now."

He went over. He kissed her with more enjoyment than he had ever kissed her. He smiled at her again. "Like old times, isn't it?"

"Well, no," said Mynnelu. "In the old days, you weren't, what I might say, this generous with your affection. Always mooning over that Lynne."

"Think about the good times, Mynnelu."

"We did have good times," said Mynnelu, brightening. "Do you remember that dive hotel we were staying in one New Year's Eve in Chicago? Stony broke. But we got dressed up and went to the best hotel in town and ate everything in sight, and then said, 'We're sorry,' to the check? And the manager came over, tails and all, and asked us to be his personal guests? And we stood outside in the street and laughed and laughed and laughed."

Mynnelu, he thought, would remember that as one of the good times. He could still remember his own feeling of sick humiliation. How he had determined then and there that someday he would have enough money to walk in that hotel and buy and pay for anything he wanted. And now he almost had it.

Mynnelu was watching him. "What's wrong? You're looking at me so queerly." Her eyes widened.

She's thinking, we're alone in a remote part of the house. That no one would even hear her scream, probably. She's thinking that I've killed before. Raphael smiled grimly. *She doesn't know yet what I'm going to do, but she's thinking. Good. Let her think. She's caused me enough worry. Now I'll cause her a little. While I'm thinking. Thinking how to kill her.*

Now that he had said it to himself, he knew that the decision was made. That it had been made a long time ago. That it had been inevitable from the moment he met her that he would kill Mynnelu. He or some other man to whom she had clung.

He found that he could look at her without any feeling at all. That he could listen without his usual anger to her flat voice, since it would so soon be stilled. Poor Mynnelu. He held her hand. He said, "Tell me what you think we should do now." He leaned back as she talked, watching her under his eyelids. He saw her look at the door. She pulled her hand free and started toward the door. He did not move.

She hesitated, looking at him. She said, "Well, I don't see how they could prove anything if Miss Amelia fell. A good shove at the top of the stairs. Or you might ——" Her voice went on. Slowly she came back. She sat down by him. She kept watching him, without realizing he was watching her. She slid her hand back into his. She relaxed a little, though still watching.

"Now let's see. Republican, Republican, Republican, Republican. Democrat, Democrat, Democrat, Democrat."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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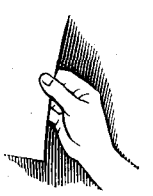

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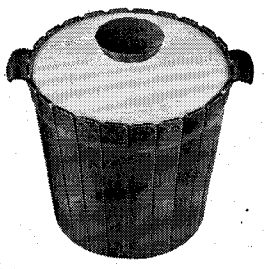
Gracious Hints For Home Entertaining



Ice Bucket. Wood stave design. Two-quart size. Charcoal-gray, charcoal brown, rice white. Plastic. (#1944) $15.

THERMOS ICE BUCKET

Coffee Server. Keeps coffee hot for hours. Bright non-tarnish chromium finish. Hinge-cover. Qt. size. (#2585) $30.

THERMOS COFFEE SERVER

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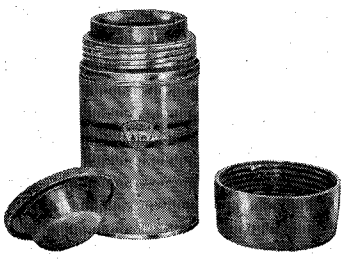

Food Jar. New "Widest-Mouth" jar for hot or cold solid foods. 10 oz. size. Pressure seal stopper. Tan case. $1.95.

THERMOS FOOD JAR

Vacuum Bottles with bright, ribbed aluminum case. Polly Red Top Stopper. 3 sizes: Qt., $3.80, Pt. or 10 oz., $2.15.

never a lukewarm sip—
that's the beauty
of
THERMOS®
keeps it hotter—keeps it colder

The American Thermos Bottle Co., Norwich, Conn.
Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto
Thermos (1925), Ltd., London

It was ironic, he thought, that Mynnelu should be so happily planning Miss Amelia's murder while he, Raphael, was planning hers. How would he do it in such a way as to avoid being caught? That was all there was to murder, really, just avoiding being caught.

Except that Mynnelu is always dangerous. Remember that. Be careful. Mynnelu is always dangerous.

Nothing to connect Raphael Jordan, nephew and heir to Miss Amelia, with the murder of a maid. Nothing to connect him with the maid at all. And yet awkward to have another murder investigation at Eagle's Point. Stupid to give Lieutenant Verek another legitimate reason for being here, asking more questions.

An accident, too, would bring the police. There was a much simpler way. Mynnelu would simply disappear. A note, ostensibly in Mynnelu's handwriting, saying the work was too hard for her. Mynnelu gone. No suspicion of foul play. Simply no further mention of Mynnelu.

"You're not listening to a word I'm saying," said Mynnelu sharply. "You've got something on your mind. And I want to know what it is. Right now."

She got up and edged toward the door again. If she took fright and bolted, before he could possibly catch her she would be running up the stairs toward Miss Amelia, toward Kathi, screaming the words that would hang Raphael.

He had not come this far, gone through all he had, to fail now. He wanted to grab for Mynnelu frantically. But he did not. He shut his eyes with a supreme effort of will. He stretched.

He said, "To tell you the truth, Mynnelu, I wasn't listening. I was thinking about you. You on the stage. How you are a different person offstage and on. When you hear the music for our act, your eyes light up, your walk becomes almost a prance, you go out there and love every minute of it. And so does the audience."

This was partly true. Mynnelu was not very good, but she loved to perform, and if her singing and dancing were not of the best, her trim legs and figure, her gay smile, always made the audience feel it was having a good time too.

Mynnelu paused near the door. "Whatever made you think of that?"

"What you said about the good times. When we were right, Mynnelu, we were a good act. The Nimble Schultzes. And you were made for the stage."

"I used to think that," said Mynnelu. "When I left Milwaukee I used to think, I'll be a great actress. It was a long time before I realized that the best I would ever get was third-rate billings in crumby night clubs or vaudeville acts."

"You would have got further if you had had another partner."

Mynnelu sighed. "Yes." Then she brightened. "But another partner might not have inherited four million dollars. I'll settle for that. We're through with show business now."

"You've kept some of the props for the act, though. Aren't they in the trunk in the corner?"

"Yes. That's all the luggage I had sent out. Sentimental, I guess."

"Have you got the record we practiced to? Let's hear it, just for fun."

Mynnelu watched him, but he did not move. She walked over to the cheap record player and put the tune on. Raphael snapped his fingers in time with the music. He rose slowly, not looking at Mynnelu, and glided into their opening soft-shoe. He laughed over his shoulder. "Come on. That's your cue."

And Mynnelu was dancing beside him. Typically, she hissed at him, "You're out of step!"

"Have we got my juggling stuff?"

Mynnelu got the juggling balls out of the trunk. Raphael handled them so clumsily that even Mynnelu laughed as they spilled across the floor. Her attention was on the act now; as always, when Mynnelu was performing, she enjoyed herself thoroughly, without a thought for anything else in the world.

Raphael waited for the right part in the music. He said in mock falsetto, "Ladies and gentlemen, the little lady will now perform a death-defying feat. She will enter this trunk, you shall plainly see me fasten it, and I will proceed to saw her in half."

And it was that simple. Mynnelu climbed into the trunk, bowing to the audience. And Raphael fastened the locks. Really fastened them. There was a muffled outcry from within the trunk as Mynnelu failed to make her usual exit. Then a less loud, but more frantic, thrashing and thumping. And finally, nothing.

Raphael sat absolutely still, looking at the trunk. It seemed incredible. The end of Mynnelu. It had been so easy and so perfect. There had been time for Mynnelu to realize what had happened, that for once Raphael had not blundered. But no opportunity for her to say so much as an intelligible word. And he was free. Free of Mynnelu. Now there was no witness against him.

In a way, he would miss Mynnelu. As one would miss an aching tooth, perhaps, and yet he would miss her. Now he was alone. Utterly alone. Now no one would understand his achievement when he actually got the millions. Everyone else in the world would simply think he had inherited it without danger or effort. They had been through a lot together, he and Mynnelu.

Stop being a sentimental fool. You have plenty to do yet tonight.

First, the note. He sat down and after several false starts, wrote to Folly, in a script and spelling as nearly as possible approximating Mynnelu's. Again he was glad of his talent for imitating handwriting. His imitation of Benjy Neils', after considerable practice, had apparently satisfied all concerned. He did not have time for practice now, but none of these people had ever seen Mynnelu's writing anyhow.

Dear Folly: I hate to leave you like this, but I can't take so much work any more. Some friends of mine have found me an easier job someplace else. They are taking me and my things. Thanks for everything.

MYNNELU.

Raphael set about stripping the room of all evidences of Mynnelu. The velveteen pillow, the pastel horses, the sombrero ash tray. He felt almost sad at the paucity of her possessions: her few clothes, the imitation-fur neckpiece by which she had set such store, her notebook of clippings, mostly bad. The sample-sized shoes which were her chief extravagance. He piled them all on the bed, with the props from the act.

He went over everything carefully to obliterate his fingerprints, wiping whatever he could possibly have touched. The room was bare now. Bare and impersonal, like so many rooms which Mynnelu had stayed in and left, in her life. The moment had come which Raphael had been dreading most. He steeled himself and unlatched the trunk.

Even now, he expected Mynnelu to sit up, berating him for his stupidity. It was almost a shock that she did not. He avoided looking at her. He piled her belongings hastily on top of her and latched the trunk again. He found that he was sweating. His knees felt strangely unstable. He sat down on the trunk. He got up hastily and sat on the couch bed.

He heard footsteps coming down the hall. He remained where he was for a second, frozen. Then he sprang noiselessly for the light. With the room in darkness, he groped for a weapon. Any kind of a weapon. Something heavy. Belatedly he remembered the gun in his pocket. His hand closed over it.

It doesn't matter who is coming. If anyone finds me here now, anyone at all, I'm done for.

The footsteps were heavy and slightly uncertain. They seemed to take an interminable time to come along the corridor, in rolling fashion. They stopped outside the door. Someone said, "S-s-s-st!"

Raphael stood unmoving, his hand tight on the gun.

A whisper, in a blurred voice now identifiable as Folly's, "You awake, Mynnelu?"

Still Raphael waited, saying nothing. Folly fumbled unsteadily with the door handle.

He said, "M'm'm'm," sleepily.

Folly said, "Oh, all right. Stay asleep. I'll see you in (*Continued on Page 85*)

"It's a very small company but their milk is wonderfully fresh."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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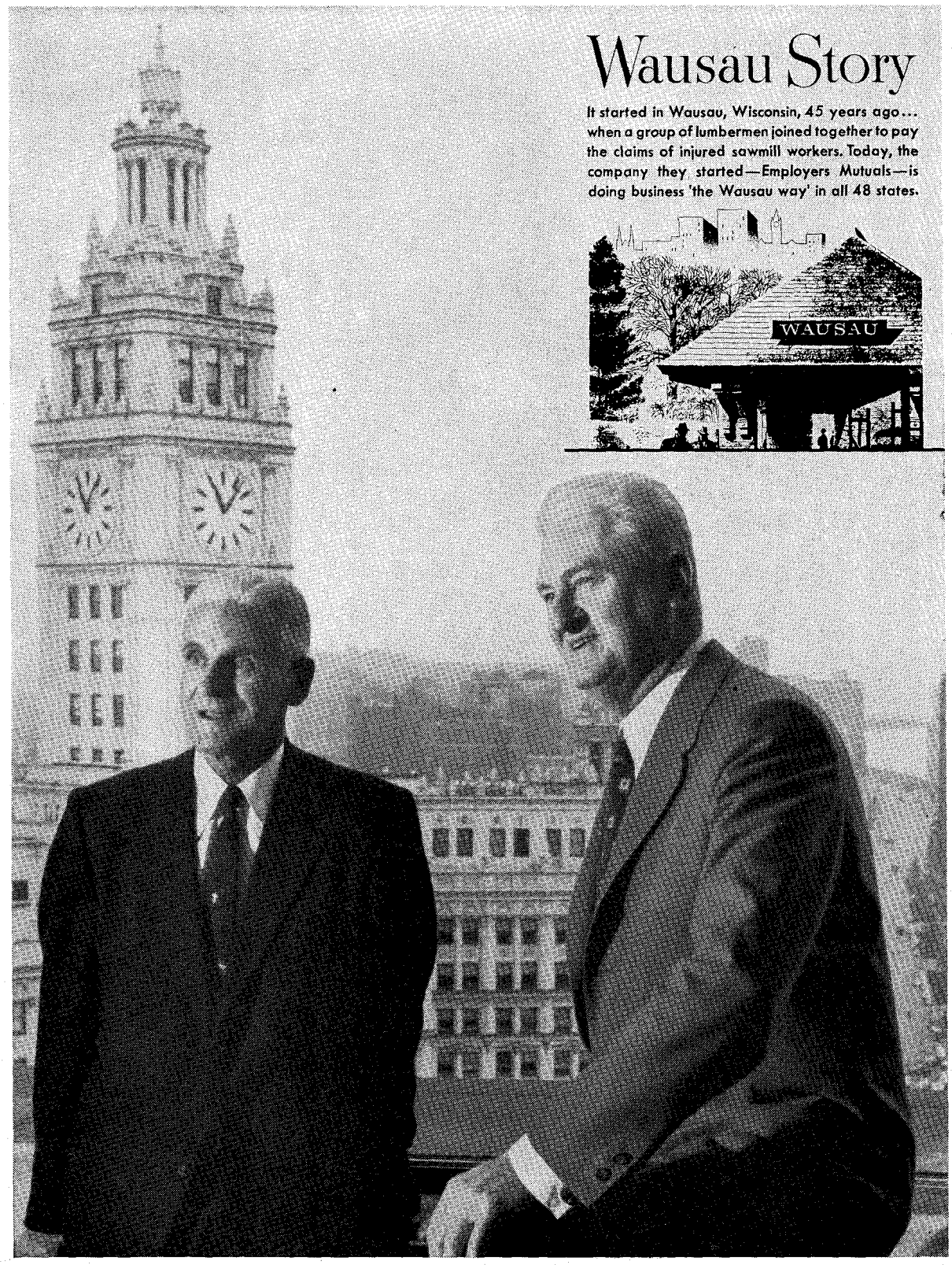
There's a bit of Wausau around Chicago's "Loop"

as told by WILLIAM F. MOONEY
Reporter, Chicago Daily News

"You might wonder what *I'm* doing in this advertisement! I'd like to explain . . .

Employers Mutuals, the folks who've been running that interesting series about Wausau wanted to demonstrate the way they handle workmen's compensation insurance. They believe that their services and understanding of problems in this field are unusual and valuable from a cost-saving standpoint.

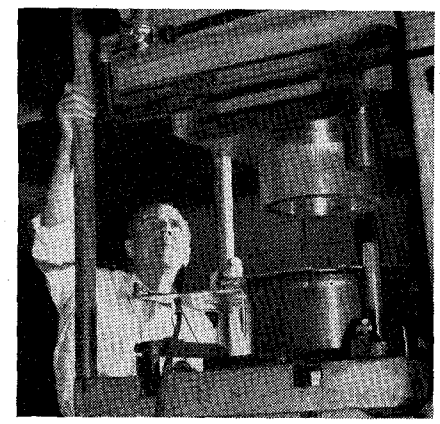
But, instead of telling the story themselves, Employers Mutuals felt the fairest way would be an impartial report. So recently, as a 'curious reporter' I set out to see examples of the 'Wausau personality' at work right here in Chicago. Some of the unusual things I found are reported in the pictures and captions on this page."


Wausau Story
It started in Wausau, Wisconsin, 45 years ago... when a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers. Today, the company they started—Employers Mutuals—is doing business 'the Wausau way' in all 48 states.
WAUSAU

"E. J. Brach and Sons, world's largest candy manufacturers, had always thought of workmen's compensation insurance as a fixed expense—subject to little or no variation. Particularly so, because close hand-in-hand cooperation between the Brach Company and its fine employees had resulted in an outstanding safety program. Safety engineers from Employers Mutuals proved, however, that even under such ideal conditions accidents could be reduced considerably—and in a relatively short time. As a result, insurance costs for this company have been cut and over-all profits increased. 'Employers Mutuals' performance for us and with us has been superb,' say Frank V. and Edwin J. Brach, Executive Officers of the company, who are pictured above."

"Recently, Henry Julian (right), a machinist, lost his hand in a plant accident. Despite excellent medical care, he was downhearted; sat home worrying about how he could work again. Clare Schwartz (center), an Employers Mutuals' nurse, was the one who lifted his spirits. After many friendly talks, she encouraged him to try to use a new hand—even took him to the rehabilitation center herself to get him started. Later Miss Schwartz arranged for Mr. Julian to have a chance at his old job. He's back now and doing fine. Employers Mutuals, incidentally, was the first and is still one of the few companies in the field with a *permanent* nursing staff."

"The machine nobody would touch: Here's the way Employers Mutuals' special skills are often put to work to prevent accidents and keep production flowing smoothly. Recently, a Chicago firm had a severe injury at an embossing press. From that moment workers hesitated to use it, fearing injury. A production bottleneck developed. But the company got in touch with Employers Mutuals' Frank Hausman (right), a safety engineer specializing in press accident prevention. Mr. Hausman was able to design—on the spot—a guard which prevented further accidents and increased production."



Employers Mutuals writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative or call us in Wisconsin on our special line, at Wausau 2-1112.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau "Good people to do business with"

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Carrier Room Air Conditioners cool a bedroom or living room. Carrier Weathermakers air condition a whole house. (See the column at the right.)

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Look up your local Carrier dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory. He's the man in your town who knows air conditioning best. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.

FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING **Carrier**

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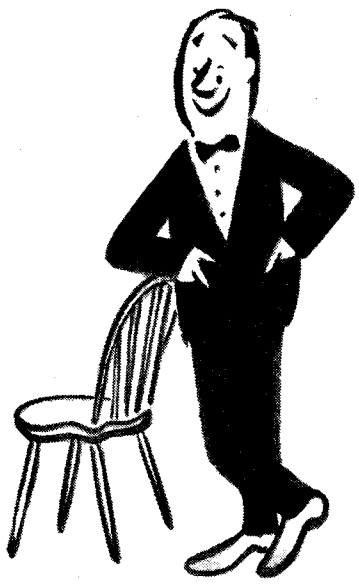
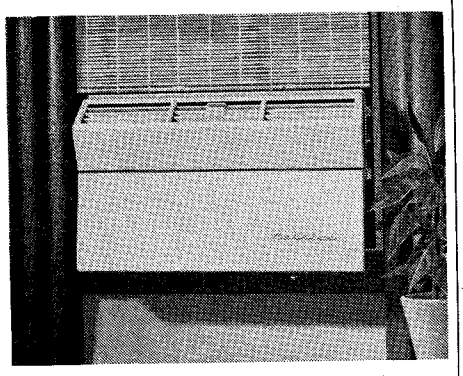
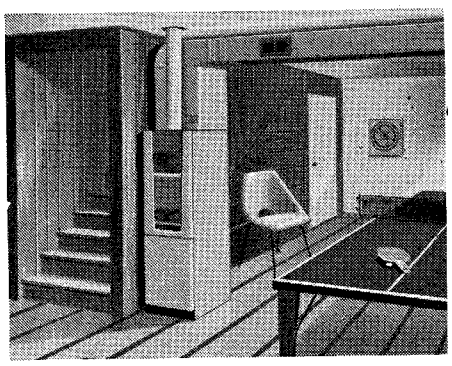
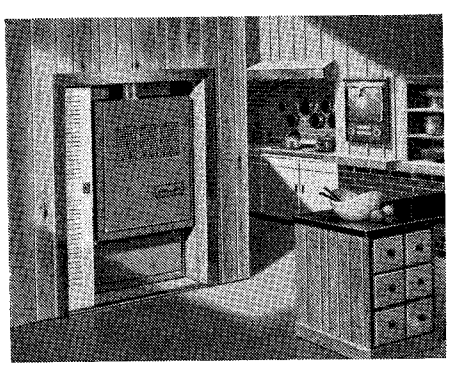




The Carrier International Room Air Conditioner cools, dehumidifies and filters the air in one or more rooms. Harmonizes with any interior. Quickly installs in almost any window. Other models with between-season heating.



Carrier Conversion Weathermaker which cools the whole house is shown at the top of a warm air furnace. Saves you money by using the same fan, filter, and ducts as your present heating system. It's air-cooled so it needs no water.



Carrier Year-round Weathermaker heats and cools the entire house. Build a new home around the Weathermaker and construction savings will help you pay for it. Or replace a worn-out furnace and modernize your present home.

Carrier

FIRST NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING

(*Continued from Page 82*) the morning. Six-thirty sharp!" She went on and into her room next door.

But the walls were thin. Raphael could hear her heavy steps as she hung her clothes up, went into the connecting bathroom, brushed her teeth. She approached the door between the two rooms, apparently still hopeful of companionship. But she went away again without conversation. Raphael could hear her humming a decidedly ribald song as she climbed into bed. Apparently Folly had been celebrating Miss Amelia's escape from death, and had decided her unsteady condition did not warrant poker playing tonight.

Raphael stood where he was, cursing inwardly. Of all the nights for Folly to pick to come home early! She could hear him if he even moved. Perhaps, when she was asleep, he could tiptoe out without waking her. But to drag a heavy trunk—and he must drag a heavy trunk. He could not possibly leave Mynnelu here for Lieutenant Verek to find.

He stood unmoving, for what seemed hours. He dared not move. Folly's humming became louder and louder, and more off-key, as she threw herself into the spirit of the song. It stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Folly was asleep. And in being asleep, she did Raphael a favor which he knew would save his life. Folly snored. Not just a little ladylike snore. A great roaring, gasping, room-shaking snore. Moving to the awful rhythm of it, Raphael dragged the trunk through the doorway and down the hall. Drag. Wait. Drag. Wait. With Folly's roaring snore.

Finally, somehow he had the trunk in the garage. He lifted it into Wes' battered station wagon, which fortunately had had the keys left in it. He stopped only to take a spade and some coveralls. He started the car as quietly as possible. He drove down the driveway in darkness, turning on the lights only when he reached the main road. He drove to the park, glad now for his familiarity with it. In a remote spot in it, he changed into the coveralls. He dug a very deep hole and buried the trunk in it. He covered the place with fallen leaves. No one would ever find it. No one.

He returned the car to its exact position in the garage. He wiped off his fingerprints. He threw the spade and coveralls into the river. Back in his room, he fell exhaustedly onto the bed. But he rose presently to carefully clean all traces of mud from his shoes, to make sure there was none elsewhere on his clothes or person. He lay in bed, going over what had happened. He could find no flaws.

He thought, *At least I didn't bungle that job, Mynnelu.* He fell asleep instantly.

The next morning Folly was feeling the effects of her celebration the night before. Her huge body moved even more awkwardly than usual. Her orange hair was anything but neat. Her purple-flowered blouse was harsh against the lines of her face, which lacked its usual healthy color.

She stood in the middle of her kitchen and glared at Ichabod Carr and Lieutenant Verek, sitting at the kitchen table drinking her good coffee and eating her special cinnamon coffeecake, smiling at each other with the evident camaraderie of a friendship of years.

Folly said bad-humoredly, "Mynnelu's run off, that's all. She always did grumble about how hard the work was, and yesterday when I told her we were going to start the fall house cleaning, she like to threw a fit. So she just left. You saw her note. And here I am with the whole house to clean, and that fool nurse making extra work and keeping me from seeing Miss Amelia—me!—and you call in the police!"

Ichabod Carr winked at her. "Try some black coffee. Lose at poker last night, Folly?"

"No. I didn't lose. We had a vodka-drinking contest and I ——" Folly glared at him. She poured herself a cup of coffee. It spilled. "Don't think you're going to get around me that way. Cluttering up my house with police. On washday, at that!"

Ichabod took out his pipe and lit it. He said soberly, "I wouldn't bring the police into this if I didn't feel it was necessary, Folly. For Miss Amelia's safety."

"Miss Amelia's safety!" Alarm spread across Folly's big face. "What has Mynnelu's leaving got to do with Miss Amelia's safety?"

"Maybe nothing," Lieutenant Verek's voice was soothing and sympathetic. He stretched his bony legs. "But Mr. Carr said you would be the person to consult."

Folly plopped her two-hundred-odd pounds into the nearest chair, shaking it to its foundations. "I should say so! If anybody tried to harm Miss Amelia, I'd ——"

"Mr. Carr told me of your devotion to her. And hers to you."

Folly permitted herself to lean back.

"This girl's leaving may have nothing to do with Miss Amelia. Nothing at all. But a strange man was killed in the boathouse at Eagle's Point."

Folly sniffed. "Trash. We had nothing to do with him."

"He was killed here. Murder is murder, whoever is killed." Lieutenant Verek's ice-blue eyes were very cold. "Then yesterday Miss Amelia got an overdose of medicine which was nearly fatal, and the same night this little maid disappears completely. Why would she leave in the middle of the night?"

Folly shrugged. "Probably because she was afraid to face me and tell me she was leaving without notice."

Ichabod Carr smiled a little grimly, "There's something in that. I don't know that I'd care to do that myself. Did you ever see Mynnelu's handwriting, Folly? I mean, before this note?"

"No. Why would I see her handwriting?"

Lieutenant Verek leaned forward, a paper in his quick, nervous hands. "I have her signature here on a legal document. A paper she signed for the railroad on the death of her partner. You didn't know about that?"

"Sure I knew about it. She told me."

Ichabod Carr said, "If she told the whole story and used her own name ——"

Lt. Tom Verek shook his head, "Sometimes the most clever criminals are the boldest. Use their own names and tell apparently truthful and open stories."

"Criminals!" said Folly. "And I let her shine the silver!"

Lieutenant Verek smiled fleetingly. "Does this signature look like Mynnelu's writing on the note she left you?"

Folly peered, rubbing her eyes. "It isn't so steady. It's something like it."

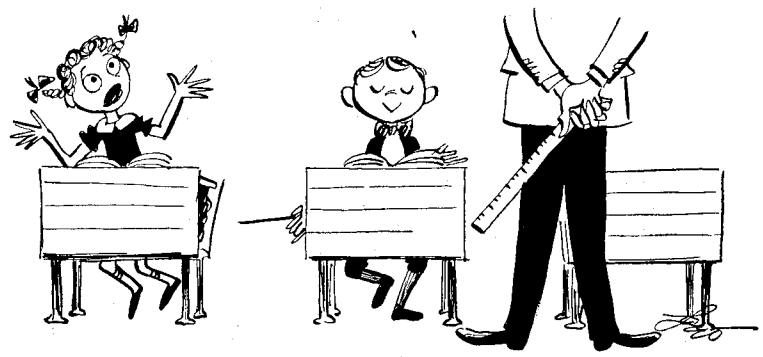
"Something like it, yes. It must have been written by somebody who knew her handwriting. But our expert says it probably wasn't written by Mynnelu herself."

Folly stared. "I don't get it."

Lieutenant Verek said, "You haven't borrowed a spade for anything, have you, Folly?"

"Me? A spade?"

Ichabod said quietly, "Wes says there's one missing from the tools in the garage. And a coverall."



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Horrible Henry, aged ten, delighted in pulling his girl classmates' hair and jabbing them with pins. When Principal Smithers spoiled his schoolroom fun with a sound spanking, Henry merely shifted his base of operations and tormented the girls outside the school. Learning of this, Smithers gave Henry another spanking. Henry's parents thereupon indignantly sued Smithers.

"Smithers may have been within his rights in paddling Henry at school, but he had no business to punish him for misconduct elsewhere," the parents contended. "Actually, that second spanking was assault and battery, for which Smithers should pay damages."

"Henry terrorized the girls until their parents hesitated to send them to school for fear they would fall into Henry's clutches later," Smithers replied. "As Henry's parents either couldn't or wouldn't discipline their precious little sadist, I had to do so."

If you were the judge, would you make Smithers pay damages?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Smithers did not have to pay. The court said that while school officials usually have no right to punish pupils for misconduct except in school, they may do so where outside misconduct directly interferes with the proper running of the school.

Based upon a 1925 Connecticut decision.

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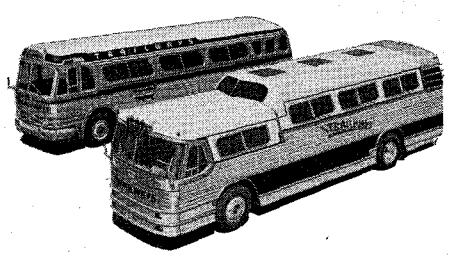

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"A spade and a coverall!"

Lieutenant Verek said carefully, "I know how it is with vodka, Folly. Maybe last night is not so clear to you as it might be. But if you would tell us anything you might remember about it?"

"I came in," said Folly, obviously recalling with an effort. "I was going in to talk to Mynnelu, but she said she was asleep."

Ichabod leaned forward. "We have the time you came in, from the cab driver who brought you. Eleven-forty-five. And Mynnelu was here then? You talked to her?"

Folly thought hard, wrinkling her big forehead. "I think I talked to her. And I think she said something back. But I can't remember what it was."

"Maybe," said Ichabod, "something in a sleepy, muffled tone? Like 'M'm'm'?"

"Maybe. I can't remember."

"But," said Lieutenant Verek, "you know there was someone in Mynnelu's room at eleven-forty-five. Someone who answered you, apparently sleepily. If it was Mynnelu, she then got up and dressed, packed all her belongings without waking you, and she herself or someone else dragged a heavy trunk down the hall, got into a car which no one saw, and drove away?"

"Must have," Folly shook her head. "I guess I was pretty sound asleep."

"And you didn't hear a thing?"

"Not that I remember."

Lieutenant Verek and Ichabod looked at each other glumly.

"Folly," Ichabod asked finally, "was there ever anything, anything at all, to make you think Mynnelu had seen anyone in this house before she came here?"

Folly thought. "Not unless—she sure hated Kathi. I never could see why. Kathi never did anything to her but be sweet, the way Kathi almost always is to everybody, unless she's mad."

"Thank you, Folly," said Ichabod.

She said, "Look, you two don't think I had anything to do with Mynnelu's disappearance, do you?"

Ichabod got up to stand beside her. He put an arm around her big shoulders. "An old friend," he said gently to the lieutenant. "A very good and very old friend."

For a moment, Folly's eyes were wet. Her voice, however, was as gruff as ever, "Get on with you."

After Folly left, Lieutenant Verek and Ichabod Carr sat for a few minutes. Then Ichabod said firmly, "It isn't Kathi."

The lieutenant shrugged. "Kathi faked her references. She apparently knew the missing maid. She took a trip to the morgue to look at that man we found in the river—the one who was shot in the boathouse. Why would she do that?"

"Tom," said Ichabod hotly, "for over twenty years I've stood up in court and defended people. All sorts of people. People who looked innocent and people who looked so guilty they didn't seem to stand a chance. And most of them have gotten off. And do you know why I defended them and why so many of them got off? Because I believed in their character. Character. That's what counts when the chips are down. And Kathi has character. If you think ——"

"I didn't say I thought anything."

"Well, just don't start thinking," Ichabod said. "I've known you since you were knee-high to a pup, and when you get that look in your eye, hell is going to pop."

Lt. Tom Verek put an affectionate hand on Ichabod's shoulder. "You certainly have known me since I was knee-high to a pup. The first time you ever saw me, you whaled the daylights out of me for stealing your apples."

"I'm glad the lesson took."

"If you hadn't helped me get to college ——"

Ichabod frowned. "I was just hoping to get another lawyer for the town, someone with a good enough brain to make a court fight with him fun. If I'd known you'd turn out to be a cop ——"

"I wouldn't be so good a cop as I am if you hadn't helped me when I was starting, every time I got in trouble or needed advice."

Ichabod blew his nose. "I've always thought if I had a son and could choose him, I'd choose Tom Verek. But don't let it go to your head. Get any ideas about charging Kathi with anything and I'll fight you in any court in the land."

"You believe in her that much?"

"I do."

Lieutenant Verek scratched his chin. "And Raphael Jordan? Do you believe in him?"

"I'd defend him. He's Amelia's nephew, Cecily's son."

"Apparently. But suppose he weren't? You can help me there, Ichabod."

"No."

Tom Verek stared at him. "You mean you won't help me?"

"That's what I mean, Tom. I won't help you. I can't."

"Why not?"

Ichabod rose abruptly. "Not against Raphael Jordan. No matter what he does."

"No matter what he does?"

Ichabod went out of the room without looking back. Lt. Tom Verek sat for a long time, staring at his cold coffee cup.

Kathi ran down the back-yard slope after Wes, her soft brown jersey skirt clinging to her long legs in the fall wind.

"Whew!" she said. "Another few hours of this and all our beautiful fall leaves will have blown into the river! And it was so lovely before the wind came, so still and red and golden, all along the banks."

"Kathi," said Wes.

"Yes?"

"I remember, a long while ago, you said there was something you wanted to tell me, that you would tell me if I would believe you. And I was so absorbed in my own concerns, my own private tragedies, that I didn't listen. Will you tell me now?"

Kathi's brown eyes were worried. "I can't tell you now, Wes. You wouldn't believe me. Nobody would."

He put his hand over hers. "Let's try and see."

Kathi hesitated. Then she shook her head. She took his hand in hers instead. She turned it over. She said softly, "A surgeon's hand."

"A farmer's hand now."

"No. A doctor's. Perhaps you can't be a surgeon, but you could still be a doctor, some useful sort of a doctor. It's what you love, Wes. What you've always wanted to do, were meant to do. I knew that when I watched you yesterday."

Wes used his right arm to lift his useless left one. He put it before her deliberately. She looked at it without flinching. He tried to move the fingers. He failed. He was sweating with the effort. He said, "In a year of incessant trying, I've accomplished that. I can wiggle the fingers a little. A one-armed doctor?"

"I know it would be hard, Wes. Especially for a proud man like you. But you're a doctor. You can't stop being one, any more than you can stop being you. You saved Miss Amelia's life yesterday. Not only with your hand, Wes, but with your knowledge, your courage, your heart. That's what makes a doctor, Wes. Those things."

"Try telling yourself that the next time you have to have help with a simple hypodermic needle. Try telling yourself you're a doctor then."

"Wes, if you would only ——"

Wes lifted her face to his. "Never mind about me now, Kathi. Let's talk about you. Do you realize Lieutenant Verek is up at the house?"

"Yes. He's asking questions about Mynnelu. I just talked to him."

"And do you realize what he thinks about you?"

"About me?"

Wes kept his fingers firm under her chin. His voice was quiet. "He thinks you gave Miss Amelia that overdose of medicine because she was getting too fond of Raphael, and might leave him her money instead of you."

"Wes!"

"If Verek knew about the new will —— You're in danger, Kathi. Real danger."

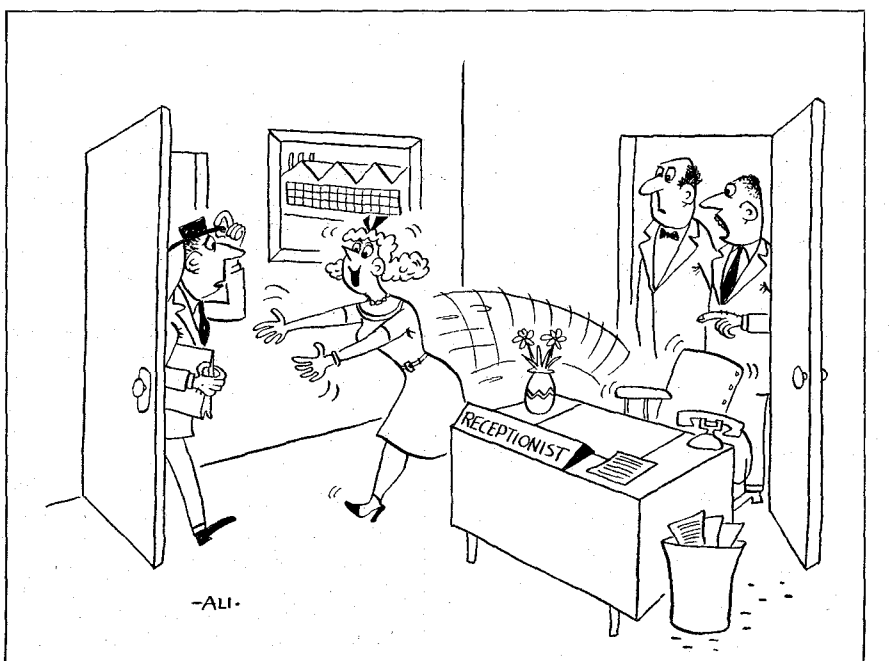
"I can't be. I haven't done anything wrong."

"I know that. But you must let me help you. Tell me whatever it is."

"I can't, Wes. I can't."

Wes stood watching her as she ran away from him up the slope, her bright hair wild in the wind. In the house he saw a curtain move. Someone else, he realized, was also watching Kathi. He would have given a great deal to know who it was.

TO BE CONCLUDED



"The new girl seems to be overdoing it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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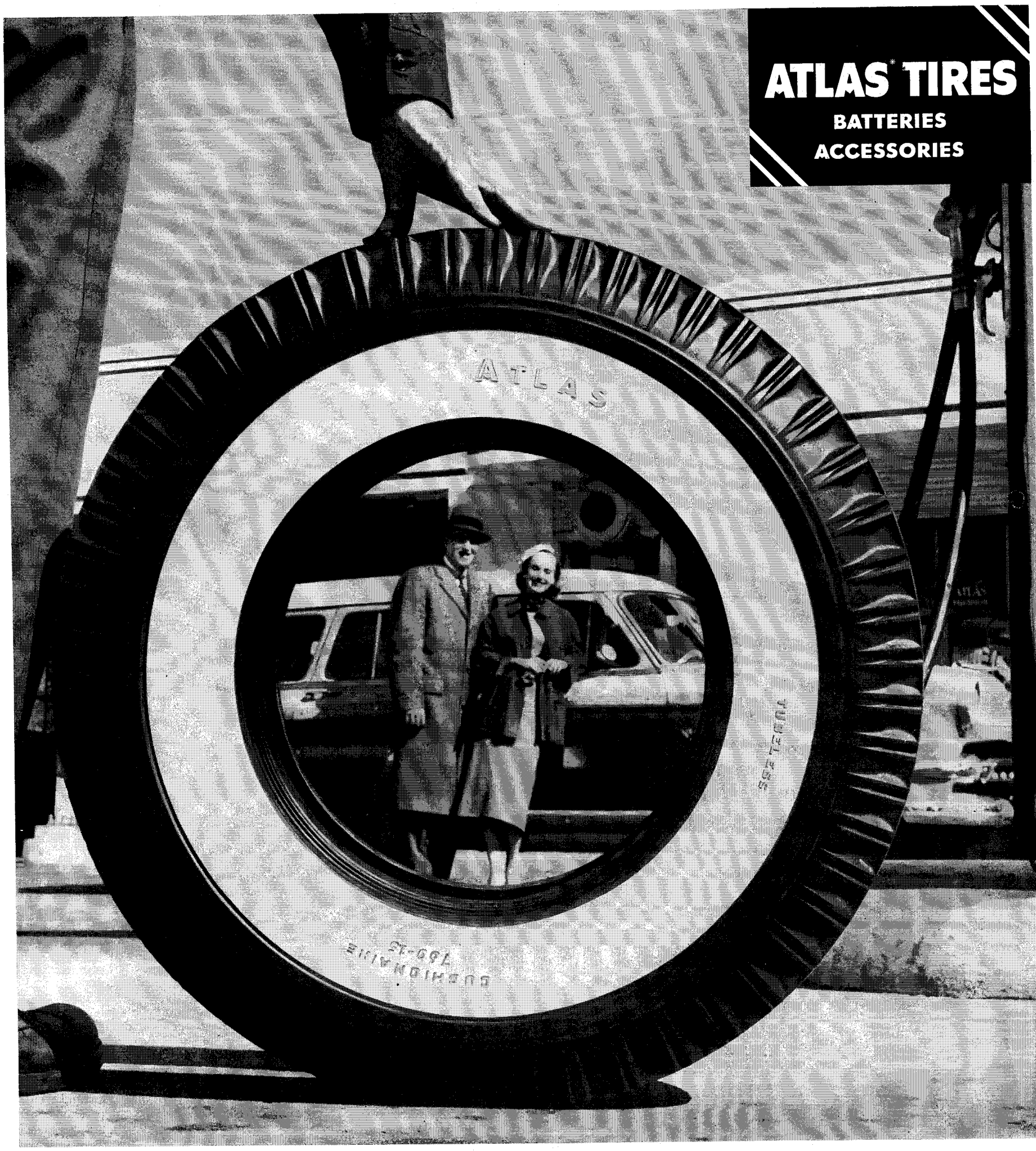

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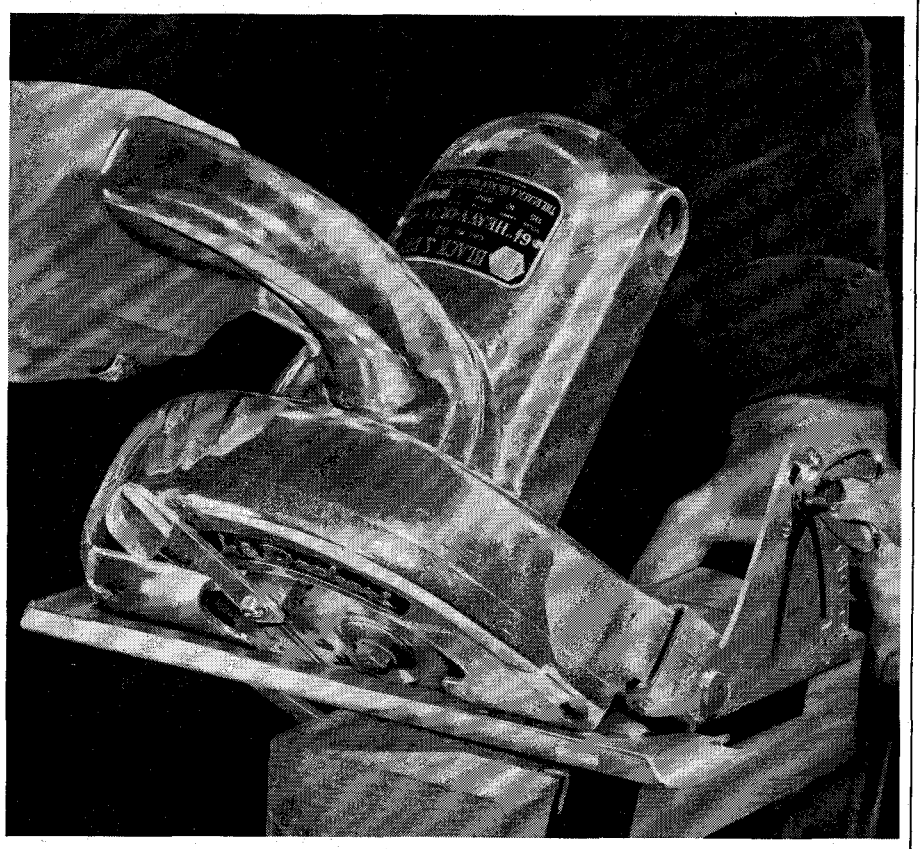

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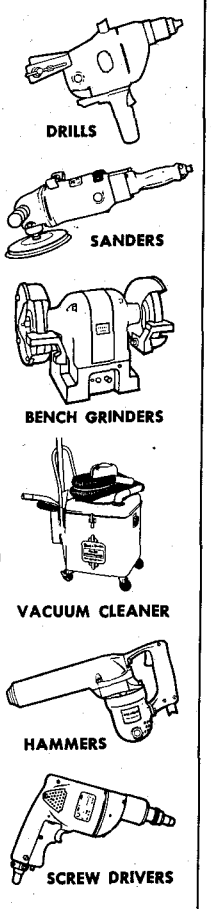

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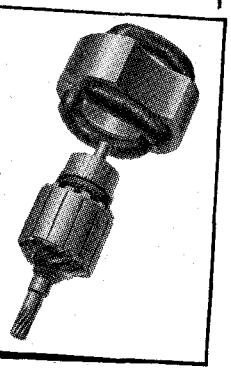

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The Night Mrs. Kent Quit

(Continued from Page 35)

unnoticed, but Jim stopped her, his thin face brightening, as if he had been watching for her and was relieved at her arrival. And she thought wearily how all fall Jim had kept track of her, urging her to attend a concert, serve on a committee, teach homebound students, always something, so that she had to stay alive when with all her heart she wanted only to die.

"I'm glad I saw you before you got upstairs to your room, Mary," Jim said. "I want to get some information on this young Considine you sent down to me today."

Considine. She forced her mind to summon up the boy, thin and undersized of figure, and as sullen and repellent of manner as he was dark and lowering of countenance. "I've taken all I'm going to take from Charles Considine," she said hardly. "All fall he's been lazy and rude and antagonistic. Most of the time he just slouches in his seat and glowers at me. And today in class he sat drawing a picture. When I tried to take it from him, he shouted at me." She could feel herself begin to tremble in remembrance of the boy's defiance. "He would have hit me if he'd dared."

"Drawing a picture." Jim's fine gray eyes were thoughtful. "What was it?"

"He wouldn't give it to me. That's why I sent him down to you."

"He didn't mention drawing anything. Said he'd been sent down for 'fooling around.'" Jim was silent a moment. "For almost an hour this afternoon I talked with that kid without reaching him. He's rude and antagonistic—all that you say he is. But there's something about him that disturbs me all the same—a kind of brooding look I don't like ——" He broke off, sighing. "Well, at least his father's coming in tonight. Maybe if I bring him up to your room ——"

"It won't do any good," she said. "Charles Considine is hopeless, I tell you." She hesitated, looking up at him with bleak blue eyes. "I'm hopeless, too, Jim," she added in a low voice. "I—I don't want to teach any longer. This afternoon I wrote a letter to the board, resigning. It's in my desk upstairs, ready for mailing."

With teachers and a few parents passing them on both sides in the hall, they stood silent, staring at each other soberly.

"Look, Mary," Jim said at last. "It's none of my business—you can very well tell me to go peddle my papers—but you have to go through these things. Believe me, I know."

"You know!" Her soft voice was wild with pain. "You never had a child. How can you possibly know how it feels to lose one?"

His mouth looked white and strained and curiously defenseless, and Mary thought oddly, unreasoningly, of gay, beautiful Ellie Thompson, who had been married once, briefly, to Jim, and who was now married to a steel manufacturer in Illinois. "No," Jim said. "I never had a child. I never lost one. Perhaps that is why I know how important it is to save one."

She laughed shortly, but there was no mirth in the sound. "Well, you save him. I won't. I couldn't save my own son." Blindly she turned away from him, while memory, bright and terrible as ever, pursued her down the hall and swept her back relentlessly to that July evening of four months ago.

With Elise Stone and Evelyn Morrissey, she had been playing bridge at Ruth Canning's apartment. Tommy, who was a junior counselor at a day camp for the summer, was on an overnight hike with the group at Elton Lake. Even if she had known that one of his nine-year-old charges, sneaking out for a moonlight swim, would be stricken with a cramp, even if she had known that Tommy would swim out to help him, she wouldn't have worried. For Tommy had passed senior lifesaving; Tommy was as much at home in the water as on land. Ruth's phone had rung at about ten, and, after a minute, Ruth had said slowly, in an odd, strained voice, "It's for you, Mary." Even at that moment the nine-year-old was being revived on the shore. Even at that moment Tommy was gone.

"'Evening, Mrs. Kent."

At the chorus of boyish voices, she looked up blindly and saw the little group of student ushers who stood together near the foot of the stairs, waiting for the influx of parents to begin. Tommy would have been a junior; Tommy would have been an usher like Tim Morris and Joe Eldridge and the rest of his gang on the swimming team and in the Student Council. She could see them looking at her out of young, self-conscious eyes, Tommy's friends, making sure that they spoke to her, but relieved when she passed them with a quick nod and hurried up the stairs.

Shivering, she seated herself at her desk, and opening the drawer for her record book, at once saw the resignation which she had written this afternoon. As if seeing it would somehow give her courage to face the evening ahead, she placed the letter directly before her on the desk, just as a sound at the door warned her that the onslaught of parents had begun.

Their questions, their fears, their hopes were like those of all the parents of all the Parents' Nights of other years. She alone was different. For now she knew that all the hope was vain; all the joy and security ephemeral; all the sad, parental confidence that one's children, at least, must prosper, built upon treacherous sand. And this knowledge made of Parents' Night such an ordeal that she was almost relieved when Jim Graves appeared in the doorway with Charles Considine and his father and put an end to further conferences.

The father was big and confident, and pompous, a self-made man, Mary decided, a man who would expect a great deal from his children. Here was no doting parent, who would defend his child, right or wrong. This man would be cruelly honest, even with himself, she thought, as she met his level glance, felt his firm handclasp.

... ...

Accomplice

By Helen Rittell

Of course, he has a
conscience, but
It, too, is only four years
old.
So when he raids the cooky
jar
In search of crispy,
hoarded gold,
The still small voice says
warningly,
"Two won't be enough—
take three!"

... ...

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The boy looked younger and smaller than he looked in class, and infinitely less frightening. Almost meekly he stood before her now, with his narrow shoulders hunched defensively and his dark eyes lowered, so that the heavy lashes lay childishly on his thin, sallow cheeks.

"I'm sorry that my son has caused you trouble, Mrs. Kent," the father began briskly, and Mary had the feeling that he had allowed just so much time and no more for this interview. "My wife's not well and I'm in New York most of the time at business, but we want to cooperate, of course." His glance was cold, almost contemptuous, as it passed over his son. "For the past few years he's caused us trouble too."

"Almost from the beginning Charles has been a problem." Disconcerted by that frigid glance, Mary spoke uncertainly.

"I didn't do anything at first," Charles muttered. "At first I liked you. I was glad I had you for a teacher." For an instant his dark eyes met her blue ones accusingly. Then they slid away indifferently. "Aw, skip it," he said rudely.

You see? Mary's glance sought Jim's, but Jim, who was watching the boy intently, did not notice. "His work and his effort are both poor," she told the father. "I don't need to tell you that he's rude."

"You don't need to tell me anything about that fellow!" An ugly crimson tide crept up the man's heavy throat and cheeks, and he slapped his gloves together almost triumphantly. "We're wasting time talking about him. I know of a school that will whip him into shape. I should have sent him there last year."

Charles scowled and kicked at the floor. "I'll run away," he muttered darkly. "Only this time you won't find me."

For the first time, looking at the boy, Mary felt an odd disquietude. She could see a pulse leap in the slender throat and for an instant it seemed to her that the childish threat held a desperation that was not at all childish.

In a kind of blind rage and frustration, the father glared at his son. "You won't run away from this place." He laughed shortly, glancing at his watch and rising from his chair with a decisive movement. "I'll make all the arrangements before I go back to New York tomorrow."

"I think we're making too much of this thing." After the man's irate tones, Jim's voice sounded very quiet. "As I understand it, in class today Charles was drawing ——"

"Drawing!" Mr. Considine interrupted sharply. "Drawing what?"

"Nothing," the boy said quickly. "I tore it up." His dark eyes, enormous in the pinched whiteness of his face, darted guiltily about the little circle of adults, and he shifted his weight nervously from one foot to the other. "It was just—nothing," he repeated.

"Sounds like a perfect description of all your efforts," the man said, deliberately cruel. He turned to Jim then, irritation plain in his voice. "I thought I settled this drawing nonsense once and for all when he entered this school in September. Art! What kind of a subject is that for a boy? He can take math and science and history, like everyone else. I won't have him sneaking off to draw either. If he has time to play, he can swim or play football. Why can't he be like other boys, I'd like to know? Why can't he be like his brother?"

The boy drew in his breath sharply, and something in Mary came awake at the sound. "Brother?" she said slowly, her throat suddenly and unaccountably dry. "I didn't know Charles had a brother."

"Mark didn't come to Lincoln High School." An odd gentleness erased the harsh lines in the heavy face, softened the harsh voice. "We moved to Brookfield after—we came to Brookfield two years ago."

Fumbling in his pocket for his wallet, he drew a snapshot from it. "This is the best picture we have of him," he said, extending the picture to Mary with hands that shook. "It isn't very good—no camera ever could get Mark's smile. It ——" He was silent a moment; then went on heavily, "Mark had honors all through school. He was all-American at Yale." The father cleared his throat and looked at her with tragic eyes. "He was killed in Korea three years ago."

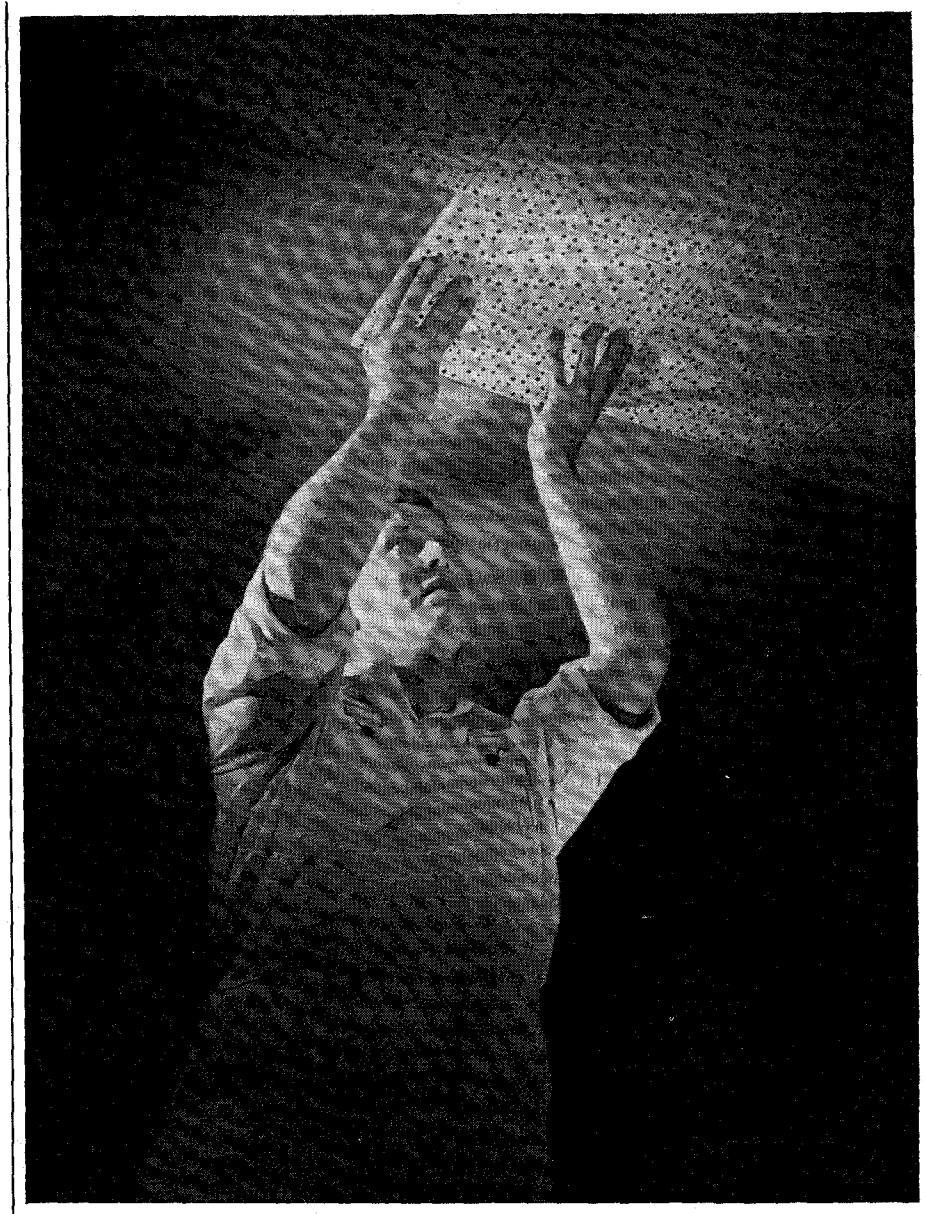
Looking at the picture in her hands, Mary saw that Mark had been winning and handsome and strong. Like Tommy. And, like Tommy, he had died. Giving his life so that others might live on.

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his
peer. . . .

A fragment of Milton's poem rang in her mind; a (*Continued on Page 91*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This'll hand your mother a laugh.
They're your birth announcements."



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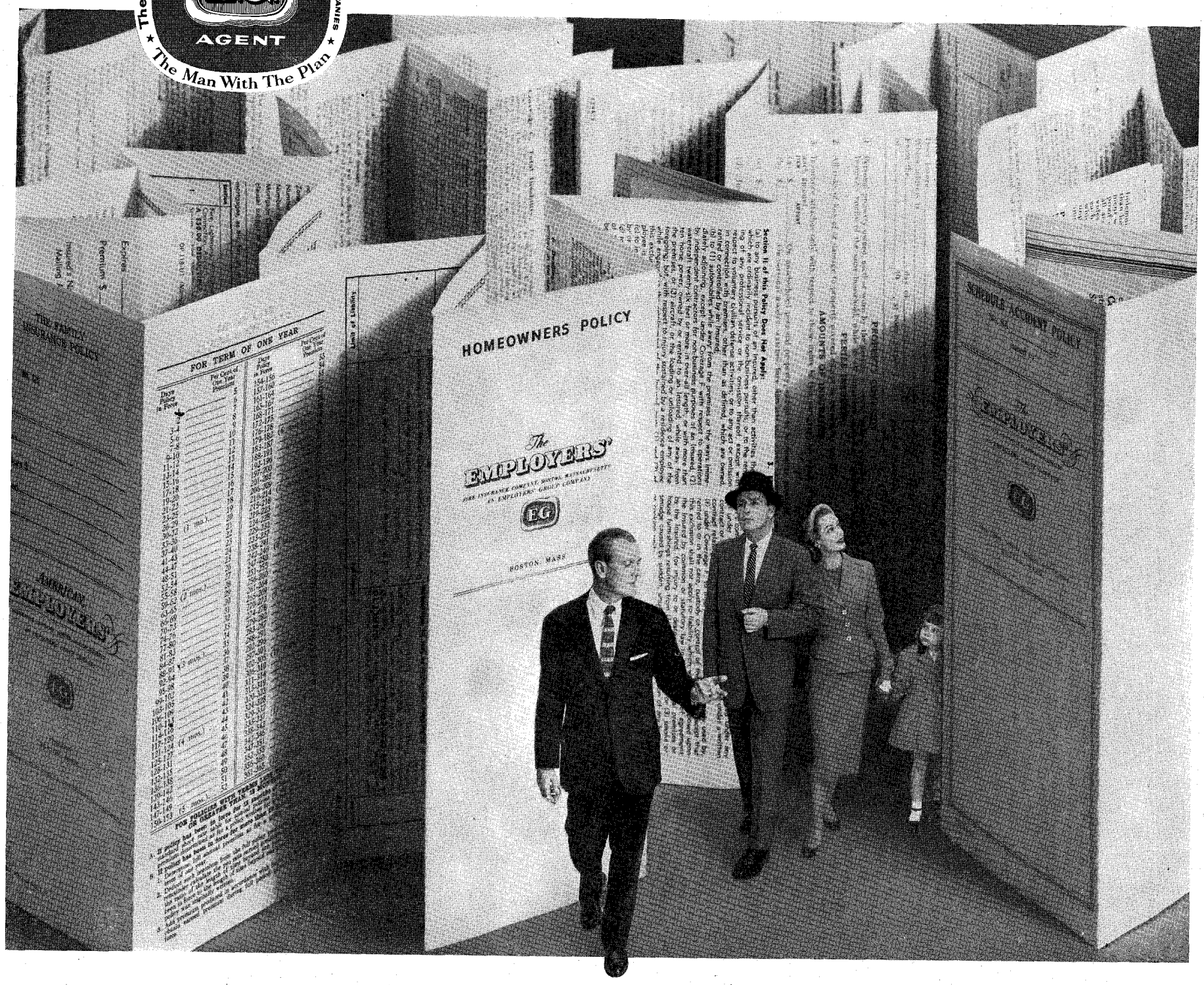

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(*Continued from Page 89*) young drowning face swam fleetingly before her. *I, too*, she longed to say, *I, too, have lost my son.*

But a strangled cry of rage and agony that was hardly human wrenched her back sharply, stunningly, to Charles Considine. "Go on, say it!" The boy's voice was high, unrecognizable, and his face, as he confronted his father, was white and terrible. "You don't ever let me forget for one minute that I'm not like Mark; that I can't do anything. I may be dumb, but I catch on to some things!"

Casting about him wildly, the boy's eyes found Jim's kind face and clung there, as if he had found an anchor in a pitching sea. "When Mark died, I wanted to die too," he told the principal, and he brushed the tears away angrily, with the back of one thin wrist. "Then I thought that if I could do something. But I couldn't. When I tried to play football, I just got sick. And I wasn't any good in school, except in art. I was just no good."

Almost as if he had heard her so describe him, he looked at Mary then. "Oh, I know," he said bitterly. "I know what you think every time you look at me. I should of died instead of my brother. I should of died instead of your son!"

"No!" Mary moved her hands in a gesture of shocked denial that brought her to her feet. "Oh, please, no." For a moment of almost breathless significance that was like a memorable meeting or a final parting, she stared at the boy and he stared back at her. And as if she had been blind and now could see, she read in Charles Considine's face, not insolence and indifference and antagonism, but sorrow and love and bitterness, as sharply etched as these things were etched in her own heart. *Forgive me. Oh, forgive me*, she begged, so fervently that she thought she said the words aloud.

Almost timidly she reached out and rested her hand on Charles Considine's shoulder. Through the leather jacket she could feel the instant withdrawal, but she felt, too, the thinness and the trembling. When she faced the father again, she and the boy, standing side by side, seemed suddenly allies.

"I want another chance for Charles, Mr. Considine," she said. "We have a fine art course here in Lincoln. It's only November. Charles could still join it. It isn't too late." Entreaty brushed with warning made her voice warm and urgent, "It isn't too late for any of us yet."

Without looking at her, without answering, the father accepted Mark's picture from her and with shaking fingers placed it in his wallet. And it seemed to Mary that, as he did this, he chose between the dead son and the living. She made one last effort to reach him. "You must hear me. You must understand. Here is your son," she said.

Slowly the father raised his head then and looked at his son, and Mary saw how well he had heard, how well, at last, he understood. For something was happening to his face; something that splintered it, like glass, into a dozen pieces; something that made it look, for the first time, like a father's. "I—I didn't know," he whispered brokenly. "I didn't understand."

I didn't understand either, Mary thought humbly. For in the man's face, as in his son's, she saw a knowledge of sorrow she had thought was hers alone. The knowledge was in Jim's face, too, she thought, searching Jim's kind features and seeing them for the first time. Perhaps it was in all men's faces.

Even after Jim and the Considines had left, the strength and purpose she had felt continued to sustain her. Steadily, unhesitatingly, she tore the resignation, which she had written this afternoon and which still lay on her desk, twice across and dropped the pieces into the basket at her feet. She could not resign now, she knew—not this year at least—not until she had made sure that Charles Considine got his chance. Then she looked about the bleak and empty schoolroom and felt the old pain tear afresh at her heart, the old despair. *Tommy*, she thought. *Tommy is gone and I am still alone.*

At the same moment the door of the room opened and Charles Considine stood before her. His dark eyes were sober and enormous; his slender frame seemed possessed of a new, pathetic dignity. "I—I came back," he said in a thin, uncertain voice. "I—I thought—I mean I wanted to ——"

She could not take her eyes from his face. "You wanted to tell me something," she said slowly.

He nodded. "I—I knew him in camp last summer," he went on stumblingly. "When they put me in your class, I—I wanted to tell you I—I was sorry that he—he —— But then I thought that you—you didn't like me—and I couldn't." A strangely sweet and moving smile played about the lips she had thought sullen. "At camp he used to call me Chuck," he said. "Nobody but Mark ever called me by a nickname before."

Her throat felt dry and constricted; she thought the boy could hear the pounding of her heart. Mutely she watched him as he fumbled in his jacket pocket and brought out a folded paper, which he thrust at her awkwardly. Like a citation, she received it, wordlessly, into her hands.

"I—I lied when I said I tore it up," Charles said in a voice which he made gruff to hide its trembling. "I didn't want anybody to see it. But you can see it." He faltered, cleared his throat and finished in a half whisper, "You can have it if you want it."

Slowly Mary unfolded the paper and looked down at the picture which the boy had been working on in class that day and which, through all his anger, he had not destroyed. Crudely penciled, smudged now, but drawn in love and wisdom, the likeness was unmistakable. She looked into her son's bright face, and in the silence of the room the measured words of the poem whose mournful lines had haunted her earlier tonight beat like her own pulse beat, loud and strong and clear.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep
no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery
floor.
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with
new-spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning
sky. . . .

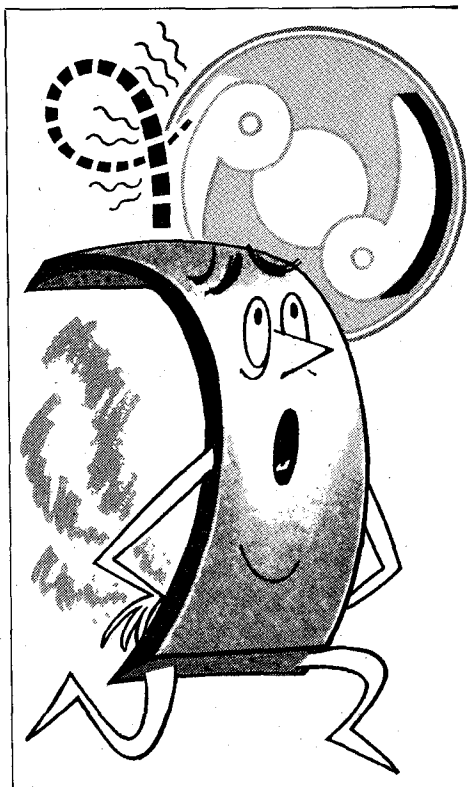
Slowly, like the breaking up of a great ice floe beneath a midday sun, she felt her frozen heart grow warm again. And slowly it came to her that God, whom she had thought remote and hidden, was all about her.

She put her head down on the desk, and for the first time in four months she wept; not bitter tears, but tears that seemed to clear her mind and cleanse her heart.

"I can do it over again if you don't like it," Charles Considine, aghast at her tears, offered eagerly. "I can do better; you'll see."

When she raised her head and looked into his anxious young face, her mouth was gentle, her blue eyes were luminous with understanding. Sorrow and longing for her son would never pass, she thought sadly; not even with the passing years. Often they would seem insupportable. This was the price that love exacted of those who loved. Yet the feeling that now engulfed her was not aloneness, but a kind of oneness she had never felt before—oneness with this boy and with everyone who had ever known or would ever know sorrow—oneness, without which no man ever knew the true meaning of life, possessing which no man was ever alone.

"It's beautiful," she said at last, and when she saw the light spread over Charles Considine's face she spoke of many things. "No one ever gave me anything so beautiful before in all my life." THE END



There was an old shoe
that lived in a brake.
After a few quick stops,
he had all he could take.
"I ought to be retired,"
he was heard to say,
"Drum-and-shoe brakes
have had their day."

The car you're driving, whether power equipped or not, has a braking system based upon the drum-and-shoe principle. This braking principle was adopted for cars as far back as 1920 . . . and it's still with us today. There have been many improvements and advancements in automotive design, but brakes have lagged behind. Automobile fatality figures from a large insurance company point out that, aside from human error, the greatest single cause of auto accidents is poor functioning of brakes! You can enjoy safer driving, easier, more comfortable driving with Auto Specialties Double-Disc Brakes . . . the brakes specifically designed for modern cars. Auto Specialties Double-Disc Brakes have proven themselves *superior to all present braking systems* in test after test. Double-Disc Brakes let you drive with a new feeling of confidence. Ask your car dealer about Auto Specialties Double-Disc Brakes, now!

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The Perfect Squelch

The young couple with their two well-mannered small sons were visiting New York City on vacation. As a special treat, they decided to dine at one of the smarter restaurants. The head waiter, recognizing that they were not steady customers, stuck them at a small side table near a noisy service entrance. The other waiters ignored them studiously. After fifteen minutes, one condescended to bring them water and menus. Then he joined a second waiter in a leisurely conversation.

The two small boys, becoming increasingly restless, failed to heed their mother's urgings that they remain quiet. In a tone which neither the boys nor the waiters could miss, the mother called out:

"You know what happens to little boys who don't pay attention. They grow up to be waiters."

Steven P. Cameron

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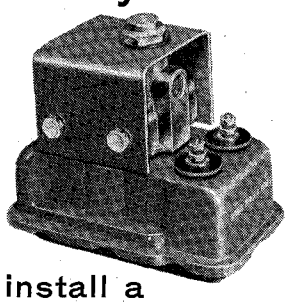

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

The Roughneck (Continued from Page 37)

Mitch held her, feeling the curving slightness fitting the circle of his arms, looking into purple-blue eyes only inches from his own.

He said, breath uneven, "I—I didn't see you in time. You could have been killed."

"It was Pepe—everything scares him. I—I'm all right now. I ——"

He put her down then, but her gaze still held his pinioned. Soft color suffused her face and she looked away. He felt the back of his neck burn and a drumming roll in his chest. They drew apart.

She said at last, in shy confusion, "I don't know how to thank you, Mr. ——" The timbre of her voice caught at his throat like a hand.

"Mitch Karpen."

"I'm Cathy Drake." She was looking at him again, silence between them.

Then he said, the words somehow coming out gruff, "Look, I better get you back." He wanted to hurry her away. No, he wanted to keep her here. He wanted —— He turned from the beating thought. He wanted her in his arms again.

He drove too fast, with a careless excellence, braking to a stop in the stable yard, where men gathered around the lathered horse. In the hubbub he got away, taking, sharp-etched, the memory of her face.

He quarreled with Lou that night. It had been building. Now it felt good to spit out words, get back as good as he gave. Only afterward she wanted to make up, mouth too accepting, eyes too knowing. He slammed out of her place and drove around until three A.M.

She accused him bleakly at breakfast, "What do you want—a hang-over pill?"

"I want ham an'. And the coffee now."

"You been drinking?" She stared at him, troubled. "No, I guess you haven't." She leaned toward him. "Forget last night. Don't be sore."

"I'm not sore."

"Oh, no, you're not sore!"

"Look, do I get the coffee or don't I?" She slid the cup before him, spilling a little. Sensing her bewilderment, he felt a shamed contrition. He liked Lou, didn't he? He grinned. "I'm a morning grouch."

"Oh, you, Mitch!" She grinned back, warily. The food came, but somehow he wasn't hungry.

It was just any noonday until a blue car came up and stopped. Mitch's heart gave a slow twist. He cut the motor, got off his seat and strode toward Cathy Drake.

"Hello," he said. "No horse?" He tried not to stare, but he couldn't tear away his gaze.

She shook her head. "Not today. You know I never really thanked you ——"

"Sure you did." He saw her flush faintly. He talked on hurriedly, "What are you doing out this way? I—I figured you went to school." The words sounded short; his voice wouldn't act right around her.

"I do. City College. This is lunch hour. I bring mine." She patted something on the seat. Mitch still stared at her. She looked away. "I went out to check on Pepe. I was short-cutting back this way when I happened to see you." The eyes met his again. "So—I stopped."

"Yeah?" Wonderful world! Mitch's grin was an even slash in his tanned face. "What kind of sandwiches you got in that lunch?"

Color deepened along her cheekbones; then she chuckled. "Baked ham."

"Trade you for a cheese. O.K.?"

"It's a deal." She opened her paper sack; Mitch brought his lunch box, unwrapped a thick cheese sandwich, then stared at the little oblong Cathy held out. They began to laugh, exuberant laughter racing beyond slow-footed speech. "You're being cheated. Give me just a little piece."

"You break it then; my hands are dirty."

As Cathy took the sandwich their fingers touched. He felt momentarily weak. He dared not look at her until he was controlled again. They ate slowly. Mitch offered her coffee, watched her lift his vacuum-bottle cup to her lips and drink, his heart growing too big for his chest.

Then she unwrapped another package—two slices of loaf cake. She pressed them together quickly, but he had seen. She broke the cake as if it were one thick piece. He took his; it stuck in his throat.

Cathy stuffed the papers in the sack. "My psych teacher is wild if we're late." She switched on the motor. The incredibly blue eyes lifted to his. "Well, good-by, Mitch. I'm glad I happened to ——"

His brown hands gripped the door frame, his eyes were level, hard. "Next time you bake a cake, save me another piece."

The wind lifted her hair as the car leaped away. He stared after it, mad, shaken up. They were all alike. A short cut! Just happened to see him! Yeah. He stared at the cup. It bore a tiny smudge of lipstick. Then he rubbed it hard on his jeans, slammed it on the bottle.

That night Lou took him to task for kidding with Diane, the cashier. It wasn't the making-up kind of a fight. He walked out, disgusted. He went to the Star Café for breakfast next morning. The waitress was pert, gazed brightly aware.

She moved in after a few moments. "Anything wrong, handsome? You're not eating much."

"Nosy, aren't you?"

Her glance was oblique, assured. "When it's worth while."

"What makes you think it is?" He tossed his money on the counter and walked out. What difference did it make, anyway?

Three days went by. He told himself, what did he care about Cathy Drake, but he churned inside, tormented. Everything seemed to become very still when he saw her car stopping. He walked over to it, but he was not aware of putting a foot to the ground. Her eyes made him dizzy when he looked into them. Her quick little smile strove for nonchalance as she held up a box.

"Well, I baked the cake, Mitch." Chin high, words not quite steady.

He held to the door ledge, looking only at her. "Yeah, I see."

She took a chocolate wedge from the box. "This is yours." She pushed it toward him. "Don't—you want it?"

His voice came out harsh; he ignored the gift. "Who do you think you're kidding?" Why did she have to be like the rest? Why? She stared at him. "You heard me. Kidding." He had to say it fast or he couldn't say it. "City College is south of Wilder, so this is no short cut. Or how dumb did you figure I was. It's your cake—two pieces—so you can eat it—and have it too. That makes you lucky." The expression on her face hurt him physically. He had to turn and go or not go at all.

The tires spun with her take-off. She was mad. Good! Well, she had it coming, didn't she? Rubber squealed at the next corner. He got back on the scraper, hands fumbling for the controls. He was shaking all over. He told himself to get over it, that he'd been crazy, that it never really happened. But his arms remembered. He had not known days could be so long, so empty.

Lou phoned him at Mrs. Mertz's, where he roomed. Called to the phone, he had a moment of absurd hope before he heard her voice. "Hello, Mitch."

"Hi, Lou. What you know?" He was no longer mad. It didn't matter.

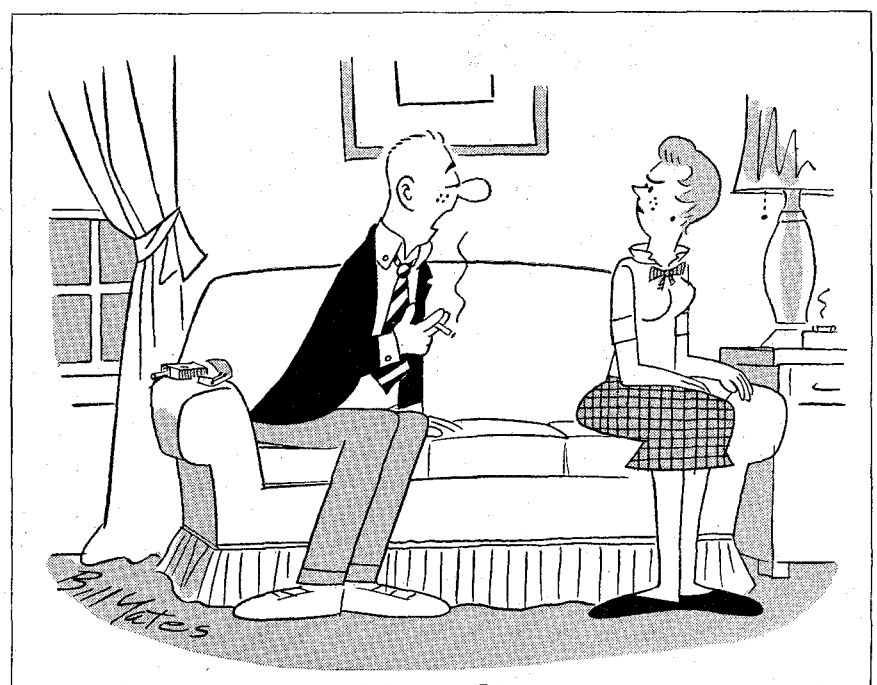
Her voice was low, careful. "Mitch, I've missed you." A pause. "The boss brought in some trout. I've got some for you—at my place, if you want to come." It was her gesture of apology. Maybe it would work out; maybe the ache would leave. Maybe he'd forget some things.

"You're sure it's no trouble?" That was his apology.

"Trouble!" He heard the little lift of her voice. "Oh, Mitch."

It was a direct run to Lou's over the newly opened arm of the speedway. There was a wait for the signal at the exit of Avon Golf Club. His heart's dizzying sideslip told him it was Cathy before he consciously formulated the knowledge. Then it began a piston drive in his chest. He saw her clean profile as her car swung, glimpsed the woman with her.

He passed his own turn-off without even (*Continued on Page 94*)



"You're much too good for me, Edna—
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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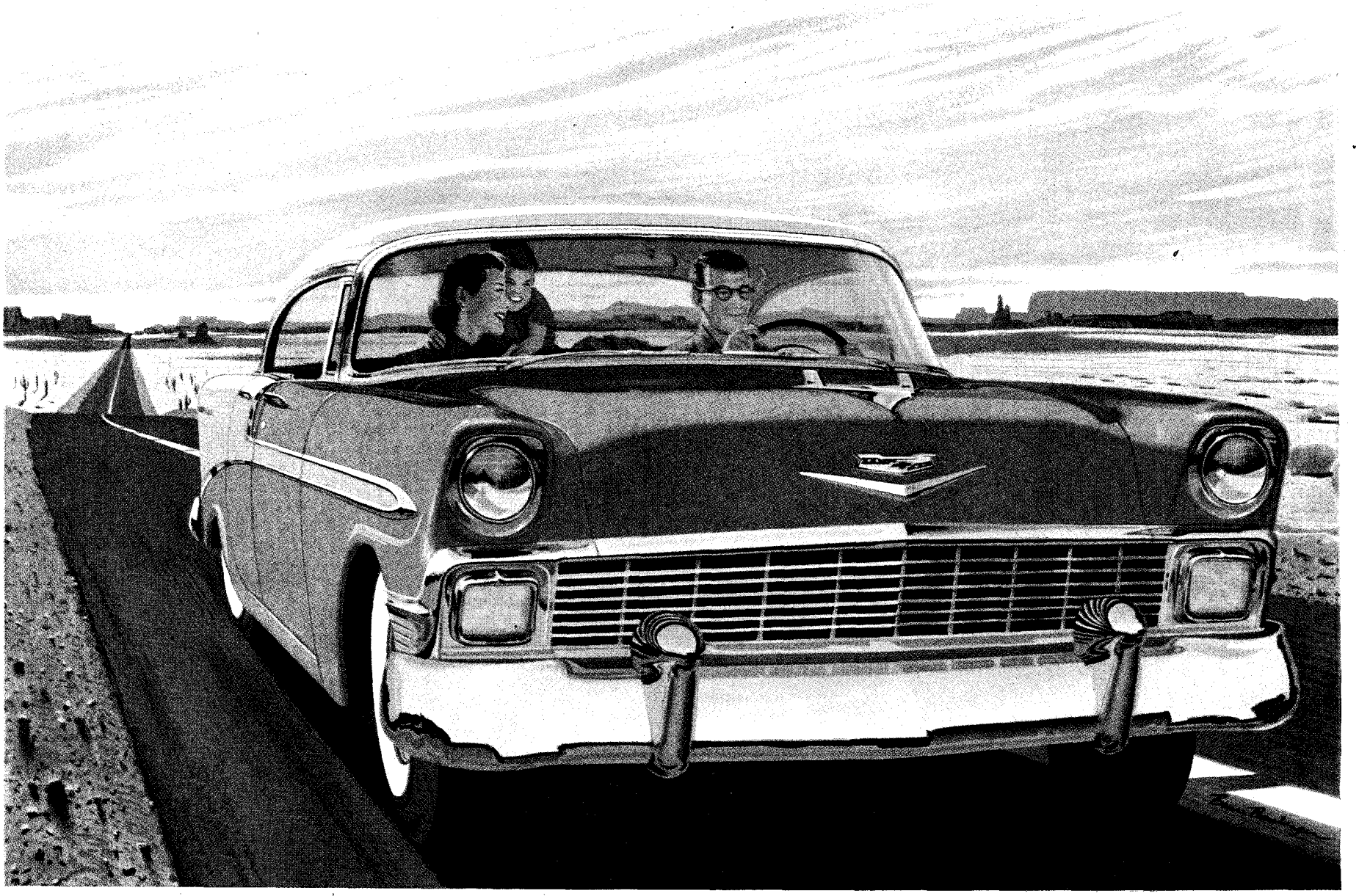

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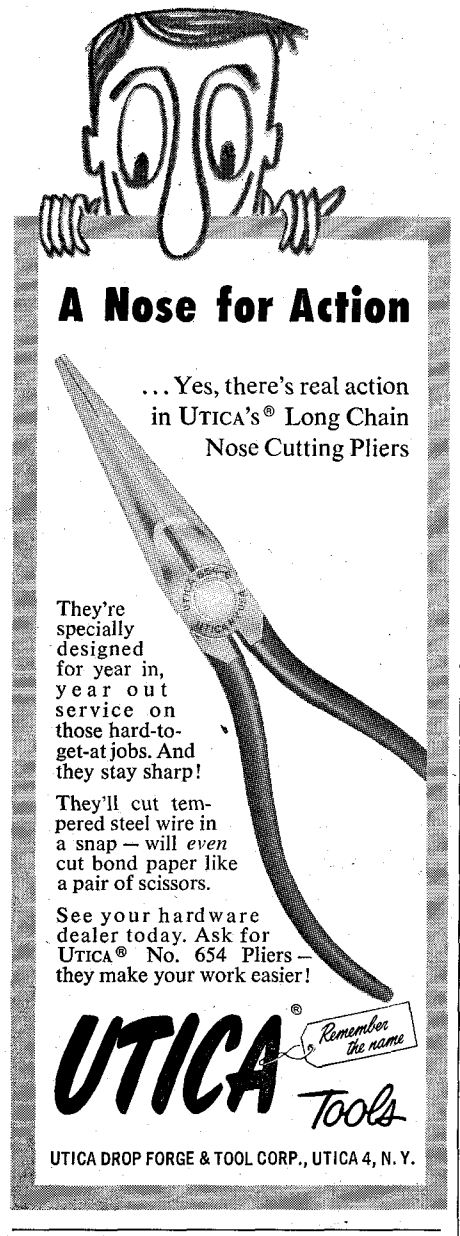
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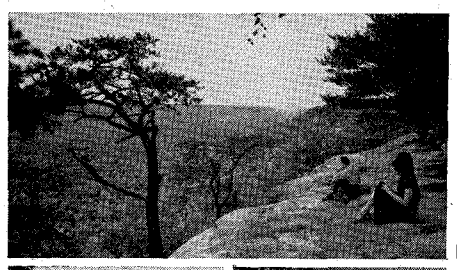

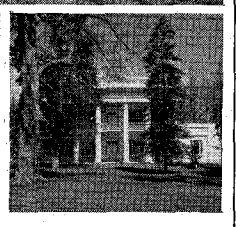

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(*Continued from Page 92*) remembering it, his car following her blue one as if magnetized. He had to know where she was going, where she lived. Her turns were his turns until she reached the driveway of 310 Ashton Road. Fine street, fine house. Sure. He drove past, and kept on driving. Needing the fierce hum of speed. He was miles away when he remembered Lou. He phoned from the first drugstore, but no one answered. She'd be really sore at him this time.

Only, everything in his world had ceased to matter but Cathy Drake. He was one great hunger for her. Day's end found him exhausted and food without savor. He drove past her handsome house on the way to work and on the way to Mrs. Mertz's after work. At night too. And for what?

He never expected to see her walking, but he slowed for a bus and she got off. Pale gray skirt, soft blue sweater, straight-walking little blue flats. The bus ground on and she walked in the fading light, and as he watched a shine came over everything.

He cruised alongside. "Want a ride?" Holding his voice even, for inside him her name was thunder. *Cathy.*

For a second she froze, motionless; then she turned. "Mitch." It was just a catch of the breath.

He was out of the car, beside her. "I didn't think you'd ever speak to me. You shouldn't—after what I said. You—I hadn't any right ——"

"You did. I—I should have known I could be honest with you." Cheeks flushing, she finished, "Say I wanted to see you."

It left him with no words at all. Suddenly she had more poise than he. "But what are you doing over here?"

"Hoping I'd see you. I know where you live; I followed you one day." Meeting her eyes, shaken by them. "Yeah, I did. Honest." Trying to grin. Then fleeing to the mundane, "Where's your car?"

"Oh, valve grind and stuff. I get it Friday."

"This is Tuesday." They stared at each other, in the still center of a hurricane of unsaid things. Then he told her, "I'll drive you home."

In the car, she said, "It's only three blocks."

"You want a soda, or coffee, or something?" He didn't look at her. "Over at the Live Oak Drive-in, maybe?"

"That's across town." Awful moment of indecision. Then, "O.K., Mitch."

So short a drive and they were at the place. He dared to look at her directly. She swallowed. "Just coffee, please."

"Aw, something else." He wanted to give her the world. "Chicken sandwich?"

"Well, O.K. then."

"Same for you?" The waitress' gaze lingered on Mitch's face.

He laughed, sort of an exultant laugh. "Give me the club; I'm starved."

He wasn't. Two bites and he felt stuffed, and he saw that Cathy only nibbled. They sat drinking their coffee slowly, making it last. And then the cups were empty.

"More?"

"No, thank you. I've got to get home."

"Sure, I know." Glances meeting, holding, fleeing away again.

Under a young, high-riding moon they recrossed town and reached the soft gloom of Ashton Road, the deserted block by the elementary school. The car seemed to stop itself. They turned to each other in wordless seeking. Mitch had her in his arms, all the warmth and sweetness of her, his hard mouth claiming hers.

And clinging to him she cried, the words almost a sob, "Oh, Mitch—darling Mitch!"

They saw each other when they could. Brief moments of her lunch hour when his heart seemed to ball up in a knot as he watched for her, flinging his machine into its work as if it were some terrible extension of himself that must find an outlet, in sheer power, for the immensity of his feeling.

Until Case Breen came by while they ate lunch in Cathy's car. Mitch went over and talked to Case, who never glanced in Cathy's direction.

But Case lived at Mrs. Mertz's, too, and that night he grinned broadly when Mitch declined to go bowling. He clapped a hand on Mitch's shoulder. "Not that I blame you, boy, with what you've got in mind."

Mitch flung off the hand as if it were hot. "Lay off that," he said sharply.

"I only ——"

"Lay off!" Mitch felt the anger in him tighten his skin; knew it was unreasonable, yet was helpless against it.

Case stared at him, bewildered. "For Pete's sake, Mitch, what's eating you? Can't a guy make a simple crack?" Then, seeing the blaze in Mitch's eyes, he made a rejecting motion with his hands. "All right, all right, I never said it. O.K." He shook his head. "I don't get it. I just don't get it."

Out on the highway, fury rode with Mitch; against Case, against anyone who would sully this love for Cathy. He wanted to protect her, care for her, yet at the same time he wanted her with a terrible hunger. He called her finally from a pay station.

"Hey," he said very low when she answered.

He heard the sharp intake of her breath. "Mitch!"

"Look, can't you meet me somewhere?" His intensity flowed over the wire. "I've got to see you. How about corner of Adams,.in ten minutes?"

When she came, when she was in his car, she said uneasily. "I told my mother I was returning a book. I can't stay long, Mitch."

His mouth stopped her speech; she clung to him, taking the pain of his fiercely gripping arms. Then she lay against him without strength. Tenderness welled in him, the yearning to be all things to her.

What he had to say, he said awkwardly. He'd never known a girl who wasn't on her own, but he sensed Cathy's sheltering. "Look, this is no way. I'm coming to your house; I want to meet your mother. I want to ——"

She flinched back. "Oh, no, Mitch! No, you mustn't!"

"But why not?"

"It's just that—my mother wouldn't understand. I mean I'm nineteen—and she doesn't even know I'm grown up." His cheek against hers found it wet.

"You're crying! Cathy, don't cry." He cradled her, infinitely gentle. "I can't stand it if you cry." His thoughts churned in the silence. "But, Cathy, folks matter. I never had any I remember. The county farmed out its orphans. I got licked blue, so I ran off when I was fifteen. I ——"

"Oh, Mitch, darling! I didn't know!" She pressed against him, warmly comforting. "You've never told me things about yourself." He wished he could tell her about the lonely years, but over the loneliness he'd plastered the empty little conquests in which he had no pride. So he couldn't tell her.

A week later, Rafaelson, the superintendent, offered him the job near San Francisco. "We're winding up here. You're one man I don't want to lose, Mitch; you're doing all right. Soon as things are lined up, I'll let you know. O.K.?"

"I'm coming with you," Cathy told him, when he brought her the news.

"I want you to come," he said soberly. "But—about your mother?"

There she was adamant. "She'd never agree. And it would mean spoiling what's been between us. Later she'll understand, I know she will. But now it has to be us, Mitch, just us. Don't you see?"

He didn't. Everything in him rejected this furtiveness. Somehow it cheapened their love. Cathy was a kid, and scared. He had to think straight for both of them. Not that he wanted to talk to her mother; he sweated at the thought, but something drove him.

He chose Friday night because Cathy had a school meeting. He phoned first. He asked Mrs. Drake if he could see her. "It's very important."

(*Continued on Page 96*)

"Let's go through that drill once more, Coogan!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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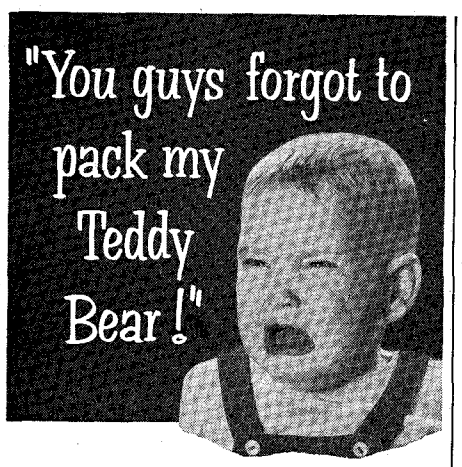

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JOLLY TIME BEST POPPIN-BEST EATIN' POP CORN

(*Continued from Page 94*) He hadn't expected her to be so fragile, so lovely. He sat uncomfortably in the pastel living room and she looked at him without hostility.

"Mitchell Karpen? I suppose Cathy calls you Mitch." Then, at his look, "No, she didn't tell me, but we are close; I knew, of course, there was someone."

He said the words burning to be said, "I love Cathy, Mrs. Drake," and when she did not answer, "I want to marry her."

She spoke slowly, "Did Cathy ask you to come to me?"

It caught him off guard. "No. She doesn't even know ——" He stopped.

The grave, lovely eyes regarded him. "She didn't want you to come."

"Why"—defense of Cathy forced his words—"it wasn't that."

"Why has she said nothing, then? I've been waiting."

He felt cornered. "Don't blame Cathy. She wasn't sure you'd understand."

"Why wouldn't I understand? What could make Cathy feel like that?" She said gently. "It's been very precious to me that Cathy and I could always talk together. Why not now? Of all times, why not now?"

"I don't know." His own bewilderment was in his voice. He said defensively, "Before long she would have told you."

"If you really believed that, would you have come?"

"Well, it seemed I ought to be the one." As she did not answer, Mitch began to feel a dull anger. "If you want to know about me ——"

"I know what matters—why Cathy would fall in love with you." Her gaze held his. "I am sure it would be easy for a woman to think herself in love with you." She paused; then, went on, "Will you forgive my frankness in saying that I can see, also, why she has not come to me?"

Heat burned along his collar. "What do you mean by that?"

She countered, "All her life Cathy has been honest with me—until now. She has lowered that standard because of you. Why?"

"Well, she didn't want to hurt you."

"If her heart knew this was right, would she feel it could hurt me? Wouldn't she want to tell me, want to share it?"

"Are you trying to say that Cathy is ashamed of this?"

"I have lived long enough to know that an—an attraction can be stronger than we are—even when we know." She paused; then asked him levelly, "Do you think you are right for Cathy? That you could really make her happy?"

He felt tangled in a spider web. "Cathy loves me." He needed to say it.

"But how much do you love her? That has to matter. So much."

He hated her now for forcing him to try to put into speech this which was so far beyond words. He was the old Mitch, quick, defensive. "If you think anybody can take her away from me ——"

"I know I can't." She lifted her hands, dropped them. "For all my loving her, I am helpless."

He said roughly, "We aren't getting anywhere. I want to marry Cathy. I want her for my wife as long as we both live. It's—like that."

She said, very low, and her hands were gripping each other tightly, "She's young, Mitch; she could get over you—if you'd let her. If you could love her—that much."

He was on his feet. He couldn't fight her or the questions that ate into him like acid. Without words she made him feel gross, unfit to touch Cathy. Somehow it seemed her eyes looked into him, saw all the things he wanted to forget, the early, shoddy years.

She went to the door with him, looked at him for a long second, hand on the knob. "I can only ask you again," she said, "how much you really love her. I can only hope—and pray—it is deeper than you know."

Out in his car, he felt as sore as if he'd taken a beating against which he could put up no defense. He drove to Reilly's for a drink, seeking a rear booth in the way a hurt animal seeks a dark corner. Then he forgot his drink even as he looked at it. *Cathy.*

When Lou Kane's voice spoke inside him in the dimness, "Mitch?" he just stared at her, uncomprehending. Then she slid into the seat across from him, her hurt eyes seeking his. "Mitch, I've come here every night after work, hoping you'd be here. I've phoned; you're never home. Mitch, what happened? What did I do?"

"You didn't do anything." He wanted to get away; knew he could not.

Her gaze entreated. "Fighting is not important, if people love each other." Then, as he moved uneasily, "I had to find you, tell you. If I made you mad, forgive me. I never meant it. Only I can't go on like this, watching the door, listening for the phone, waiting for you to get over being sore and come back." Her voice shook.

"Lou, it wasn't any fault of yours. It was mine. Nothing you did."

"Then, why?" Her hand reached and clutched his own, her eyes searched his for a long, uncomfortable second. Her face crumpled. "Mitch, no."

"Lou, be fair. I never strung you along. You were out for kicks."

"Because I thought that's how you wanted it. Anything—so you were part of it." Her voice deepened. "You just make people love you, don't you, and the rest is easy?" *I know why Cathy would fall in love with you.* "Sure. How many have you hurt like you're hurting me? And you sit there, not caring. You know something? You've never really loved anybody in your whole life; just let them love you—and get hurt."

Anger, pity, shame—all were tangled up inside him with his own hurt. He struggled to say something. "Lou, I'm sorry." He knew it was the wrong thing by the way anger came into her face, hardening it. They both rose.

She said, her voice low, bitter, "You smash everything up—and you're sorry. Nice of you! Maybe next time I meet a guy like you I'll remember." The level tone was worse than if she screamed it. "You're just no good, Mitch; no good at all." She tried to go on, and couldn't; she pushed past the small table and went out, not looking back.

He felt sick. He wished he could have said something right. He hoped he never had to see her again. She shouldn't have said what she did. And what did she know about love? What had he ever known about it before, the wonder of it, the hurt of it? But he knew now. Suddenly he had to see Cathy; the need was desperate. Things were in the open; he'd fight anybody.

Ashton Road was quiet at this late hour. As Mitch rounded the corner, Cathy was getting out of a car in front of her house. Back from her meeting. A tall blond boy went up the walk with her. The street light caught the shine on their clean young faces, showed their easy assurance with each other.

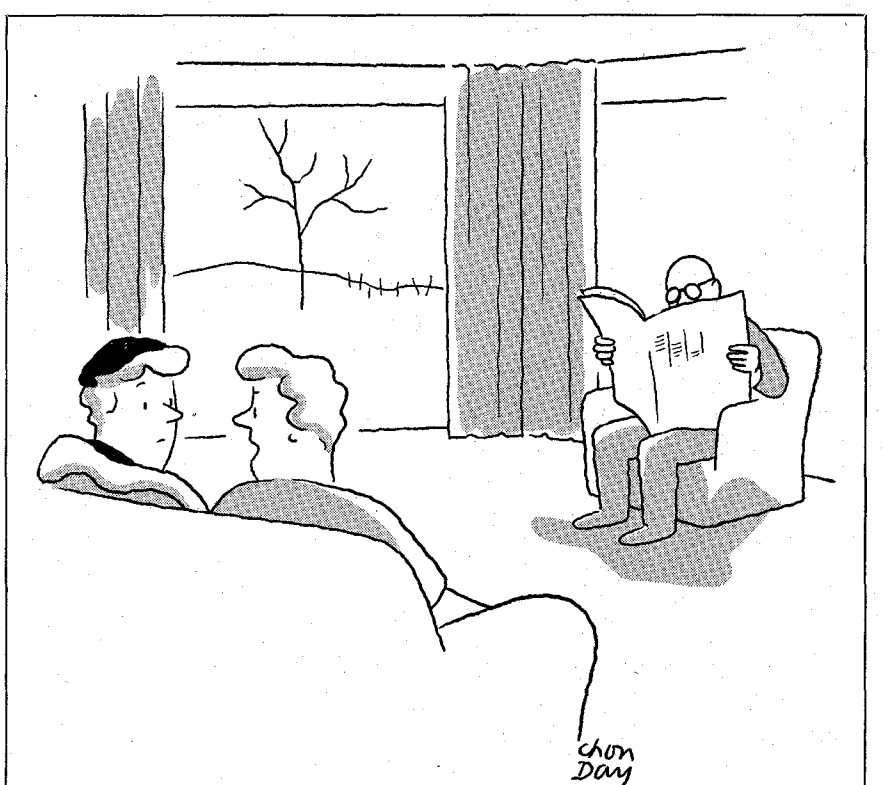
She smiled, a warm friendly smile. "Thanks, Rick, and good night." As the door closed, the boy stood for a moment and looked after her, yearning in his face. Then he drove away.

Mitch sat there helplessly, hating a boy who wore the sort of look he'd never had in his rootless life—the look of quiet assurance that came from belonging. Cathy had that same look. He struggled against the rising tide of his despair. *How much do you love her? . . . never really loved anybody . . . let them love you—and get hurt. How much do you love* her? *How much? How much? How much?*

Cathy opened the door to his ring, late the next day. "Oh, Mitch! You shouldn't come here. If mother were home ——"

"I've got to talk to you. Want to sit in the car?"

But when they were there he felt his tongue dry in his mouth. He was one great awareness of her. Yet he had to speak. (*Continued on Page 100*)



"In all our years together, Harvey has never looked at another woman . . . nor has another woman looked at him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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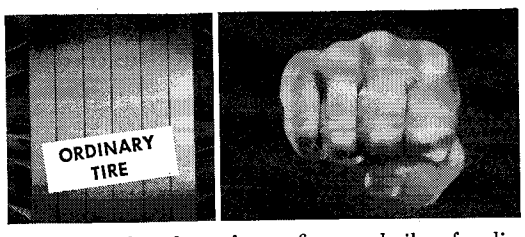

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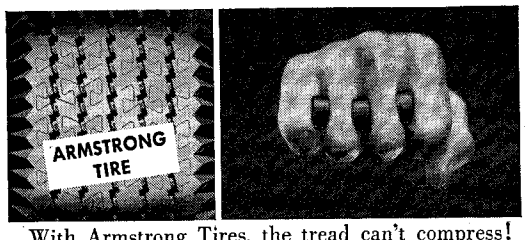

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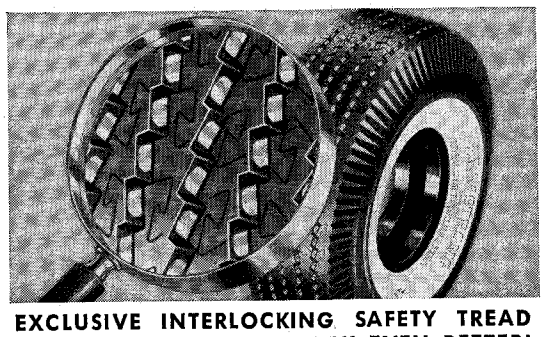

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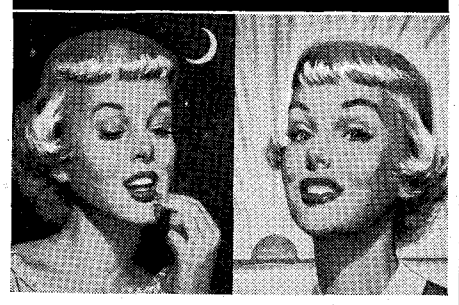

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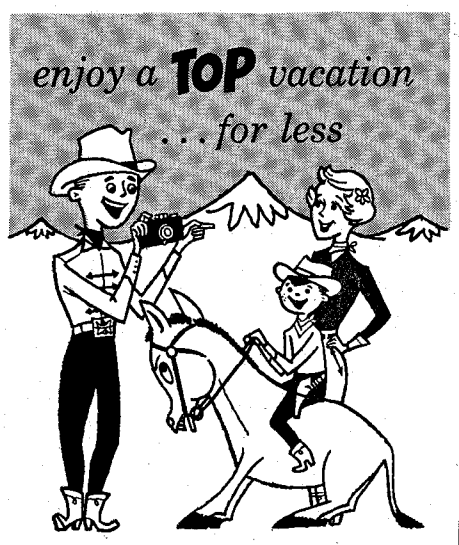

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(*Continued from Page 96*) "Rafaelson just let me know. He wants me to leave Monday."

She caught her breath. "That's day after tomorrow!" Then, steadily, "O.K., Mitch; I'll be ready." Her eyes turned to him in trust.

Pain was tying up his midriff. He dug out the words. "Look. It wouldn't work so good, Cathy, your coming with me. Your mother ——"

"I've thought about it until I can't think any more. Sometimes you have to hurt people, even when you love them. Isn't that so, Mitch? Isn't it?" Her voice pleaded for his understanding, his comforting.

When you love. Or because you love. "Look," he said, "you're too nice a kid really to get mixed up with me." For hours he'd struggled with how he'd say it. Not like this! Never like this.

"The guy I want to marry," she said softly. He couldn't answer. "Mitch"—a little uneasily—"is anything wrong?" He held hard to the wheel, twisting his hand on it. "Mitch?"—a small asking whisper of uncertainty—"that's what you meant, wasn't it? Marry me?"

"It'd be no good," he said at last. "Maybe I was crazy enough for a while to think —— Look, Cathy; you belong with wedding bells and all the trimmings. Me, I've got to be free as air. I—I like you too much to spin out any more line. There it is, straight. I'm going, and you're not coming with me. I'd be no darned good for you. We both know it." Brutal, like that. *Oh, Cathy.* If she'd only hate him, make it easier for her. It was all his fault—what he had done, the hurt he'd brought her. And she would never know how much he loved her. That he loved her—this much.

She stiffened as from a blow, and then she drew herself up. She didn't cry and what she had to say didn't take long, which was well, because he couldn't have stood much more. He saw in her two things, pride and courage, though he turned from the suffering in her eyes.

She was out of the car when she said, too quietly, her whole body taut with effort, "I guess it's been good for laughs. I guess love is something you don't know about, Mitch. You don't know about it at all."

He sought his old panacea, speed and distance. He lost count of time or miles. Somewhere around dawn he pulled off the road and slept—a heavy sinking into blackness. He awakened to hot sunlight and a pounding head. He stopped at a place for coffee, forced it down.

The elderly counterman said, "You look like you've been traveling fast."

"Yeah," Mitch said, pushing his money across the counter.

"Well, take it easy, son," the man said as he gave him change. "Whatever it is, it'll still be there."

That turned him back. This time running did no good, because he could not run from what was within himself or ever be free of it.

The Sunday traffic was heavy, the pace slow, and he was numb with fatigue and it was early dark when he finally pulled up in front of Mrs. Mertz's. The place looked deserted. But his closing bill was sticking in his door with her note: "Please settle with me tonight, Mitch, if you're leaving early." He crammed it in his pocket. Didn't she trust him?

He went down the back hall to her sitting room. Light showed under the door. He knocked. "Mrs. Mertz ——" His voice rasped with fatigue.

The door opened and he was looking at Cathy. For a moment he thought he was dreaming as he stood. He caught the door jamb, unable to speak, only stare. He shook his head to clear his vision, but she stayed.

She said, "Come in, Mitch." He moved inside. She said, "Mrs. Mertz let me come and wait. I've been waiting a long time."

He saw the shadows under her eyes, the conscious straightness with which she stood. He was here with her, and how could he send her away this time, how find the strength? He said hoarsely, "You shouldn't have come. You ——"

"Why, Mitch?" Her eyes seemed enormous. He moved his head helplessly, like a man almost out on his feet.

She said then, carefully, as if she drew on reserve strength for every word, "I came because you lied to me, Mitch. It was all lies, everything you said."

"No, no."

She went on as if he had not spoken. "I wanted to die when I left you. And then I wanted to hate you. And then, after everything got still and I had stopped crying, I began to think. About you, about us. And I knew I could never hate you, because what we had was real, and real things don't change."

"Cathy, listen ——"

"I knew you couldn't change like that, Mitch. You were too good, too honest." He heard these words spoken about himself in a kind of wonder as he stared at her. She went on, "I thought how you came to the house, walked right up. After what I'd told you. And all at once I knew you'd been there before. You had been to see my mother."

"Look."

"I knew it. I woke her up. Mitch. I asked what she had said to you. She didn't tell me, but I knew she wouldn't. She said—nice things about you. Kind things. Then I knew how bad it was."

"Cathy, she made me see ——"

"I know all she made you see, Mitch. But I know, too, what she did not let you see—that she will not let me go. After my father died, she made me all things to her. I couldn't go away to college, Mitch, or to a summer camp, or to visit another girl. I've never had a vacation or spent a night away from my mother. Oh, I love her; don't misunderstand. But she has always made me feel, somehow, that I must be grateful because she gave me life. I don't know how she does it, but I know that always, if I've fought to get my way in something, when I've got it I haven't wanted it; there's been no joy in it, because I've hurt her. That is why I was afraid for us, because, when I loved you, then I understood."

"You didn't tell me."

"I wasn't grown up enough to face her with the truth; that's why I wanted to run away with you. And I couldn't talk to you against my own mother. But, because you're the kind of a person you are, you went to her. And somehow she made you ashamed, as she could always make me. And so you lied to me—all those lies." Her voice trembled. "Oh, don't you see how much I need you, someone like you? You're my chance for happiness. Oh, Mitch!" Her voice broke then and the sound of his name was a small cry as she went into his shaking, outreaching arms.

At first he could say nothing, only hold her closer, closer. But the things she had told him were growing within him, and he was dropping exhaustion like a discarded cloak. She was here in his arms; she believed in him. He felt he could reach the stars. He knew a world reborn.

He told her at last, when they had become coherent again, "I'm not taking you with me tomorrow."

She smiled. "I know. No running, not for us. I'll never be afraid again. I've got you. When things are ready, come for me."

"It'll be like that," he told her. He knew it would be. THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Miss Amy Lowell, the cigar-smoking poetess of the distinguished Boston family, was addressing the Poetry Society of South Carolina at Charleston in the days when DuBose Heyward and Hervey Allen were among its leading members. As the sole judge in awarding the society's important nationwide poetry prize, Miss Lowell sought to explain why she selected a long and rambling offering in the then new and somewhat unintelligible style which she favored. "You must learn to appreciate it," she declared autocratically. Next, she read the poem, her choice of hundreds from all over the English-speaking world, to the increasingly perplexed and indignant audience.

At the end, most could mumble only pleasant inanities while shaking hands with the great lady. Then an elderly gentleman with a booming voice took her hand firmly, and said:

"To think, Miss Lowell, that there were 345 *worse* poems than that!"

J. Mc.B. Wells

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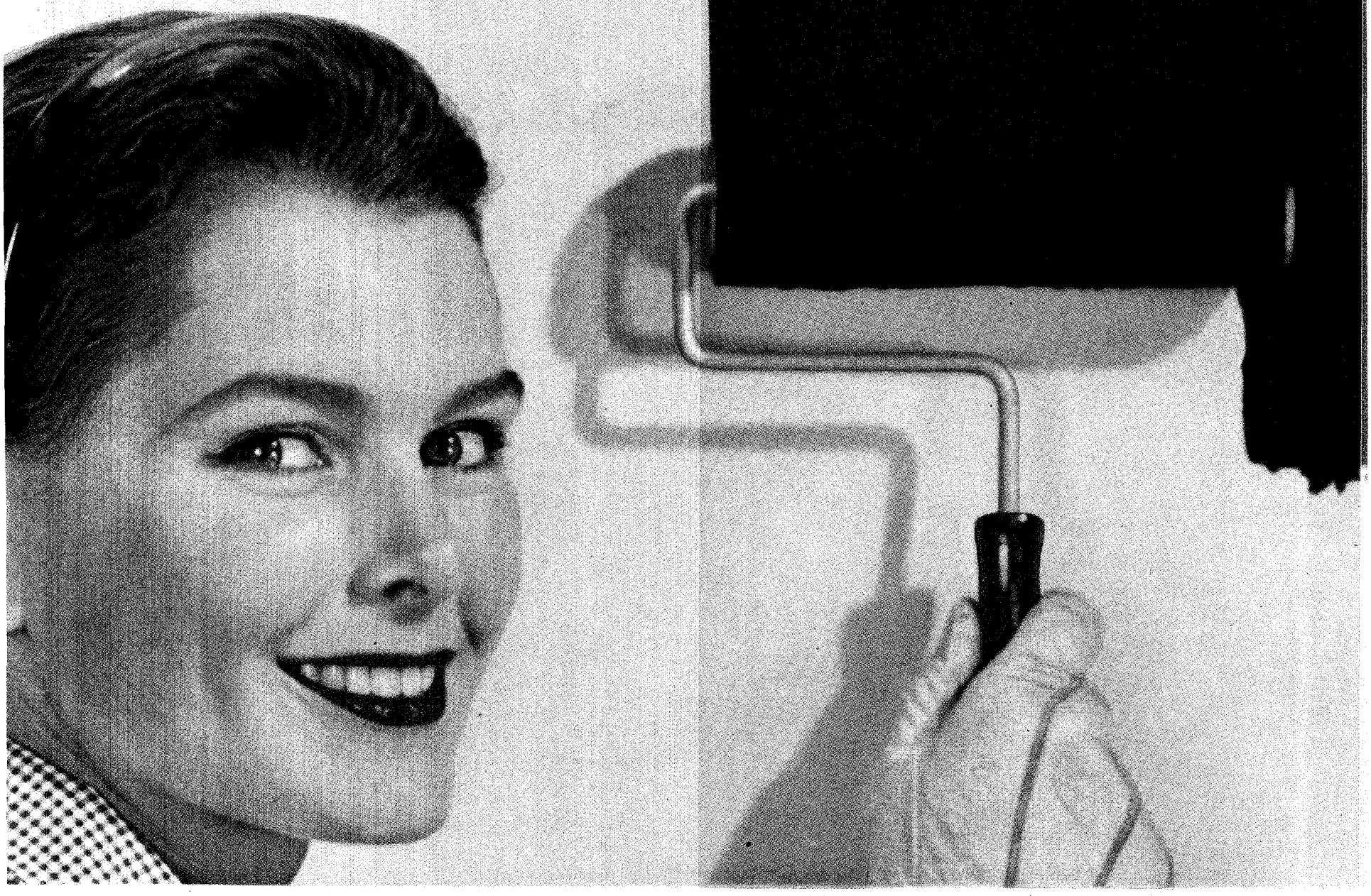

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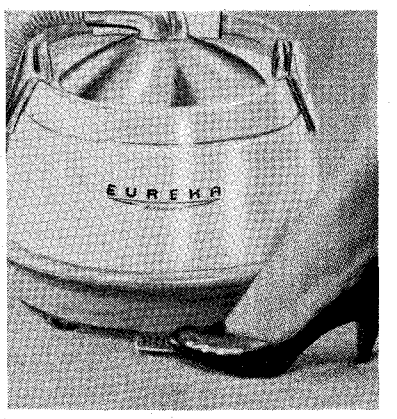

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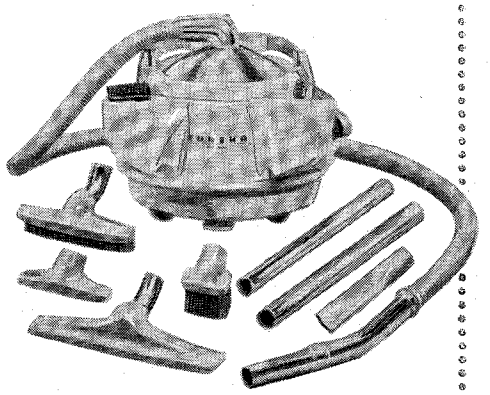

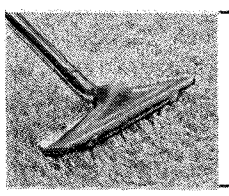

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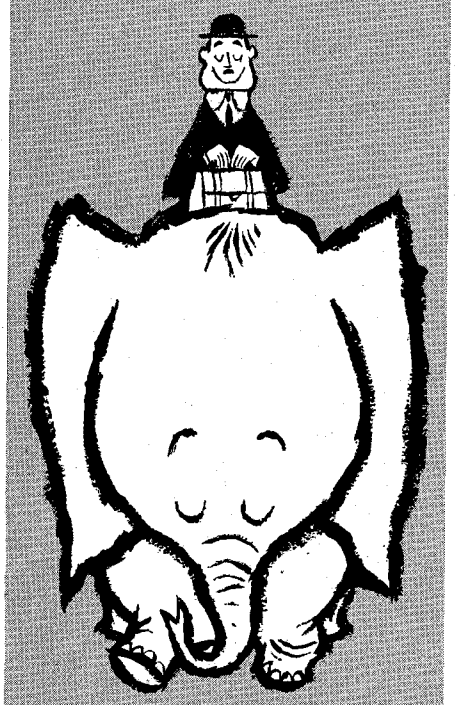

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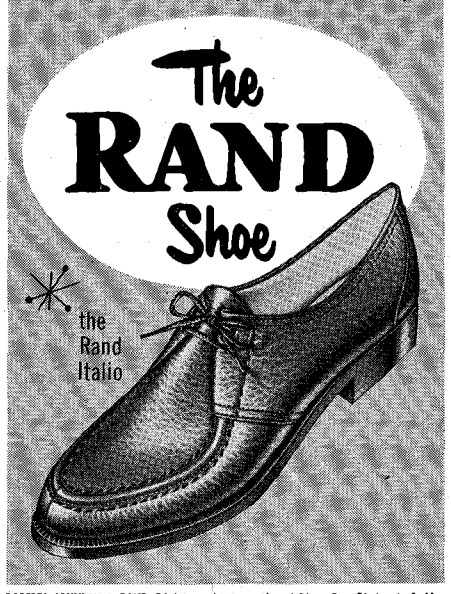

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What is a High School For?

(Continued from Page 25)

mental ability, the school can no longer be concerned primarily with the preparation of youngsters for college. Yet it is remarkable how many high schools held to this purpose long after their enrollments included boys and girls with ambitions running from automobile repairing to biochemistry. Even now some high schools are following the old line, abetted by an occasional parent-teacher association and vehement critics like Canon Bernard Iddings Bell and Prof. Arthur E. Bestor. Here is an attempt to withstand farsighted educational thinking that was spelled out a generation ago.

Back in the 1920's leading school authorities such as Profs. Thomas H. Briggs, Henry C. Morrison and William C. Bagley, pointed out that for certain children the high-school program must be terminal. It should be a vocational program. It should be "pupil-centered." It needs to be concerned with "life adjustment" and with citizenship. The high-school program must be all these things. At the same time it must prepare about one third of the graduates for college.

The better high schools for years now have had not one purpose but many purposes. Also, research in psychology, physiology and anthropology has revealed so much about how people learn that it has become necessary to adopt new teaching methods. High-school courses have been developed to capture the interest of pupils who learn slowly as well as those who learn rapidly. Seen from the viewpoint of the high school and its job, these adaptations are understandable, even praiseworthy.

In another development, the modern high school has become a community center concerned with mental and physical health, community projects, and adult education and recreation. The doors are open from eight in the morning until ten or later at night, at least five days a week. This change followed upon the extracurricular movement and its valid premise: learning by doing. Those who play in the band come to know music, musicians and composers. Through dramatics the pupils learn literature, oral expression and aesthetics. It is all fun, too, and a source of parental pride. Still, what began as education has sometimes become mere entertainment. This fusion of school and community has its virtues, but the preparation of pupils for college entrance has not benefited.

Not everyone has been made happy by these developments. The parent who wants college for his child often charges that college preparation is a neglected aspect of the high-school curriculum. Some older teachers, devoted to academic subjects, are also disgruntled. Nor have the colleges fully appreciated the enlarged responsibility of the high school. Their faculties believe that the new-style "comprehensive" school often prepares students less well than the old-style academic school. When young folk go off to an accredited college and fail, their hometown people are dismayed and sometimes angered. Some lose confidence in their high school. Others think the college unreasonable in its academic standards.

Actually, there is no one especially to be blamed, unless it be our society as reflected by our home communities. The high school has seen its large job and has tried to do it. Almost any high-school administrator will admit, at least to friendly critics, that the secondary school's job has not been done perfectly. On the other hand, the universities and colleges have not always moved as rapidly as they might in the circumstances. The boy or girl leaving the new-type high school to enter an institution of higher learning has trouble adjusting to a place where students are treated as men and women devoted to intellectual growth. Many freshmen benefit from college-supervised dormitories and counseling services, aided by better testing of intelligence, aptitude and social adaptability, but these advances have come all too recently.

Colleges have been slow to emphasize the fact that some young men and women should not go to college. It should be made clear to parents that the meaning of high-school graduation has changed. Not every recipient of a diploma is eligible for college admission. The situation has been further complicated by the decided financial and social value of the college degree. Our national welfare depends more and more on technological complexities, and the self-made man of the future will probably make the grade only if he enjoys a college education. To the man of tomorrow, higher education will be as vital as were the proverbial good wife, sharp ax and strong back to the pioneer.

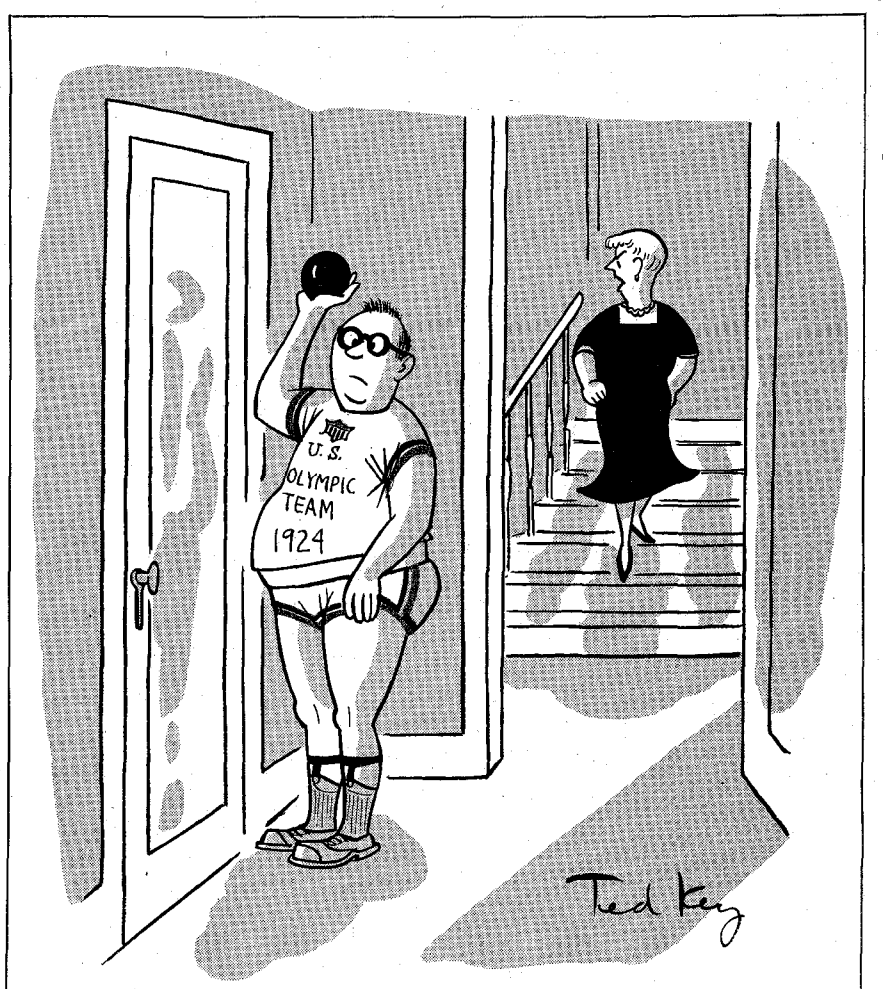
Well-to-do parents often want their children to go to college even if their offspring lack the essentials for success—adequate preparation, desire and determination to learn, and enough mental ability to pursue studies which require abstract reasoning. These prerequisites for success in college are basic. They cannot be waived or altered. The college that adapts itself to the applicant who lacks ability, serious ambition or preparation soon loses its integrity. No, the intellectual requirements of a true college education cannot be made easy to accommodate all comers.

At the same time, there is a pressing need for more college graduates. The natural resource which is in shortest supply in the United States today is trained brain power. The shortage is so acute as to endanger our national health, security and prosperity. Someday you may have to do without a doctor in an emergency; it is estimated that by 1960 the country will have 30,000 too few doctors. Shortages of dentists and nurses will be equally grave. Our colleges are now graduating annually 20,000 fewer engineers than are needed. More scientists and mathematicians are needed. These are the people whose efforts in research laboratories make jobs for us all. It is they on whom we depend for defense against atomic bombings.

There are shortages everywhere. Last year the land-grant state universities graduated 8500 men in agriculture. Over 15,000 jobs requiring such training are available each year. We are all familiar with the serious shortage of teachers. It has brought into the classrooms many teachers without the bachelor's degree. We try to encourage young people to enter the teaching profession, but the shortage of qualified teachers remains critical. The colleges and universities of America provide only 45,000 elementary-school teachers annually, almost 100,000 are needed. To meet the total demand, 200,000 additional teachers at all levels will be needed each year for the next decade.

Another problem: a great many young people in the United States have the ability to do intellectual work of high caliber, but only half of them are enrolled in college. A Minnesota study of high-school graduates ranking in the upper tenth of their class revealed that for every one who went to college, one did not go. This is pretty much the picture everywhere.

One of America's most distinguished university presidents, Harold W. Dodds, of Princeton, advises parents who want to prepare their sons or daughters for college to send them to a private secondary school. But tuition at private schools costs more than most fathers can afford. The really massive job of preparing capable youngsters (*Continued on Page 107*)



"Who loused up the attic?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 104*) for college must be done by public high schools. Their graduates will be admitted to college, welcomed there, and will succeed, if school and community adopt sound policies.

In the first place, high schools should maintain the integrity of all the programs they offer, particularly the program leading to collegiate preparation. This means offering solid courses in mathematics, English, modern languages and at least one of the sciences. To do this will be expensive for the smaller high schools, but not to do it is eternally to handicap capable small-town boys and girls. Last year, some 1500 high schools dropped courses in mathematics and science, on the ground that there were not enough students to justify these courses. But the value of courses cannot always be determined by enrollments. To discontinue courses basic to success in college is to retain the small high school at the expense of capable pupils and the need of the country for trained manpower. We are now sacrificing superior pupils in the small high school. In evidence is the fact that graduates of small-town and rural high schools go on to college in smaller proportion than graduates of city high schools.

Studies introduced largely to provide teaching matter for less interested pupils should not push out subjects which are still basic for able youngsters. The community must not let its values be distorted by the excitement of hearing the local school band playing a Sousa march. The parents whose pride expands when son Tom has a leading part in a dramatic production should be concerned lest their satisfaction be at the expense of the boy's future. If Tom really has ability, he is more apt to develop it at the state university than in Hollywood.

Another point: pupils should not be permitted to waste time or work carelessly in high school, whatever their curriculum. The habits of hard and careful work are basic to success in all human endeavors. In its own way, each high-school subject should be made to call forth the best efforts of the learner. To demand less is to make young people unfit for life. High schools often must be geared to the average mind; if they are not careful, they come to expect too little of all students, superior students in particular. The high schools must be sure that they are not turning out the only product made in America that is not "quality controlled."

Further, the importance of the high-school teacher should be given greater emphasis. Too often community leaders point with pride to the new school building, exclaiming, "Haven't we a wonderful high school?" This is assuming too much. What they really mean is that the building had a good architect, a reliable contractor and up-to-date plumbing. Only great teachers can make a school wonderful. The community determined to have dedicated, capable teachers will have to pay to get them. Money alone is not enough. Esteem and security are also important to satisfaction in a career.

We might do something, too, about improving the community's regard for things of the mind. The intellectual climate of the high school is affected by the intellectual climate of the town. If young people don't want to study, they may be reflecting the social climate in which they have grown up. Plaudits in home towns throughout our land are for the boy who makes touchdowns, rather than for the boy who makes the highest grades in mathematics. The girl who twirls the baton is more complimented than the girl who writes superior essays. If the community puts more money into lights for the football field than into books for the library, this sense of values is adopted by the boys and girls. In some communities learning is even ridiculed. Does your town poke fun at those interested in ideas by calling them "eggheads," "longhairs" or "high-brows"? Are your young people ever reminded that high-brow thinking gave us television, hybrid corn, relief from the scourge of polio? Who is more admired, the man who buys the biggest car or the man who buys books?

The community that gives the right answers to these questions need not worry about the quality of its high school and the probable success of those who go on to college. Such a community will also attract the beginning teacher who is now more drawn to the cultural life of the big city.

Of course, universities and colleges need to understand the modern high school better, and be ready with help. One state university has prepared for smaller high schools correspondence courses in such subjects as algebra, solid geometry and trigonometry. Correspondence pupils receive a kind of tutorial help from a single high-school teacher. For the most part, these schools must emphasize "practical" subjects, a need that is not well appreciated by the college professor. He doesn't recognize that a course in automotive mechanics in the high-school shop, properly taught, can be an avenue of critical thinking. It can prepare students in the logical arrangement of ideas, in reading for meaning, and even an understanding of our civilization.

Out of that civilization has grown the problem that besets us. How heal the breach between high schools and colleges? There is no convenient whipping boy. The problem has not been deliberately created by troublemakers or the misinformed, nor is it without solution. However, like most problems, it will not be solved by emotional response. Honest thinking and courageous action are called for, lest we spoil the child. THE END

DRAWN BY BILL KING THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, let's see . . . you visited us, and now we've visited you—I guess that does it, huh?"

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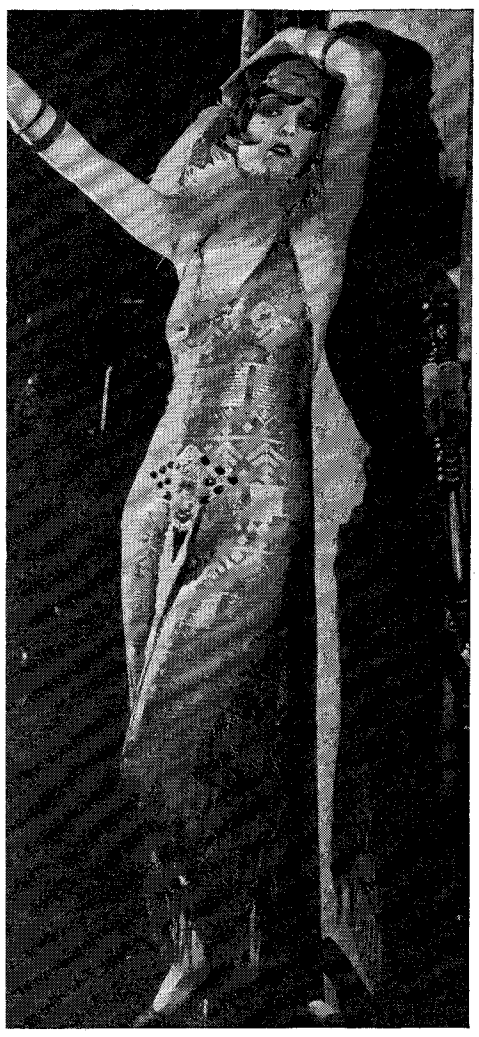
Well, It Was This Way (Continued from Page 47)

with this girl, but I know from your screen test that she's terrific. So, seeing as how you know how to bring out her special qualities, I'm giving her to you as your next leading lady."

Wyler was stuck, and he had to work himself to the bone saving his next picture. But he was not half as stuck as Johnny Waters was with me, up in Utah.

Take my love scenes with Miss Todd, for instance. Girls were not unknown to me. I had gone to some employee dances when I was a bus driver in Yellowstone Park, and once at Grinnell College I had practically become engaged. But Miss



Clara Bow, "the It girl." Next week, Gary tells how he became "the It boy."

Todd was something else again. In Westerns you were permitted to kiss your horse, but never your girl. Just the same, we did one farewell scene and one reunion that had me in a cold sweat. When good actors play together, the emotional give and take builds up. But when Miss Todd threw an emotion at me, I couldn't field it. I just stood there like an iron deer.

If this had been a talkie, my career would have ended right there. As it was Waters solved the problem with semi-close-ups. He shot into my face over Miss Todd's shoulder. Then, leaning forward in his director's chair, he talked me into character. I was a love-starved cowboy back from the Indian wars.

"You're hungry, Cooper," he said. "You haven't eaten for two days. You're so hungry that you're pale and weak. Look into Thelma's eyes. What do you see? A big table full of food. Chicken. Fried chicken and gravy. Dumplings. Virginia ham. Smile a little. Man, that's a feast in front of you. Wet your lips a little. . . . That's enough. Look at that pie—a big apple pie. Show us how good it looks. . . . Don't overdo it. You don't have to eat it all. . . . That's it. Now lean forward for a cup of coffee. . . . Whoops! Hold it! Cut!"

That was me on a love scene—Johnny keeping up a running fire of mood chatter, and me looking hungrily at a piece of pie. The fight scenes were a little better. Jack Doherty was the heavy, and he knew his business. He had worked with actors who knew how to stage a fight, and I think he got a little fed up with me. He was under the impression that I had read the script and knew in advance that the fight was fixed for me to win. He let me mince around for a couple of takes, and then he conferred briefly with Waters. When we started the waltz again, he let me have one where it would register. A couple more on the solid side did my teeth no good, and in my indignation I brought one up from the floor that nearly broke my arm. After that things got so interesting that I didn't know whether I was fighting for the script or for my life.

When we finished shooting Arizona Bound, Johnny Waters returned to Hollywood and the cutting room. You've heard of faces lost on the cutting-room floor. Mine is the one that was found there. Waters began piecing together the best footage from each of my scenes. Out of the several retakes of a single scene, he would find one in which I started out well. Another would show me coming through strong at the finish. Out of the others he would find enough fragments to piece out the middle.

Like mothers, directors forget all their troubles once their celluloid child is born. Waters no sooner saw me in Arizona Bound than he had to have me as the star of his next picture, Nevada. Bill Wellman, another Paramount director, saw a rough preview, and he wanted me for his next. Both of them knew that a lot of me had been swept out of the cutting room. But watching me go through an edited performance in the finished picture, they were able to hypnotize themselves into believing I was as good as I looked.

Having made Arizona Bound in Utah, it was only fair that we make Nevada in Arizona. Evelyn Brent was my leading lady, and she proved to be as sympathetic as Miss Todd had been. I began to relax a little.

What I didn't know was that the powers-that-be at Paramount were holding conferences over the screened version of Gary Cooper. This separate entity of mine looked good. The reviews were in on The Winning of Barbara Worth, and as Ronald Colman had forecast, the Abe Lee who died in his arms was taking a lot more of the picture than was his share. The previews of this same Gary Cooper in Arizona Bound were on the sensational side.

Maybe, the moguls said, this kid has the stuff of which stars are made. Stars make money for the studio. A new star is like a new gold strike, worthy of further development. The bosses saw it like this: "Let's try this kid and see how he pans out. At sixty-five dollars a week, we have nothing to lose but the picture, and we can cover that with other stars."

That was when the pressure began. One afternoon when I returned to my tent after a day of 120-degree desert air, I was greeted by a young Frenchman who informed me that he was my fencing coach.

"M'sieu Le Directeur Waters say you must be a master swordsman in two weeks," he said. He looked me over, and while not giving me up completely, he couldn't help but add, "Come, we have no time to lose."

I worked all day on Nevada, and then for half the night I kept the camp awake with the clash of steel on steel. It seemed that I was to be in Johnny Waters' next picture, Beau Sabreur, a sequel to Beau Geste. The producers had overshot on Beau Geste. Having underestimated the tremendous box office it was to have, they had enthusiastically butchered all the stars in one grand storming of the Foreign Legion fort. Now, with exhibitors hollering for a sequel, they had to invent a whole new cast of characters to recapture the fort. I was one of the new characters.

I never became a Douglas Fairbanks with the sword, but with my reach I was able to postpone extermination. I practiced fencing so conscientiously that I dropped fifteen pounds from my skin-and-bone weight of 165. I gained most of that back before we started shooting the fencing scene out on the desert. Then, between the desert sun, a huge battery of mirrored reflectors and eight hours of work in uniform, I dehydrated to the tune of fifteen pounds in one day. Fencing is a rough game.

In fact, acting for the movies is full of rough games. Riding, for instance, is almost force of habit with me, but I've had some hard days learning to ride in various styles. I've had to learn just about every cavalry drill in the world, from the United States Cavalry to the Bengal Lancers. If they gave me trouble, you can imagine what they were like for actors who hadn't ridden much before. Yet I've seldom seen a professional actor who wouldn't half kill himself to put on a riding performance that would satisfy the toughest cavalry drill sergeant. Buddy Rogers is a fine example of what I mean, and I will come to him shortly.

During the making of Beau Sabreur I added William Powell to the list of talented performers who were giving me hints on how the acting business should be conducted. When I read somewhere that I am a natural-talent boy who never had an acting lesson in his life, I wonder what all those thousands of hours add up to that I spent with Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, John Huston, Henry King, Sam Goldwyn, Cecil B. DeMille, Charles Laughton, Thelma Todd, Claudette Colbert, Helen Hayes, Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck—the list runs on and on. If those weren't lessons conducted under the most competitive of professional circumstances, then I wouldn't know a lesson if I saw one.

By this time I was in the movie business, but I had no feeling of belonging. It was as though a hole existed in the picture where my part should be, and I bravely filled the hole. It was on my next picture, Wings, that I came to feel that I was more than just a hole-filler. This time, Bill Wellman was the director—in fact, he was the whole works from start to finish, but he did have as stars Clara Bow, Richard Arlen and Buddy Rogers. I appeared in Wings for one scene lasting exactly one minute and forty-five seconds, and in my opinion those 105 seconds were the most valuable in my life.

Dick Arlen was a Minnesota boy, Buddy Rogers was a Kansas boy, and I'd had three years in Iowa, so we were practically neighbors. Clara Bow was the only big-name star we had, but Miss Bow was a Brooklyn girl, and unless she was surrounded by men, she would forget all about being a star and become just another member of the gang. Mostly we ganged up on Bill Wellman.

Wild Bill Wellman was and still is a hard man to stop. During World War I he became a pursuit pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille, where he picked up a broken back, five citations, and four palm leaves for his Croix de Guerre. Ever since becoming a director in 1923, he had been fighting to make an air picture. Not an ordinary one. A great one. Paramount was afraid of it. A thing called radio was doing the picture business no good—Amos 'n' Andy alone kept millions glued to their sets until it was too late to catch a movie—and the picture Bill wanted would cost more than most pictures were grossing at the box office.

Bill added a few more thousands to the cost and announced that he wanted to make it with sound effects. He argued that one way to combat radio was to put more sound into the movies.

He was winning his argument until he began describing some of the air stuff he wanted. Planes all over the sky. Stars getting shot down. Stars crashing all over the place. No doubles. No fake stuff. The cameramen in one plane would be flying wing to wing with the star in another. Following him right down to the ground for the crash.

"Bill, you're crazy," he was told. "No star in Hollywood would take the job, let alone the two stars your script calls for."

"I know that," agreed Bill. "What I'm figuring on is making my own stars. There are some comers around here who will break their necks to make good, and this is their chance."

He had Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers in mind. Arlen was already a veteran pilot, having served with the Canadian Royal Flying Corps in World War I. Buddy didn't know a propeller from an aileron, but with a good part in sight, he didn't much care. He put on helmet and goggles, and became enough of a pursuit pilot in three weeks to have our technical experts—a couple of young Army officers named Hap Arnold and Hoyt Vandenberg—think he had been flying combat.

With arrangements made with the Army Air Corps to shoot Wings at Kelly Field, in San Antonio, Texas, Bill came to me and said, "I've got a part for you. It will take about a minute, but I've bumped your pay to two hundred a week."

I didn't know what a minute's work would come to at $200 a week, but the over-all figure was impressive. I jumped at the chance.

It was a terrific experience. Dick and Buddy had spent the best part of their lives in show business, and were willing to risk their necks to become stars, but they saw no need of letting ambition get in the way of their fun. Wellman, on the other hand, saw no need of their fun getting in the way of his ambition.

One day, exasperated at the way the boys were landing their planes out of camera range, Bill rushed out, yanked a pilot out of the cockpit and went up himself. Coming in for his landing, he discovered the boys had been overshooting not out of malice, but because the hot air above the sun-baked soil was providing too much lift. But having committed himself to land on a certain spot, Bill was going to land there. He just dived into the ground. The wheels buckled, the wings fell off and the engine tore a hole in the runway. Bill stomped away.

"There," he snarled, "when I want a plane put down on a certain spot, I mean a certain spot. Just like that. And the next guy that tears the wheels off gets fired."

Dick and Buddy put their planes down on that certain spot and then had a conference. That evening, as Bill left the airport in his supersporty roadster to drive to the hotel in San Antonio, Dick and Buddy went up again to shoot some practice landings. The evening air didn't seem to have any lift at all. By the time they were over the highway down which Bill was coming, they barely had any altitude. They were (Continued on Page 110)

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DR. CARL ALWIN SCHENCK (1868-1955) at dedication of Schenck Unit of the Weyerhaeuser Millicoma Tree Farm in 1951, honoring his many contributions to American forestry. Pioneer forester, teacher and author, Dr. Schenck founded Biltmore Forest School in 1898 and wrote many of its textbooks. It was the nation's first such school and there he trained nearly 400 men who did much to advance practical forestry in the United States.

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(*Continued from Page 108*) just lucky enough to miss him, but as they apologized later, there was nothing they could do when their prop wash lifted the canvas top from Bill's roadster and tore it to ribbons. Bill said nary a word. We sure had fun on that picture.

My own scene in Wings was as brief as Bill described it to me. As a tough flight instructor, it was my job to welcome to my tent the two green cadets played by Buddy and Dick. I had to dress them down, impress them with my own superiority and imply that if they had superhuman stuff, they, too—like me—might become pilots. As a bit of business during this scene, Buddy was to offer me a chocolate bar. I was to take a bite and toss the rest on my bunk as an indication that bribery would get them nowhere. Then I was to step outside, and as they stared at the tent flap, sound effects would describe the sound of my take-off, the splutter of my motor and the frightful crash.

We shot my part of the scene in one minute and forty-five seconds. Bill said "Cut," and I was through. The scene was up to Buddy and Dick, and what they did to it made me an actor. I was staggered when I saw the preview. There I was leaving the tent. Then the theater was filled with the roar of the plane taking off, the splutter and the crash. And there were Buddy and Dick, looking scared. First they looked at each other, then they looked at the chocolate bar I had tossed on my bunk, and then they looked at each other again, growing more haggard by the second. In their faces was registered all the drama of my departure from Wings. They were so great that the audience didn't see them at all. The audience saw only that tall, lanky pilot, the one that got killed. What an actor he was! And I wasn't even there. I was a sound effect.

I expected to be sent back to Hollywood after my moment in front of the camera, but Wellman said, "Stick around, Slim, and learn something. You're still on the payroll, and I might need a retake or something. He never needed a retake. He shot once, and that was it.

By sticking around, I collected my $200 a week, but more important, running around with Buddy Rogers and Dick Arlen and Clara Bow, I finally got the feeling of belonging. We were in the movie business, we were in it together, and though I was just a bit player and they were stars, we were having fun. Miss Bow even asked me if I would take a part in her next picture, something, she said, called It.

"I'd sure like that," I mumbled. If I had been bound and gagged, I'd still have managed to say that much. Her slightest wish was a royal command.

In all its years, Hollywood has seen only one Clara Bow. It has had its vamps like Theda Bara, and its *femmes fatales* like Pola Negri, but only Clara Bow could add that extra touch of excitement and glamour to the All-American girl.

Her fan mail was delivered in trucks, 35,000 letters a week being about average. In pantomime she was the equal of Charlie Chaplin, and as a dramatic actress she was always so instinctively right that she couldn't make an awkward move. She was just as dynamic in person. There are scores of witnesses to testify that when she wanted to see someone, that someone showed up. Big directors, summoned to her presence, have appeared, still wiping the shaving soap out of their ears.

My appearance in It won no awards. As a newspaper reporter I wandered into a tenement scene, made a note on a piece of paper and wandered out.

But at the studio party following the completion of It—and studio parties were beginning to amount to something—Miss Bow said that she would like me as a featured player in her next picture, Children of Divorce. "It's real jazzy," she said. "Oh-h-h, boy! Drinking, necking—things like that. But the part is a lallapaloosa. Read the script and let me know."

I reeled away, never wondering for a minute what a Montana cowboy was all of a sudden doing in a Jazz Age classic. I found out soon enough. Shooting had hardly started when, bang, I was up against my big scene. No warm-up. As a bibulous young-man-about-town, I was supposed to enter a huge drawing room full of young sophisticates who were loaded to the gills. According to the script, I was supposed to weave my gay and carefree way through this throng, stopping occasionally to sip champagne from one pretty girl's glass or another's.

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The Tip-Off

By Norman R. Jaffray

Palmist, you waste your
time upon my hand.
My head line and my heart
line never grow;
If what my future holds
you'd understand,
My waistline tells you all
you need to know.

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In the end, with a hundred actors, a hundred technicians, and a score or so of assorted assistants and directors watching me, I was to arrive before Miss Bow, Esther Ralston or Hedda Hopper. I've forgotten which, if I ever knew.

I made my entrance all right. Stage fright alone enabled me to stagger in a well-oiled manner, but I got very little farther. A pretty girl offered me a sip of her champagne, and I grabbed the glass clumsily. I spilled it, half on me and half on her. Frank Lloyd, the director, shouted "Cut!" and it was time out for a change of clothing.

On my second effort I got past three sips of champagne before I froze. I gave a despairing glance around to see how many miles I had yet to go, and I saw I was never going to make it. I just dropped the glass. Somebody steered me off the set, somebody restored my sweat-streaked make-up and somebody led me back.

This went on for some time. Each time the set got bigger. The electricians handling the overhead lights had grown into an army, all out to blind me with spotlights. The camera crew in the distance had become a morbid mob waiting for my collapse. The huge cast, I knew, had forgotten its own part in the proceedings in the interest of laying bets on how far I could go.

"We're getting there," Frank Lloyd assured me, mopping his head. "Of course, if you'd rather call it off for the day, we can call it off. It will only cost a few thousand extra to tie up the stage and cast for tomorrow."

"Who told me I was an actor?" I said, and my groan was the real thing, "I'm letting everybody down. How can I face them again?"

At this, some uncouth fellow suggested, "Throw out the ginger ale and fill the glasses with the real thing. He'll make it then."

For some reason I took offense at the suggestion. On the next take I charged out onto the set, and plowed through to the end in grim-jawed determination. Lloyd decided that that take was ruined too. Hedda Hopper, in describing my performance, claims I went through twenty-two retakes.

There came a time when I realized I could take no more. I shrugged off a couple of handlers who were leading me back to my dressing room like a punch-drunk fighter, and made it to the door. I kept on going. By midnight I found myself walking along the beach somewhere around Malibu.

All day I had had to face hundreds of people, and that was bad. Now I was facing myself, and that was worse. I didn't have to be told by Frank Lloyd that I was through. I didn't have to be told by B. P. Schulberg, head of West Coast production, or Walter Wanger, general manager of production, both of whom had seen my ordeal, that I was through. I knew it all by myself, with no prompting. The crusher came about four A.M., when I realized what I was through with. I was through with acting, and not until that moment did I know how much I had wanted to become an actor. The thought that I had failed so numbed me that I couldn't think of anything else for hours.

By that time it was noon, and instinct, nothing else, had led me back to a chophouse in Hollywood by the name of Henry's. I went in. If there was one thing I could do, regardless of circumstances, it was eat. My heart might be crushed, but never my stomach. Or at least not after I had walked some twenty miles in the course of my musings.

I was working away on a steak when somebody took the stool next to mine and reached for the menu. I gave him a casual look and nearly swallowed my fork. It was Frank Lloyd.

"Feel all right?" he asked me cheerfully. "Ready to go back to work?"

I couldn't speak.

"Oh, this is no coincidence, our meeting here," he said. "We've got every chophouse in Hollywood covered. We knew if we were to find you, it would be in a restaurant somewhere, and I just picked the likeliest one. Buck up, boy. I cut up some film last night and it's not bad at all. Not the least bit bad. You're in."

I knew he was just giving me a shot in the arm, but along with it he was saying, "Come back to work." Back to acting. I began feeling very, very tired. And relaxed.

Then it came out. I had been fired all right. Schulberg, Wanger and Lloyd were all agreed that I might be a Western-type actor, where casting was more important than acting, but that in a major production I just didn't have it. In a small picture, good acting by one star covers up bad acting by another; in a major production, poor acting by one star ruins the good acting of the rest of the cast. I was making even Clara Bow look bad.

That is, until Frank Lloyd went to work with his shears in the cutting room. Scrap by scrap, he began piecing takes together and this guy named Gary Cooper began looking better and better. The cameras, working in their own mysterious ways, took my fumbles and turned them into adroit bits of business. Why? How? As of now, no one has come up with an answer. But I was in.

"Clara Bow wants to see you," said Lloyd. "She and Hedda Hopper have been talking about what happened yesterday, and they have some ideas they think might bolster you in your part. No matter how bad you feel, the least you can do is hear what they have to say."

I was in no condition to think clearly. All I could see was that I was being offered a second chance to become an actor. And I realized that Lloyd was taking his time eating.

"Come on," I said. "Choke it down and let's go."

Editors' Note—This is the fifth of eight articles by Mr. Cooper. The sixth will appear next week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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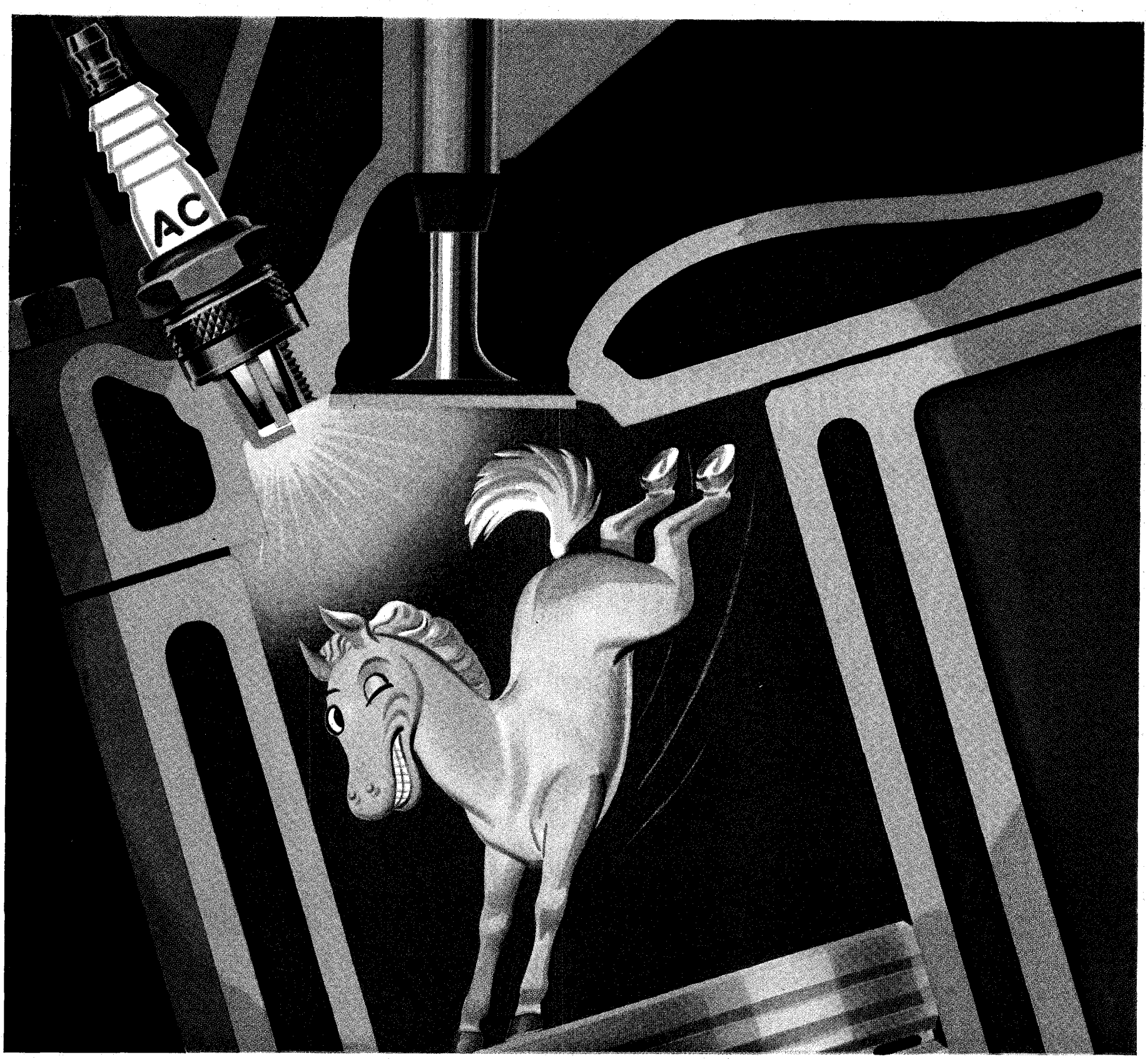

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New Way to Keep Food Fresh

(Continued from Page 36)

Forty miles out there was a flat tire. Next came an hour's delay because of road work. Seventy miles from the ranch there was a problem with the water pump. Finally, in the middle of the afternoon and with Havana still nearly 200 miles away, the truck came to a halt with both the water pump and the vital refrigerating machinery out of order.

It took somewhat longer than expected for a substitute water pump to be located. The truck stayed by the side of the road all that first night, all the second day in the blazing sun, and the second night, and most of the third day. Inside, the temperature soared and the meat began to spoil.

At the end of the third day, when the truck finally reached its destination in Havana, the waiting scientists opened the doors, only to be greeted by an overpowering aroma.

"It was too much to expect," said a Cuban public-health expert. "Three days on the road, in this heat, without any refrigeration. The whole shipment must be spoiled."

"I'm not so sure," said a New York chemist. "Let's take a look."

Cautiously they removed the sides of meat. Fifteen of the thirty carcasses, they saw, were slimy on the surface, wrecked by deep spoilage inside, and reeking to the heavens. But the other fifteen seemed surprisingly fresh.

"These are the ones we treated at the slaughterhouse back at Camagüey," said the chemist. "Here, feel 'em. Good and solid. Not a bit of spoilage anywhere."

Not only the meat had come through this unplanned trial by heat in Cuba. With it, under the eyes of an international team of meat experts, veterinarians, chemists and bacteriologists, was the new process—a procedure hailed as probably the biggest advance in food processing since the development of frozen foods twenty-five years ago, and possibly the biggest since the perfection of food canning.

This is the use of antibiotics, of compounds like aureomycin and terramycin and streptomycin, to preserve fresh foods—red meat, fish, poultry and certain vegetables—from spoilage.

Antibiotic pills, injections and ointments have already saved the lives of millions of people. In contrast, this new application of antibiotics can presumably save lives by the tens or hundreds of millions. Food experts have claimed it can dramatically cut down the frightful toll of meat spoilage in the tropics, where food freezing and even ordinary food refrigeration are virtually unknown. It can help bring good beef and other meats at relatively low cost to the protein-starved peoples of Asia, Africa and parts of Latin America. It can make it unnecessary to drive animals hundreds of miles from pasture to market, and have them arrive scrawny, weak and diseased. It can open up vast areas of the oceans to fishing fleets which are now held close to shore because of limited shipboard refrigeration facilities.

In the United States, where food refrigeration is widespread and food freezers are common in stores and homes, the new antibiotic-preservation method can still help reduce food spoilage, which, even in this country, is estimated to destroy from 5 to 20 per cent of all fresh foods between farm and kitchen. In addition, the new process is expected eventually to give the typical American family better and more tender cuts of meat, tastier poultry, and fish products now available only in limited areas.

Behind the development of the process lies the pioneering research of a Canadian biochemist, the studies of an Ohio team on the basic causes of meat spoilage, the work of New York scientists in laboratories, slaughterhouses, chicken hatcheries and fishing boats from Cape Cod to the Caribbean, and a "gas bomb" concocted from an ancient chicken.

The Canadian scientist is Dr. Hugh L. A. Tarr, the quiet, unassuming head of a Canadian Government fisheries laboratory in Vancouver, British Columbia. Nearly two decades ago, while he was studying in England, the British Medical Research Council offered him a job at Oxford University. Tarr, who was homesick for Canada, declined the offer.

The job would have involved a position with the now immortal group of Oxford scientists who eventually isolated penicillin, first of the antibiotics, and who used it for the first time to save human lives. But Tarr did not lose everything by his decision to come home.

"It meant I could be with my family and old friends again," he explained recently. "It meant I could have a permanent job with at least a little security, and a chance to do my own research in my own laboratory."

It wasn't a big laboratory—the Pacific Fisheries Experimental Station, then located at Prince Rupert, British Columbia. Starting in 1938, Tarr and his small group of assistants began a hunt for chemicals which might be used to preserve fresh fish safely. "Some of us," he said, "thought that if we were patient—if we were willing to spend fifteen or twenty years at it—we might come up with something reasonably useful."

There were literally hundreds of chemicals which could preserve salmon or halibut or flounder, which could halt the microbes responsible for fish spoilage. The trouble was that all these microbe-killing chemicals could also kill human beings.

"Right away," he said, "we realized that you don't just chuck anything into a food."

After nearly two years of cautious tests, the Canadians came up with their first food-preserving chemical which seemed both effective and reasonably safe. This was sodium nitrite, later accepted for commercial use on fish by Canadian health authorities, but not suitable for widespread application in the food industry. Then, just before the end of World War II, Tarr and his researchers heard of the wonders of penicillin.

"The remarkable thing about penicillin," Tarr said, "was not merely its power against disease germs but its amazing safety for human tissues." He told one of his coworkers, "That's the kind of thing which could solve all our problems here."

When a small supply of penicillin could be spared for the little fisheries laboratory in Vancouver, only a few days of research were needed to show that—wonderful though it might be in feverish, pain-racked, dying patients—it failed completely to prevent or delay spoilage in fresh foods.

Soon afterwards Tarr reported similar failure with the famed antituberculosis antibiotic, streptomycin, and with such sulfa-drugs as sulfanilamide and sulfathiazole.

In 1950, after more than twelve years of searching, he hit the first signs of pay dirt. That summer he took fourteen new antibiotics, put them through the laboratory routine, and discarded eleven of them. But the three others—terramycin, chloromycetin and especially the gold-colored aureomycin—were strikingly different.

"Even with one part of aureomycin per million, the improvement was spectacular," Tarr and his assistants, Burnett Southcott and Helen Bissett Bluhm, announced. "It at least doubled and sometimes tripled the keeping qualities of the fish."

In the laboratory, the tests were run on minced fish—halibut, salmon, brill and ling cod—kept at temperatures down to thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Even at forty degrees, the fish spoiled so rapidly that it was suspicious in three days and reeking in five. But with just a trace of aureomycin, on the ninth day the fish was still firm to the touch, sweet to the nose and pleasant to the palate. The Canadians also tested the technique on beef hamburger, and found that ground meat which usually would spoil in six days was still in excellent shape at the end of three weeks.

"We began to hope we'd found the solution," Tarr said. "Next we had to show it would also work on a commercial fishing boat, on whole fish."

The first problem was to find a way to administer the antibiotic to freshly caught fish. This was solved by mixing a small quantity of aureomycin with the flaked ice in which the fish were stored on board ship.

"The results," the scientists stated at a meeting of the American Chemical Society in 1953, "show that all the ices which contain small amounts of aureomycin effected an extremely marked improvement in the keeping quality of the fish."

Tarr related later, "With aureomycin, the fish was just beautiful, even at the end of twelve days. We took it home and ate it ourselves."

Subsequent tests showed the treated fish contained so little of the antibiotic after cooking that a man would need to eat about ten tons of it in twenty-four hours in order to get one-fifteenth of an ounce of aureomycin—the amount contained in one day's average medicinal dose.

The commercial-fishing industry was interested immediately in those reports from the Vancouver laboratory, and conducted full-scale tests during the summers of 1954 and 1955 off the coast of Washington and British Columbia in the Pacific, Cape Cod in the Atlantic, and Florida and Louisiana in the Gulf of Mexico. Since the process was still experimental, none of the treated fish was allowed to reach the market. But the commercial operators claimed that the new process, once it was approved by health authorities, would offer vast new fields for many of their best products.

One such product is the famed king salmon of the Pacific Northwest, described by some enthusiasts as the finest fish of the West Coast and very possibly the finest of North America.

"But to get the superb flavor of the king salmon," declares one connoisseur, "you can't eat it canned or even frozen. You must eat it fresh, preferably within twelve hours after the fish has been landed."

"If we could figure out some way to get fresh king salmon delivered throughout the country, with its flavor and texture intact," said Robert J. Schoettler, Washington State fisheries director, "it would be a boon to American consumers everywhere. And it would open a terrific market for our fishing industry."

Last summer, Schoettler and his colleagues agreed that the way had been found. On an August afternoon a Makah Indian fisherman landed his boat at Neah Bay, in the northwestern corner of the United States, with eight freshly caught thirty-pound king salmon. Four of the fish were packed in ordinary ice, while four others were packed in ice made faintly golden with a few parts per million of aureomycin.

Sixteen days later the two batches arrived by freight at a special food laboratory at Princeton, New Jersey. "The four specimens kept under standard ice refrigeration," the laboratory noted, "were discolored throughout, marked by a definitely unpleasant odor, and scored low on taste tests."

But the other fish, which had taken the trip in a packing of aureomycin ice, were uniformly in the pink of condition.

Another group which grabbed up Doctor Tarr's preliminary findings was a team of scientists at Ohio State University under the leadership of biochemist Fred E. Deatherage and bacteriologist Harry H. Weiser. These workers had long been

"So, after I'd waited a decent interval for his apology, he threw me out."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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studying the causes of meat spoilage, and had already isolated ninety-two different breeds of microbes which were primarily to blame for it. Confirming the Canadian research, they soon discovered that aureomycin, terramycin and chloromycetin were the best antibiotics to knock out these natural spoilage organisms.

"We can show the antibiotics work in the test tube," Doctor Deatherage said. "We can show they work when we mix them with chopped hamburger. But how can we use them practically, and get them into the deep tissues where spoilage starts?"

"Easy," said Ohio State's world-famous beef experts, Profs. Lawrence Kunkle and V. R. Cahill. "Right after the animal is slaughtered, inject your antibiotic solution through its own blood vessels."

The university had its own slaughterhouse and meat-processing facilities, used for teaching and research as well as for supplying meat to the university dining halls and hospital. In this meat laboratory, under Kunkle's direction, aureomycin solutions were pumped first into small sections of beef and then into whole slaughtered animals.

The results were startling. Traditional processing methods called for cooling the meat at once after slaughtering to prevent deep spoilage, or the "sours." The Ohio men repeatedly kept the treated beef at high summer temperatures—seventy-five to eighty-five degrees—for two, three and even four days, and saw it remain in excellent condition. In addition, they witnessed an even more remarkable change: the treated meat, safely kept warm for forty-eight hours and then cooled, had become as tender and "aged" as ordinary meat hung in a standard refrigerator for two or three weeks.

To Deatherage, this double-barreled discovery was of tremendous significance. "In countries where they can't afford decent refrigeration," he said, "this could mean vast supplies of inexpensive edible meat for the natives. And in this country, where the antibiotic can be combined with proper refrigeration, it could easily mean better meat, more tender meat, and possibly less costly meat."

Laboratory and taste tests indicated both the safety and the edibility of the processed beef. "All the meat prepared in this study—about six thousand pounds—was consumed by known persons," it was reported. Most of the consumers were faculty families who volunteered for the research. "The eating quality of the infused meat was quite satisfactory. No adverse report was received."

One memorable taste test was conducted at the University Club, in New York, when the Ohio State scientists gathered with officials of the American Cyanamid Company, the producers of aureomycin, for a double-steak dinner. Each man was served two steaks, identified only by coded metal tags, and asked to name his preference. The diners agreed that while one steak was tender and tasty, the other was almost as tough as the metal tag and could hardly be cut.

"Now I can confess," one of the researchers said at the end of the dinner. "Both steaks came from the same animal—and a tough old cow she was too. But one side was treated in the usual way, cooled immediately after slaughter, while the other side was infused with aureomycin, kept warm for two days and then refrigerated."

American Cyanamid immediately embarked on an international trial to find how the method would fare in the hands of commercial meat packers.

"We knew at the outset," said Dr. John J. Denton, technical director of the company's Fine Chemicals Division, "that the people in our Department of Agriculture and the Food and Drug Administration are ultraconservative, and properly so. To convince them of the value and the safety of the method, we had to get a superabundance of evidence on a superabundance of animals."

Since the animals in this case were not cheap white mice, but quite expensive beef cattle, this posed an economic problem. To solve it, Denton said, the Cyanamid workers decided to move outside the United States "where we could find low-cost cattle and, at the same time, find how the process would go in those countries where it was most desperately needed."

The site selected for the first trial was the enormous Camagüey, Cuba, cattle ranch owned by Bernabe Sanchez. For the critical experiment, top members of the Ohio State University group and a team of Cyanamid scientists flew to Cuba to set up the procedure. Under the informal but careful scrutiny of Cuban veterinarians, they supervised the slaughtering, the aureomycin injections and the loading, and then raced ahead to Havana to see how the meat withstood the trip. Within a month, after dozens of routine experimental shipments—and the one trip which involved three days without refrigeration—it was evident that the procedure would work under commercial conditions.

"It's not foolproof," Denton said. "It must be applied intelligently, like canning or quick-freezing or any other preserving method. But our men saw nothing to indicate that workers in Cuba or in any other country are unable to apply the method intelligently."

At about the same time, a somewhat similar trial was conducted on another Cuban cattle ranch with another potent antibiotic, terramycin, under the direction of scientists from Chas. Pfizer and Company, in New York. The Pfizer workers injected their antibiotic into the animals before they were slaughtered, and reported that the meat was preserved for two days even at temperatures up to ninety-five degrees.

In other countries, the trials were conducted with equal technical success, and the infusion process was demonstrated effectively at slaughterhouses in Puerto Rico and Colombia. There, as in Cuba, meat packers are now awaiting approval by government officials before putting the process in full-scale commercial use.

Simultaneously, the Cyanamid men expanded the early studies in Canada and demonstrated the value of the new preserving method in commercial fishing. They tested it on red snapper and menhaden in the Gulf of Mexico, scrod from Cape Cod and shucked oysters from Norfolk, Virginia. In independent studies, other scientists at the University of Miami and Louisiana State University reported preliminary success in protecting shrimp with aureomycin and other antibiotics. In still other research, Dr. Wilson L. Smith, Jr., of the Department of Agriculture, discovered that packaged spinach and other vegetables could be protected with streptomycin, while Doctor Tarr and his Canadian colleagues were testing aureomycin in the preservation of fresh whale meat.

The Cyanamid studies also included tests of aureomycin on fresh poultry, a research project which actually marked the company's entry into the field of antibiotic food preservation. This began one day in 1953 when two Cyanamid chemists, Drs. Harry Broquist and Thomas Jukes, walked into the Pearl River, New York, office of Dr. W. G. Malcolm, vice-president of the organization.

"Take a look at these," Broquist said, putting a pair of sealed plastic bags on the vice-president's desk.

"What have you got in there?"

"Well, this first one has some freshly killed chicken that I dipped in a solution of some of our aureomycin. It's been in the bag in a cooler for six weeks. Open it, and I think you'll find the chicken still smells fresh and sweet."

Doctor Malcolm opened the first bag and sniffed. "Smells nice, all right," he said. "But what's so wonderful about that?"

"Wonderful?" said Jukes. "Don't you know what would happen to ordinary fresh chicken in an ordinary cooler in six weeks? Just open that other package and you'll see."

The vice-president opened the second bag. Out of it, like an exploding gas bomb, came a cloud of fumes with all the worst attributes of tear gas, burning feathers and concentrated essence of skunk. Doctor Malcolm fled from the area, followed promptly by Doctors Broquist and Jukes, and eventually by a host of secretaries and officials from adjoining offices.

"If aureomycin can prevent that," Malcolm said later, "perhaps we'd better look into it."

From this starting point, the Cyanamid chemists developed a special aureomycin formulation now known as Acronize and a method for applying it. The freshly killed chickens were cooled as usual in an ice-slush bath, but the bath was spiked with a few parts per million of aureomycin. Trials conducted with the aid of the Producers Co-operative Exchange, at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, and Drohan Company, in New York, indicated that the method was ideally suited for the poultry industry.

"This is going to come to millions of housewives as a wonderful surprise," claimed Jack Drohan, head of the New York poultry-distributing firm. "Nowadays, unless they live right in a poultry-raising district, most of them don't even know what fresh chicken tastes like."

At the annual meeting of the American Meat Institute last year, Dr. Wilbur Miller, of Cyanamid, reported that it is almost impossible for experts to distinguish between aureomycin-treated chickens after fourteen days and freshly killed birds.

"The aureomycin takes up where the living body defenses of the chicken leave off," he told the institute. "It helps keep the product fresh and hold down contamination while it's en route to the housewife."

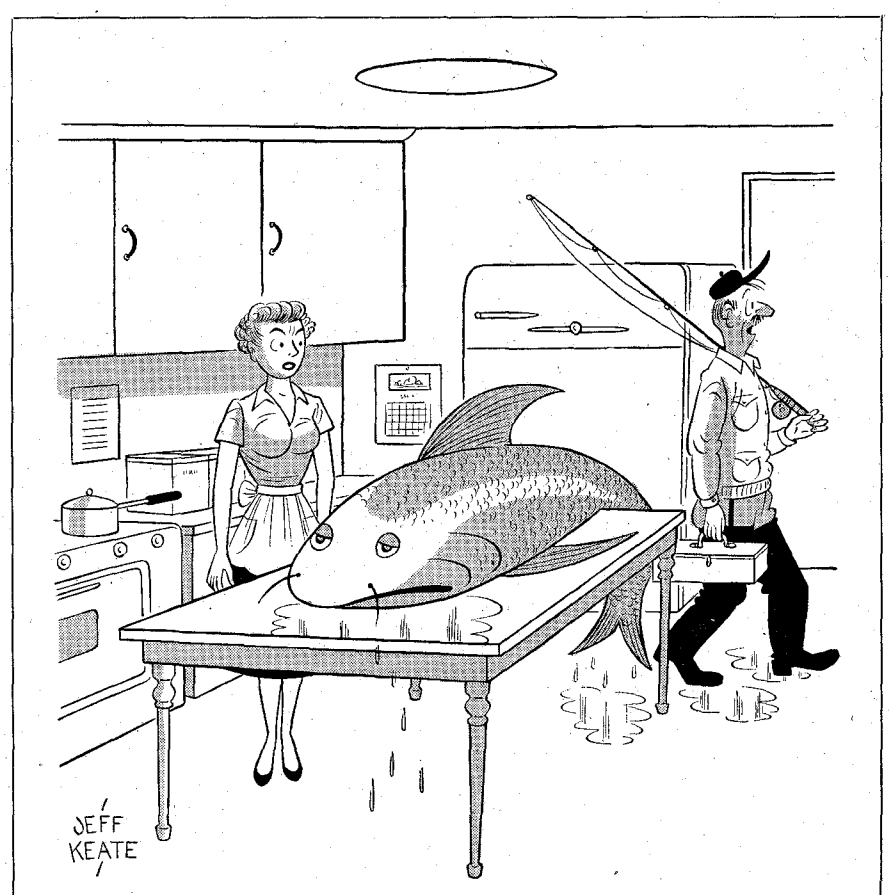
Applied in mass-processing plants, the method is expected to cost a fraction of a cent for each pound of chicken. In return, Miller said, the consumer will get better chicken and, in addition, be saved part of his bill for poultry spoilage. In the United States, according to some estimates, this cost for spoilage is more than $10,000,000 a month.

Toxicity studies conducted independently by industry and Government showed that the amount of aureomycin remaining in the chickens is so small that apparently all of it is destroyed in ordinary cooking. Using the most sensitive laboratory tests, the scientists were unable to find even a trace of the antibiotic in the cooked meat. When the treated chicken was deliberately fed to patients described by their physicians as allergic to aureomycin, no undesirable side effects of any kind could be detected.

It was only after the completion of these safety tests that the Food and Drug Administration, along with the Department of Agriculture, issued the historic decision approving the use of antibiotics in protecting chickens. Similar studies now under way on beef, lamb, turkeys, fish and various packaged vegetables are expected to lead soon to Governmental acceptance of the process for at least several of these products.

"It is important to emphasize that this use of antibiotics cannot hide spoilage or cover up for unsanitary production methods," an American Cyanamid scientist said. "It cannot make bad foods good. All it can do is delay the spoilage of good food, and do this at very low cost; but this in itself may be one of the greatest nutritional advances of our times."

THE END



"Don't go to any special trouble . . . just clean it, put it in a pan and fry it."

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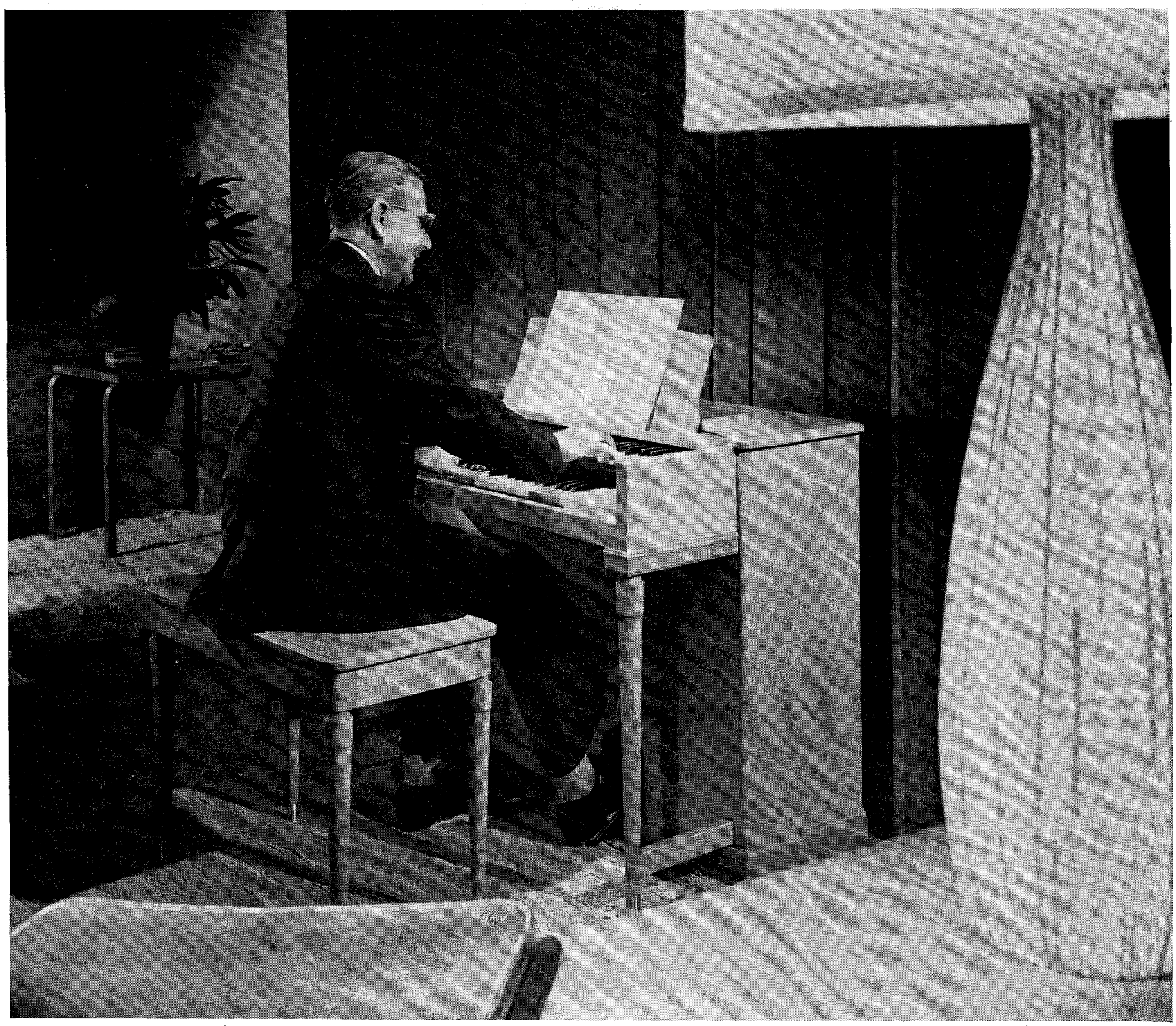

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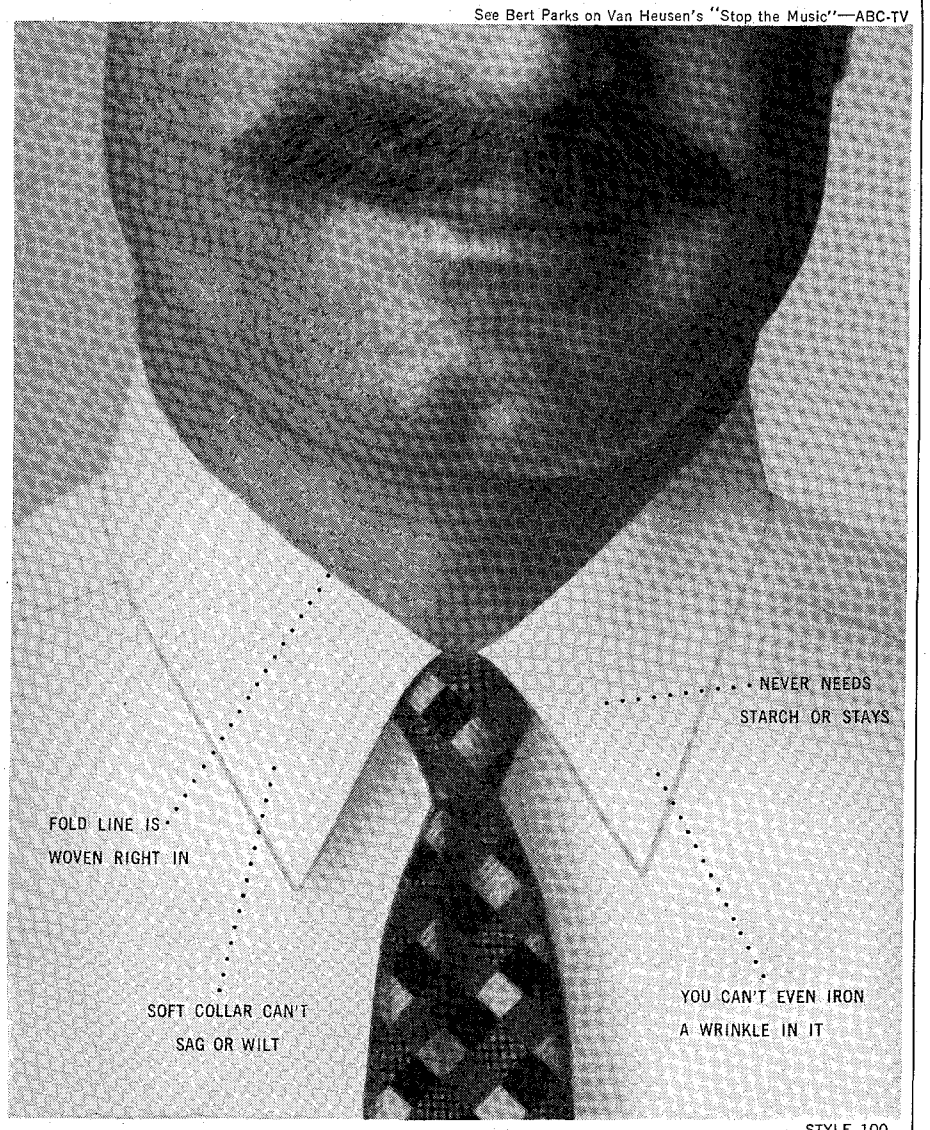

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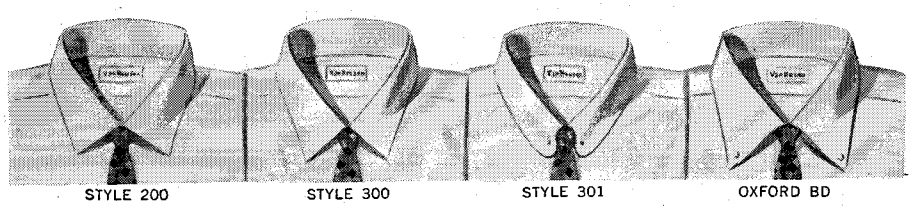

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They Get Paid for Not Working

(Continued from Page 31)

states and two territories, more activity in this field than in any previous year.

Chiefly, the lawmakers were broadening the system in accordance with the recommendations of the President. When all the changes take effect this year, eight out of every ten wage earners will be covered. In eighteen states, even places of business with one employee are covered, and in one state, New York, the program extends to domestic workers, though only in those favored households with four servants.

Nearly four million newcomers share this big umbrella as of 1956. They include the employees of 283,000 smaller firms—four to seven employees—in twenty-four states which did not previously cover firms that small. This took effect on January first. Also protected are Federal civilian employees who came in January 1, 1955.

In thirty-two states, benefits are higher by from one to ten dollars a week. The maximum now runs from twenty-four dollars a week to thirty-six dollars in New York and forty-five dollars in Alaska. In a year as much as $1080 may be collected by one person in Pennsylvania, as much as $1170 in Alaska. So 42,000,000 Americans have a great common resource of considerable potential value.

Which makes this a good time to see what's happening on this busy but neglected corner of the American scene, to watch the machinery in motion, to see some of the problems compensation officials encounter. "Most people don't understand," one state commissioner of employment security says with a sigh, "how many ins and outs there are to this thing." There are indeed. For the rules are nicely simple. But people—it's the glory of the race—remain complex, remain highly individual, temperamental, sensitive, stubborn and cantankerous. And they repeatedly get into situations which foul up the rules and the administrators.

A great many quit, as the Austin husband did, because they must. They quit voluntarily, in the sense of not being fired, but have no alternative. A woman in Omaha found herself in this fix, and her case illustrates a much-disputed point.

For seven and a half years, before her marriage and after, she worked in an insurance company's office. Then her husband's company transferred him to Davenport, Iowa. She quit, to go along. She couldn't very well do anything else; her choice was giving up the husband or the job, and of the two, husbands are considerably harder to find. Refusing to go, furthermore, would have constituted desertion.

She applied for unemployment compensation. The company opposed her claim, contending she was "a voluntary quit without good cause." The company and Nebraska's commissioner of labor debated the situation all the way to the state supreme court, but the final ruling went against the wife. She had excellent personal cause for quitting, but in Nebraska and twenty other states personal causes don't count. "Good cause" is limited to something connected with the job. And there was nothing wrong with her job, except that she couldn't stay.

More and more states have been limiting "good cause" this way, recently. This question of good cause is one of the most important points of policy, and produces rulings you may find surprising.

A young man employed in a Connecticut gun factory got called to carry a gun for the United States. He quit his job and reported to the draft board. Ten days later he was rejected. His old job, meanwhile, had been filled. He was out in the cold, and applied for unemployment benefits.

They were refused, on the ground that he was a voluntary quit without good cause. And he had quit voluntarily, it is true, though if he hadn't, the FBI would have been around to get him. It was one of those things you do voluntarily because you must, with no choice.

The case went all the way to the state supreme court and the draftee lost at every stage. But nobody liked this ridiculous outcome, including the judge who wrote the decision, and shortly thereafter the law was changed.

To his shocked surprise, a faithful worker in a Western state found a note on his desk one morning which read: "You are fired." Hard hit, he got his hat and left. He couldn't find another job, and asked for compensation.

But the company objected. The note, it was now disclosed, was the work of a practical joker. That made the victim a voluntary quit under a misapprehension. Would you call this "good cause" for quitting? Compensation officials, at first, did not, and refused benefits. But he appealed, as anyone has the right to do, and won.

There are states where he would have collected without the slightest trouble. New Jersey, for example, holds that "any good cause" must be accepted, including woman's inhumanity to man.

A Jersey wife walked out on her husband, bag and baggage. Badly upset, the husband caught the first train out of town. It happened to be a train for Florida. Having trouble finding work there, he put in for unemployment compensation, chargeable, of course, to New Jersey. And though he had to appeal to do it, he won. He hadn't quit to avoid work, the examiner said, and his state of mind constituted good cause.

The burning issue of pockets caused some indignant sales girls to march out of a South Georgia store. In making sales they sometimes put the money in their pockets until duty took them near the cash register. This made the boss nervous. He didn't go so far as to accuse anyone of stealing, but he issued an edict. "If you show up with pockets," said he, "they'll be sewed up." That did it.

Did the girls have "good cause"? Georgia officials felt they did; the order about pockets was overly humiliating.

A Rhode Island woman quit her office job because the boss got angry one day and shouted at her. She thought this good cause for quitting, but couldn't get compensation officials to agree.

What a rich variety of circumstances compensation officials must ponder is suggested by the fact that referee Jacob M. Robbins, of New York, had to pass on the right and wrong of beards. The boss of a New York hotel swimming pool fired a young man who persisted in growing a Vandyke.

Robbins held that the young man should have compensation. The beard had not been grown primarily to bait the boss, the referee found; the claimant contended he needed it to get work on the side as an artist's model. And while a Vandyke may be a little dressy for swimming-pool attendants, a beard of this type, Robbins held, is not "inherently repulsive."

In the light of that decision you might suppose that the West Virginia pipe fitter who quit his job last summer would run

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into nothing but sympathy. He quit to take his four-year-old son to Florida, for the boy's health and on a doctor's recommendation. But he was refused compensation. In West Virginia, quitting "to perform any marital, parental or family duty" rules you out.

Nothing is simpler than a good clear case in this field. Joe Jones, truck driver, is laid off. He is out of work through no fault of his own and is clearly entitled to compensation. He tries earnestly to find another job and that effort keeps him qualified. That's all there is to it.

But there are said to be 22,000 ways of earning a living in this country, and the variety of men, women and dispositions must outnumber the stars. Along with ordinary people in ordinary lines of work, compensation officials must deal with hundreds of uncommon people in uncommon endeavors, with unemployed Santa Clauses, child prodigies, out-of-work Eskimos. One unemployed Eskimo who applied for compensation in Alaska was a combined animal catcher and dentist—"they pay me twenty-five cents for pull tooth, fifty cents for fill tooth." He was in addition a Federal civilian employee since he did his animal catching for the United States Public Health Service. Federal employees had not yet been covered and he was a professional man, so he was double-ineligible.

With robots, it would be a cinch. For one thing, robots wouldn't have wives, let alone ex-wives. An ex-wife was the source of a Pennsylvanian's trouble. He couldn't get to work because he was in jail. Had he been there for a crime which constituted misconduct, the case would have been crystal clear. He wasn't; he was simply there for nonpayment of $800 in back alimony.

But the boss fired him for absence. When he got out, the ex-husband tried for unemployment benefits and ran into trouble again. "You're a voluntary quit," he was told, "because you could have got out by paying." The board of review, when he appealed, was more sympathetic. Since he didn't have the $800, the board felt, it couldn't be said that he stayed in jail voluntarily.

Every year thousands of women quit because they are pregnant. In many states the law expressly bars compensation. "Not for three months before the birth," the law may say, "or one month after." That's on the ground that the women are not available for work.

But where this isn't spelled out, expectant mothers have applied for benefits. They don't get them. An Iowa judge said their condition is not involuntary and compared the situation to that of self-inflicted injury. Elsewhere the claims have been rejected with a solemn finding that the cause of quitting is not attributable to the employer or the nature of the employment.

"People think getting benefits is automatic," says an unemployment-insurance official. "They think all you have to do is ask." At least 1,579,000 know better—that many got turned down in fiscal '55. For 633,000, the trouble lay in not bestirring themselves enough to suit compensation officials or holding out for pay and working conditions which got them disqualified as being too choosy.

You can't get "rocking-chair money," or a "compensated rest," as it is called. You've got to keep yourself "available" for work, and in twenty-eight states you must be "actively seeking work," or the checks stop. And you must accept suitable work if offered.

Which sounds simple, again. But "suitable" and "seeking" take considerable interpretation. And so does "offered." In one curious case some Hollywood extras lost their benefits although no work was offered, in any customary sense. Central Casting had two phones. You called one number to see if there was work at $10.50 a day, the other to see if there was work at $5.50, in mob scenes. The extras phoned the $10.50 number, but ignored the other. That was called "refusing suitable work."

A wife in Oklahoma quit her job in a bank to have a baby. When she was again available, a job was open—same job, same bank. Nothing could possibly be more suitable. Yet she had to turn it down.

For her husband, meanwhile, had gone to work in a rival bank, which had a firm policy: "We employ no one whose spouse works in another bank." If the wife accepted the job, her husband would get fired. When she refused the job she was most certainly refusing suitable work, so benefit payments were halted. But the board of review reversed this ruling. The whole purpose of the program, the board observed, is to promote security, so that getting the husband fired would be a somewhat ridiculous result. Eminently suitable work had in this instance become unsuitable.

It may even prove difficult to decide whether a man is employed or unemployed. A Pennsylvanian took a stop-gap job selling cars on commission. He sold no cars, so he didn't make a nickel, and needed his compensation checks. It raised the odd question of whether holding

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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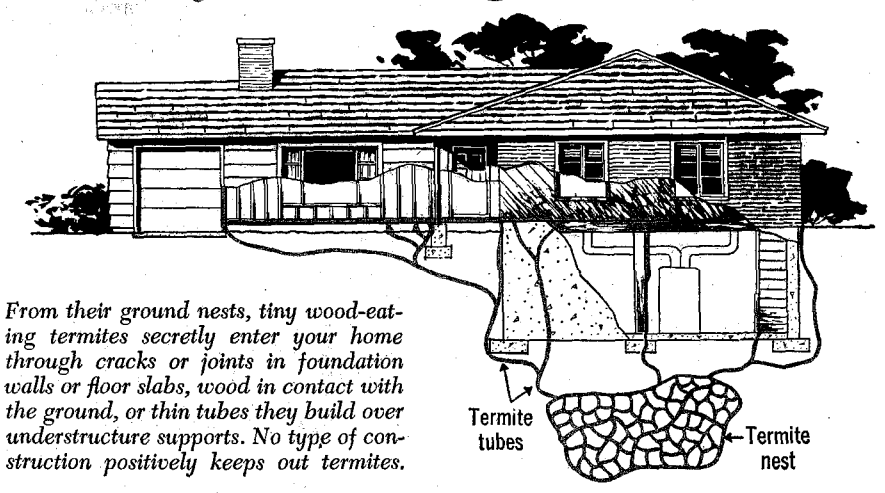

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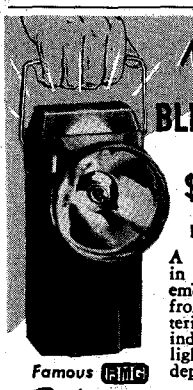

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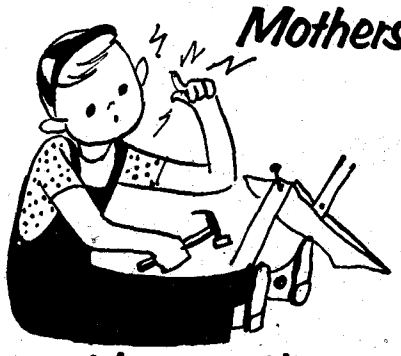

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down a payless job bars a man from receiving jobless pay.

"This job does," was the decision. "He's not unemployed." Yet a miner laid off at the mine was called unemployed, though he put in five hours a day working in a saloon. The difference there was that the saloon was owned by the miner's wife. Compensation officials seemed to feel that working for your wife can be unemployment at its payless and thankless worst.

A minor-league ballplayer in Pennsylvania put in for compensation in the winter. With snow on the ground, he couldn't play ball, of course, any more than a gardener could garden. But is inability to play a game the kind of unemployment this program is intended to cushion? In his particular case, officials felt that compensation should be granted. With big-league players, it's different. Hired on a year-round basis, they aren't considered to be unemployed when the season ends.

A waitress who had been working in Alaska returned to her home in Birmingham, Alabama, and found herself in an odd fix. One of the most common issues in this field is whether you must accept a job at far less pay than the one you just lost or left, and how much time you may devote to searching for a job as good as the old one. There are no stock answers; these cases are determined by individual circumstances.

In the waitress' case those circumstances were painfully sharp. In Alaska she had been earning a handsome ninety-two dollars a week. Her unemployment benefits were twenty-five dollars a week. Now she was offered a job at eighteen. Must she accept work at seven dollars a week less than she would get being unemployed? Compensation officials said she must or lose her benefits. For the going wage was twelve dollars to twenty dollars, so the eighteen-dollars-a-week job was suitable.

A moot point of etiquette which could arise only in the United States, probably, concerns clothing suitable for wear while being unemployed. It burns most compensation officials to have unemployed men and women drop around to collect their checks while dressed in sport shirts, slacks or shorts, usually known as "leisure wear." A Georgian showed up last summer in swimming trunks. They docked him one week's benefits and labor commissioner Ben T. Huiet issued fair warning.

"People should be dressed so they can be referred to a suitable employer," he said. "We can't send a steno out in a playsuit; so dressed, she's not 'available' and isn't meeting the requirements."

About that same time, however, California was switching to an opposite policy. That's because—at least where Nature smiles the year round—"informal attire is considered acceptable street wear," as director H. W. Stewart puts it, and doesn't necessarily indicate an intention of loafing.

Thanks to the immense variety of people involved, the system now and then has strange results. In the last days of 1954 a woman appeared in the Passaic offices of the New Jersey Division of Employment Security. Her little son waited with her. She was handed a claim form to fill out.

"Oh, this isn't for me," she said. "It's for Joey." So it was. Joey, aged eight, had been employed on a television quiz show in New York. The show lost its sponsor and Joe was out of work. He was in covered employment, his earnings met the requirements, and he was perfectly eligible. He was entitled to compensation at twenty-eight dollars a week—New York State paying—and drew it, while attending third grade in Clifton Public School Number 7.

Very briefly, a Pennsylvania high-school girl made more money being unemployed than she had earned working. She had been clerking on Saturdays in a store, for six dollars. Laid off, she applied for compensation. Able to work and available, she met all requirements, and was entitled to benefits of ten dollars a week. But in this world there is always a catch to things like that. She drew benefits one week only. Then her job opened up again.

If you bring about your own dismissal through misconduct, you put yourself beyond the pale. In most states you are disqualified for six weeks or more; in ten states you do without benefits entirely. Just what constitutes misconduct, however, may be difficult to decide.

A fun-loving Connecticut foreman who liked to tickle the girls in his charge was guilty of misconduct, clearly enough. So

... ...

Dilatory Season

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

A bluebird huddles on a
bough,
As storm winds shake the
damp snow down;
December fields were fair,
but now
In March, they lie here
bare and brown.

Even the sparrows' tireless
wing
Wearies, in search of scanty
fare;
And while the weather
man says: Spring,
A shivering robin
questions: Where?

... ...

was the Pennsylvania truck driver who filled the radiator of his personal car from the company's tank of antifreeze and then swore he thought the stuff was water, though out where water would have frozen.

But what would you say about an energetic seventeen-year-old who takes a factory job legally open only to eighteen-year-olds and older? It didn't get the boss in Dutch, but might have, and the law was broken. The boy was praised for industry, but his discharge was called a discharge for misconduct and he got no benefits.

Men are men and women are women and the twain insist on meeting. "Not our employees," said the management of a Pennsylvania store. Male and female employees must not "associate socially," it was decreed, before, during or after hours. An assistant manager took one of the girls for a ride in his car after work, and was fired for it.

Was this misconduct? "Yes," said officials to whom he first applied for compensation. "No," said the referee to whom he appealed this ruling. The company objected to that decision and the case went to the board of review. Which held in favor of the fired man and "social associating," saying this was not the kind of misbehavior which ought to cost anyone his compensation benefits.

In Wyoming an outraged boss caught an employee in what the boss regarded as pure treason. The employee was a dairy hand. At home, someone learned, he was using oleo, and liking it. The boss fired him out of hand. But compensation officials declined to take so serious a view of the offense and granted compensation.

They did the same for a girl fired from a Wyoming oil-company office. Where she made her mistake was in using lighter fluid made by a rival oil outfit.

The ancient practice of using the company's time to look for a job somewhere else came up in a Pennsylvania case. This sometimes extends to using the company's phones and stationery, and while there are bosses who overlook it—perhaps they got their own jobs that way—there are others who regard it as a firing offense.

A paper cutter in a box factory took a day off to ask about job prospects at another box plant, and got fired for it. But the board of review said it wasn't such an "evil design" as to merit being called misconduct.

Roughly speaking, what an employer must pay in to the unemployment fund depends on the amount of unemployment chargeable to his account. It was inevitable, consequently, that sooner or later someone would get fired for applying for unemployment compensation, and it happened in Pennsylvania.

A plant shut down for a two-week vacation. A girl not entitled to a vacation regarded herself as unemployed and put in for compensation. After the usual one-week waiting period, she drew one week of benefits. Her boss heard about it and was burned. "If you're that hungry," he said, "go get compensation." She went, and got—all through August, September and October. Her unemployment all that time was, of course, chargeable to her boss' account—exactly what he had wanted to avoid.

To make up for the difficult cases there are those which solve themselves. An Eskimo living in the backwoods of Alaska heard about unemployment compensation and figured that if anyone had it coming, he did. He had been a paragon of patience, a hero of marathon toil. They wrote him that he'd have to describe the circumstances, which are all-important.

"I was not requested to resign from native store," he replied. "However, I hang a notice on October 18, regardless, leaving the store on November 1. We natives in Alaska, we love hunting. I was surprised myself to stick around in the store twenty-three months. Most I was tired of being in one place."

Those sentiments aroused a lot of sympathy. But he had to be told that being tired of being in one place isn't regarded as a valid excuse even for a poor workbeat Eskimo. It would have been necessary to reject a Texas woman, too, except that she didn't want benefits. Her status was that of unemployed wife, and no state insures that line of work. But all she needed was temporary work, she said, say for three weeks.

"My husband wanted a divorce to marry another girl," she said. "So I gave him the house and left."

"But what's this about needing work only temporarily?"

"It's this way," she said serenely: "I left that girl my husband and my house, but I also left her five small children. She never tried taking care of five small children. I figure I'll have my old job back in about three weeks tops."

Not wanting benefits, incidentally, is something of a custom in Texas. Issuing compensation there is simplified by the fact that a full one third of those out of work and entitled to benefits don't bother to collect. Just keep it, partner; it's only money. THE END

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Don't be a Sucker, Junior!

(Continued from Page 26)

you sleep in the park, as we used to say on the lower East Side in New York.

It is a heartbreaking business, too, because agonizing effort will not compensate for lack of God-given talent. Conversely, the most gorgeous voice will go for Sweeney unless it is enriched by years of study devoted to proper projection and sensitive interpretation. This is the critical area where many youngsters with the endowment to reach the top are ruined by incompetent teachers or their own laziness.

I'm a nut on technique in singing because I know what it did for me—Pinky Pearl, a second-rate fiddler with obscure dance bands for twelve years. I was hardly a natural as a singer. There was no musical talent on either side of my family. I took vocal lessons for fifteen years before I made the big time at the Met. I had a well-founded complex about my appearance that made me reluctant to pose as a dashing hero in public. I never understood why music lovers close their eyes at the opera until I saw myself in the mirror tricked out in tights. Everything was against me at the start, but sheer technique overcame all the handicaps.

Through the years I've heard some 2000 vocal students in private auditions. Fewer than a dozen were worth listening to for more than eight bars of music. Exactly one eventually acquired the craftsmanship worth the admission charged for public performances.

In 1943 a twelve-year-old girl astonished me with the remarkable quality of her voice and, more significantly, her intuitive sense of musicianship. The child's mother was in a dilemma that was driving her frantic. She had been told it would be a grave mistake to grab the movie, radio and stage offers showered on her daughter, but she explained that the family needed the money desperately. I pleaded with her to pass up what appeared to be a fast fortune and insure the child's future success with a sound technical foundation after she reached adolescence. Happily, the mother took my advice. The girl was Roberta Peters, an outstanding concert and operatic star today.

Anyone who has been subjected to the excruciating screeching and bellowing of amateurs will testify that one Roberta Peters among 2000 is a sensational batting average. With the exception of pupils accepted by reputable schools and a handful of conscientious teachers, the overwhelming majority of vocal students are squandering time and money in lost causes. I know this will offend many parents and self-appointed oracles who are influential on the concert circuit, my chief source of income. It's high time, though, that someone exposed the parasites and phonies encouraging poor dupes to coddle dreams that never will come true.

The dreary process begins with egotistical parents who are determined to fan a child's faint spark of ability into full-blown talent. I admit it's difficult for parents to be objective about their offspring, but I've seen too many kids made miserable by grim pressures to swallow that easy excuse. Musical mammas, the worst offenders, pull out all the hearts-and-flowers stops broadcasting their sacrifices and lofty devotion to Culture. The spiel is hypocritical hogwash. At every turn, they exploit their kids as meal tickets and publicity bait to promote their selfish ambition.

These harpies get the flattery they crave from sycophants hoping to make reputations as teachers by latching onto promising protégés. The fringes of the business are cluttered up with would-be Svengalis, but what they know about singing wouldn't teach a girl from Trilby, Florida, how to hum Dixie. Then there are wealthy people trying to buy recognition as esthetes by sponsoring students. The hangers-on usually mean well, but that does not condone the harm they commit by pushing mediocrities toward unattainable goals.

The lowest species of musical parasites are found in the upper echelons of the profession. They are the thoroughly qualified teachers who debase their high standards and encourage hopeless pupils to continue taking lessons at fifteen and twenty-five dollars a crack. Porch climbers who get their money at the point of a gun operate more ethically than these unprincipled bums.

The most poignant part of a build-up to a big letdown is that the victim never really stops chasing rainbows.

It would be easier to sympathize with frustrated musicians if so many were not responsible for their own failures. They have ambition without the discipline to achieve it. They profess to love music, but they have no respect for it. They think their talent will flower magically if they are wised up to a few tricks of the trade. Filled with self-pity, they gather at concerts and tell one another that Jascha Heifetz, Artur Rubinstein and Marian Anderson are up there enthralling audiences only because they got the breaks, the lucky stiffs. Sure, breaks help, but these sniveling cynics wouldn't know what to do with one if it hit them in the face, because they'll never be ready to take advantage of it.

Three tremendous breaks that shaped my future would have gone up the flue without adequate preparation. The first came in 1932, when I was a fiddler and part-time vocalist with the Astor Hotel orchestra in New York. At that time I had absolutely no pretensions about my voice. I was taking singing lessons to help me pick up an extra five dollars occasionally, warbling at private affairs so I could stretch the salary of fifty dollars a week on which I was supporting a wife and child. I didn't get enough engagements to cover the cost of the lessons, but I kept plugging away.

On the night I got my break, the Astor orchestra was playing at a testimonial dinner for Weber and Fields, the famous German-dialect comedians. In the lull between the soup and meat courses I sang Yours is My Heart Alone, a ballad, to an obbligato of rattling dishes. No one listened with more than half an ear except the late Samuel L. Rothafel, better known a generation ago as Roxy, the veteran showman who had introduced stage presentations in movie theaters. I didn't know—not that it would have meant anything to me—that Roxy was looking for a tenor in a permanent company he was assembling for the new Radio City Music Hall, the country's most imposing movie palace. The spot paid $150, a prize plum in the depression, and scores of established Broadway and vaudeville performers had applied for it. Roxy gave the job to me, an utter unknown, on the basis of one selection.

Much later—I worked at the Music Hall for eight years, until my debut at the Met—I asked Roxy why he had picked me out of a hat.

"A lot of tenors sounded as well as you did," he said, "but you were the only one who had bothered to learn how to sing properly. The other guys were limited to one type of number. I needed someone who could knock off everything from Yankee Doodle to Ave Maria, with a little grand opera thrown in. I don't know anything about the mechanics of singing, but I do know nobody gets to be a versatile pro in any trade without training."

The turning point of my career six years later was even more improbable. It was a phone call from Samuel Chotzinoff, the musical director of the National Broadcasting Company whom I had never met, after I sang an excerpt from Wagner on a weekly radio show sponsored by the Music Hall. Chotzinoff offered to arrange an audition for the tenor role in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which Arturo Toscanini was to conduct at Carnegie Hall.

I almost fractured my larynx accepting; then began to get cold feet at the thought of singing for the great Toscanini with only one formal recital in Cleveland behind me.

I was numb by the time I knocked at Toscanini's (*Continued on Page 121*)

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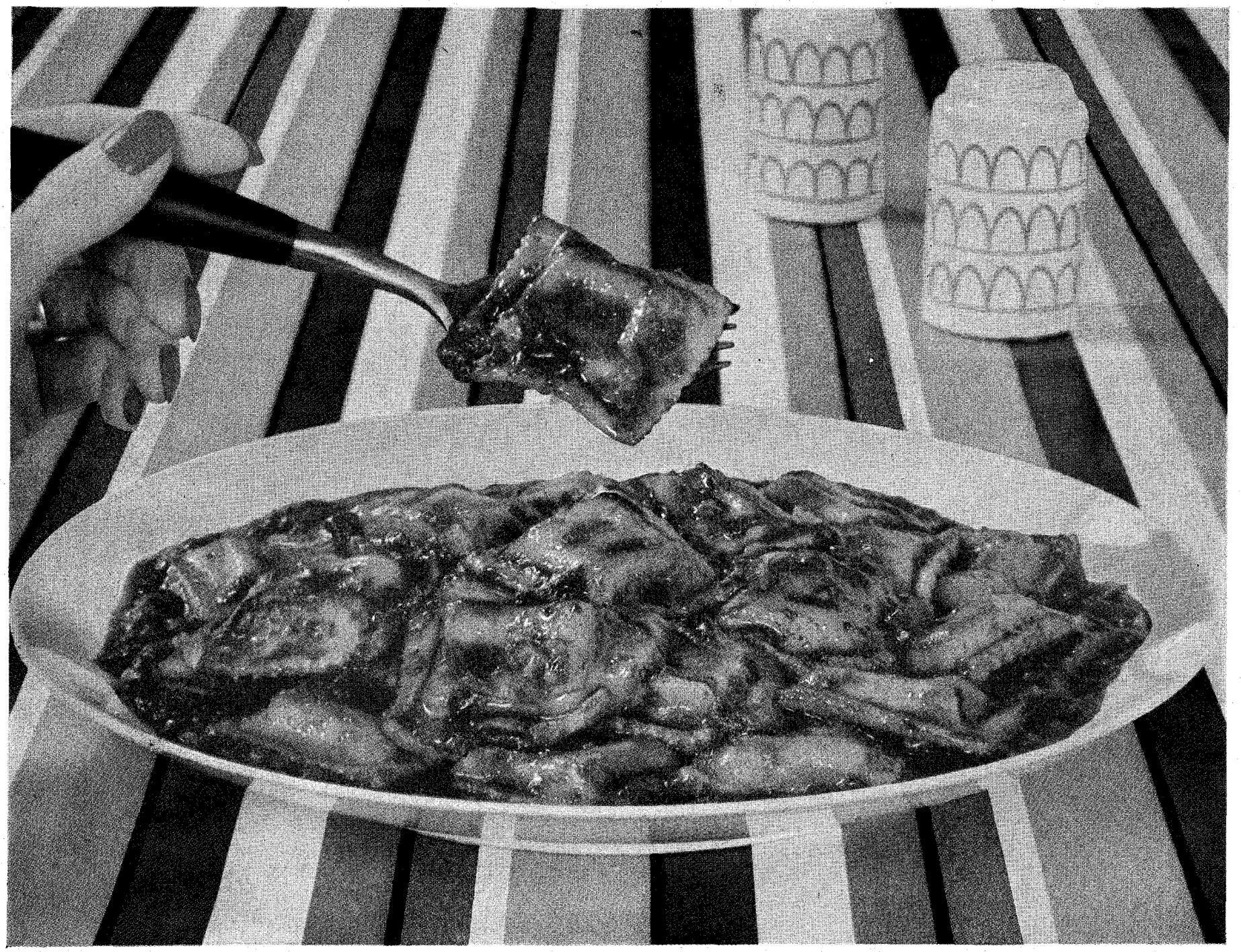

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(*Continued from Page 119*) suite at the Astor Hotel, my old stamping ground. The maestro himself opened the door, compounding my panic. I expected Chotzinoff would be there to give me moral support, but we were alone. (Chotzinoff later admitted he ducked the audition because he was afraid I'd lay an egg.) Toscanini was cordial but brisk. He asked what I wanted to sing. I answered that I assumed he wanted to hear the Ninth Symphony.

Toscanini waved his hands impatiently. "That's not much of a part for a tenor. What else do you know?"

I'll never understand what impelled me, but I said I'd do *Una Furtiva Lagrima* from L'Elisir d'Amore, one of the most difficult tenor arias. I was identified chiefly with light music and I suppose it was a subconscious desire to show Toscanini I was capable of better things.

Toscanini, originally a cellist, sat down at the piano to accompany me. He's such a superb musician that he could rub two sticks together and make them sound like the pipes of Pan, but he struck a wrong note after I had sung a dozen bars. Toscanini, a perfectionist, stopped playing and bawled himself out in Italian. At that precise moment my training in the Music Hall—doing four and five shows a day while customers scrambled for seats and crackled candy wrappers—paid off. I went on singing and was given the role in the Ninth Symphony.

Toscanini subsequently praised my voice, but I think he was more impressed at the audition with my poise. All sorts of catastrophes can occur during a performance. The orchestra may get completely balled up, singers may come in on wrong cues and the scenery may fall down. A real pro ignores distractions, stays on key and keeps the show going.

A serious predicament did attend my debut at the Met on November 29, 1941. The first act had gone well and during the intermission I asked Norman Cordon, a member of the cast, whether he was coming to my party, a traditional celebration given by a singer appearing in a leading role for the first time.

"Please excuse me," Cordon said, "but after what happened to poor Papi ——" He blanched, horrified that he had divulged the news the company was under strict orders to keep from me.

Gennaro Papi, who had rehearsed me and was to conduct the performance, had died suddenly that morning. I had not been told because the management was afraid I would go to pieces if I knew a strange conductor was handling the baton. It hoped that faces in the orchestra pit would be indistinguishable in the glare of the spotlights and I would not realize Ettore Panizza had been substituted for Papi. The elaborate precautions, which were overdramatized by the newspapers, were unnecessary. I was shocked by the death of Papi, but I had worked too long for my big opportunity to permit even a tragedy to deter me. Furthermore, I had the security of technique, which is to a musician what a parachute is to a test pilot. It insures landing safely on your feet in the event of an emergency.

The basic idea in singing is to revert to the breathing process that produces the cry of a newborn baby. Few adults yelling at the top of their lungs can equal the amazing intensity and carrying power of an infant's wail. Why? A baby breathes deeply from the diaphragm, the most resonant soundboard in the body. As we learn to speak, we tend to breathe from the throat, drawing on a limited supply of air that reduces volume and tightens the vocal cords. A singer must retrain his breath control to increase volume and acquire flexibility of tone.

Laymen and undiscriminating critics are so impressed with volume that inferior singers go overboard for it, to the detriment of more important values. Sure, when an opera reaches a passionate climax, you've got to belt hard to be heard above a 100-piece orchestra, a chorus and the other principals who are in there bucking for curtain calls too. The trouble, of course, is that sheer noise, too often, is mistaken for music.

A good singer rarely cuts loose with the full volume at his command. He develops it for much the same reason that cars are built with 200-horsepower engines nowadays. All that energy may be expended once or twice in 10,000 miles of ordinary driving, but operating a car at 75 per cent of maximum power saves engine wear. The identical principle of conservation applies to the voice.

An infinitely more difficult accomplishment is getting evenness of tone in all registers. Many undeveloped voices have great beauty within a range of one octave and the average person can carry a tune fairly well in a spread of eleven or twelve notes. Try it yourself. Start as low as you can without rousing a lovesick moose and run up the scale. You'll begin to strain and squeak on the second *fa* and then switch to a falsetto. The demands of classical music require a full-throated range of two octaves, sixteen notes. A coloratura soprano like Lily Pons can encompass two and a half octaves without losing purity of tone. Range is extended by learning to readjust the vocal cords in the break of registers. Although it means adding only four more notes, it's as arduous as stretching the neck.

The major differences between classical and popular singers are volume and range. Most pop songs are written in one octave and their banal sentiments hardly require big voices. Don't get the idea I'm a longhair sneering at pop singers. I think Bing Crosby is a great performer, and so are Perry Como, Eddie Fisher, Dinah Shore and Teresa Brewer. Tony Martin's diminuendo, or half-tones, can be duplicated by few concert artists. No doubt Martin could have made the Met with more training. As a rule, though, most pop headliners are stylists rather than singers.

The distinctive quality that separates the true artist from crooners and classical clucks is interpretative musicianship—the ability to "hear" every nuance in a composition by reading it. The singer or instrumentalist who does not possess it is nothing more than a recording machine. Talent and technique will enable him to do a creditable job with a standard work, but he never will reach the mountaintop unless he feels the soaring emotion the composer meant to convey.

Sensitive interpretation is a musician's gilt-edged insurance policy after his physical powers and reflexes have declined. John McCormack was an unsurpassed concert artist long after his voice was dulled by age. Giuseppe De Luca still was a magnificent baritone at seventy-four. Fritz Kreisler's tone was spotty toward the end of his career, but many connoisseurs considered him the master violinist for the warmth he projected.

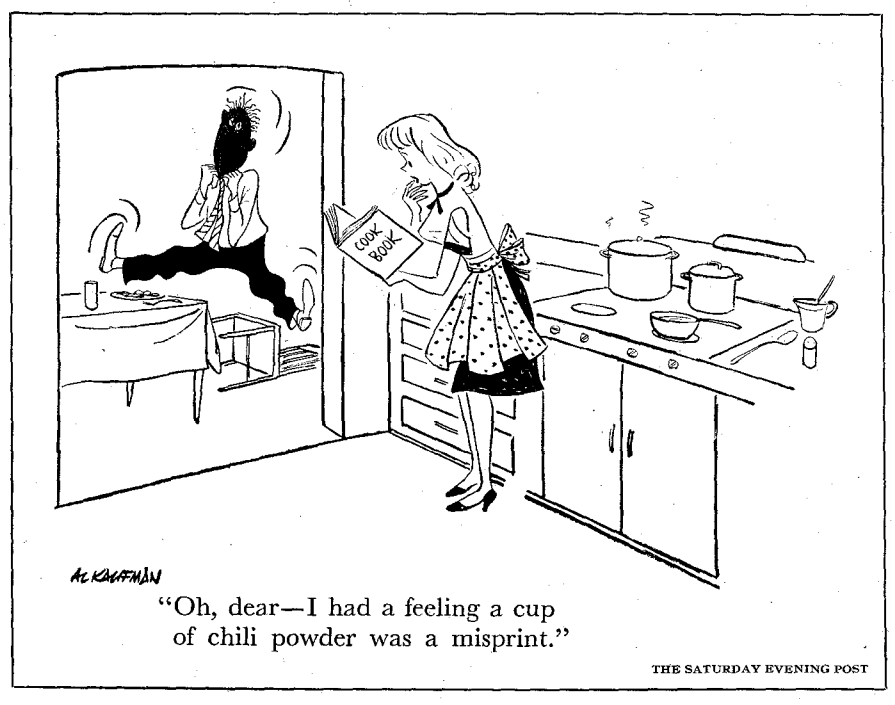
The only artist worth hearing more than once recognizes an obligation to bring fresh meaning to every performance. Let me give a simple example. In July, I drew an audience of 25,000 to an outdoor concert in the Robin Hood Dell, in Philadelphia, on a stifling night. The program featured operatic arias, and toward the end I sensed that a change of pace was needed after a lot of blood-and-thunder music. As I stepped up to do Yours Is My Heart Alone for an encore, I decided to try for a new effect. I had sung the number, my good-luck theme, at least 2000 times and always used two breaths for the first four bars. On the spur of the moment, I did the passage on one breath to evoke a soft, reflective mood. The crowd responded with the longest ovation of the night.

It's pleasant to dwell on the aesthetic satisfaction of stirring an audience, but the mundane side can't be swept under the rug. When I mentioned earlier that it costs $20,000 to study for an operatic career, I based that figure on current expenses that an apprentice and his family must be prepared to shoulder.

After preliminary instruction, a good voice needs five years of advanced training, on the average, to attain technical polish. Top teachers charge fifteen dollars a lesson and a serious student should take three a week throughout the year, with two weeks off for a breather. Two sessions a week with a coach-accompanist, at ten dollars apiece, are needed for further guidance. Since an opera singer must make a pass at acting, two years of dramatic coaching in four roles are imperative, along with fencing lessons for men and ballet for women. Courses in Italian, French and German, at $285 apiece, are musts for correct pronunciation. Operatic scores, sheet music, records and a basic course in harmony and counterpoint are other necessary expenses.

There is a final stab—the outlay for a debut. It costs a minimum of $1100 including rental of hall, printing programs and tickets, clothes, accompanist fee and a little advertising. It doesn't hurt, either, to advertise in trade journals to attract the attention of booking agents. Here's how it all adds up over five years:

Vocal lessons	$11,250
Coach-accompanists	5,000
Opera workshop	550
Fencing or ballet	100
Three languages	855
Music, records	1,000
Harmony, counterpoint	200
Debut	1,100
Advertising	300
	$20,355



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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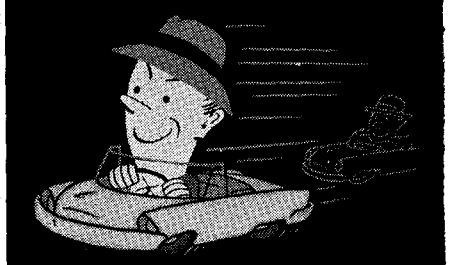

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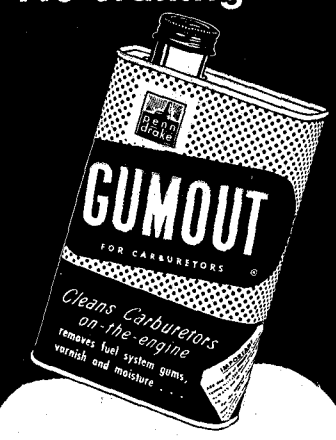

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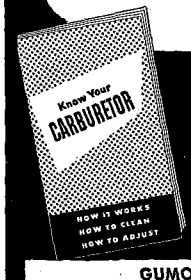

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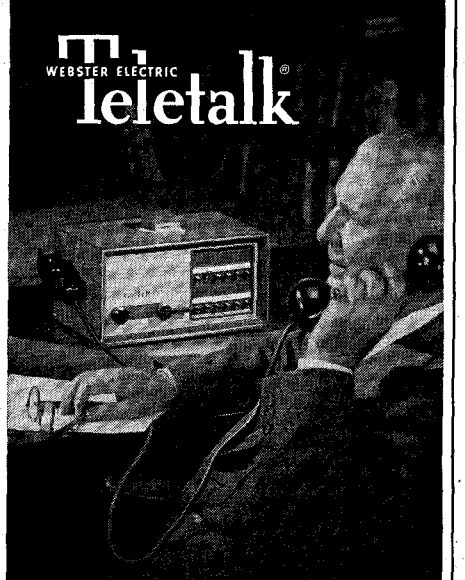

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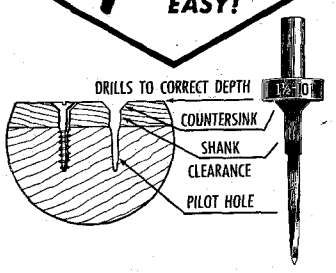

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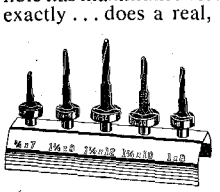

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The biggest item—teachers' fees—can be eliminated or sharply reduced if the likely student accepts a scholarship. I can't think of a more disastrous mistake a young singer could make. In return for free tuition, the pupil usually guarantees the teacher a manager's cut of his future earnings. That's fair enough, but pupils frequently outgrow teachers, then find it impossible to break away. There are even quacks who discourage kids from learning to read music in order to make pupils dependent on them. Regardless of the financial strain, it's better to be independent of legal and sentimental tie-ups with teachers.

Another point—living expenses—should be stressed. Too many students supported by indulgent parents turn into musical bums. I've seen them come back from a year in Europe with nothing to show but a recipe for spaghetti sauce.

There's no earthly reason why a kid shouldn't hold a steady job and study at night and on weekends. Nobody has to tell me how tough it is. When I was a fiddler, I sometimes left home at seven in the morning to play at repulsively cheerful pep breakfasts and wound up twenty hours later at dances. I managed to take lessons and practice, and I kept up the grind during the eight years I was at the Music Hall putting in a ten-hour stretch seven days a week.

A few years ago I tried to talk like a Dutch uncle to a tenor in Seattle who was using music to hide an aversion for work. He had a voice that would captivate only hungry livestock at feeding time, and I told him, as gently as I could, he didn't have a chance. After giving an opinion, you've got to be ready to defend it against charges ranging from idiocy to fear of competition. This guy in Seattle pulled a new one when I advised him to get a job and, if he was determined to sing, study in his spare time.

"You're like all the others," he fumed. "What do you know about struggling? You were born with a gold spoon in your mouth."

"Did you ever hear of the lower East Side in New York?" I asked him. He allowed as how he had read a little about it.

"I mean the East Side at the turn of the century, when it was the Melting Pot. If my folks ever owned a gold spoon, it was pawned in Russia to pay for steerage passage to America."

I was born Jacob Pincus Perelmuth—Pinky Pearl was the fancy Anglicization—on Orchard Street. My father was a caterer for family affairs like weddings and confirmations, but the biggest celebration was at the Perelmuths whenever he got a customer. Most Jewish parents regarded music as an integral part of a child's cultural education and I began taking violin lessons when I was nine. My younger brothers and sister later were exposed briefly to the Muse. Max played the drums and Sender the trumpet, and it was a great relief to music lovers when they quit. Max now is an executive with the Technical Tape Corporation and Sender manufactures furniture in Los Angeles. Sara studied the piano, but her chief musical triumph was marrying Richard Tucker, my colleague at the Met.

The first money I earned was for singing in a synagogue when I was eleven. Abe Kaplan, now a famous brain surgeon, had sung the alto parts in the Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur high-holiday services, but his voice had changed and he tipped me off to the opening. Abe told me I'd queer a good racket if I didn't demand forty dollars for the job. I auditioned for the cantor and when he asked what I wanted, I followed Abe's orders. I got forty dollars—for sixteen services throughout the year. At that, it was more than I made singing for nearly twenty years.

As a fiddler I became a neighborhood plutocrat. I formed a four-piece jazz combo when I was fourteen and made fifty cents a night playing at dances in the Madison Street Settlement House. The following year I joined the union and got a summer job in the Catskill Mountains. Although I knew I'd never be anything but a fair commercial fiddler, I loved music and decided to make it my career. I left Columbia University after three years of a premedical course, against the objections of my parents, who were set on having a doctor in the family, the fulfillment of the American dream to immigrants.

For a long time it was a tossup whether their disappointment was greater than mine. I couldn't hook on with a name band and whenever I applied for singing jobs I was told the public wanted personality kids. I was so fed up with the brush-offs that I was on the verge of chucking my singing ambitions, but all that changed after I eloped with Alice Kaye in 1929.

My wife Alice is a dead ringer for George Gobel's Alice. She's a no-nonsense gal, easily the smartest one in the family. I thought my nose was too big to unveil on a stage. "It's a fine nose for a singer," Alice snapped. "The bigger the nose, the bigger the breath you can take." Her logic was so trenchant I forgot to remind her that a singer breathes through the mouth.

After I got the job at the Music Hall, I developed a fixation about wanting a coach to come and warm me up practicing scales before I left home. It was an evasion that didn't fool Alice. "Don't be a jerk," she said. "You can play the chords on the piano yourself." I was afraid to take the plunge into opera, pleading I wasn't ready for it. Alice forced my hand in 1938 by signing me for a role in Rigoletto in Philadelphia; then began talking up the Met.

I was lucky that the pressures which gave me direction were exerted when I was mature enough to cope with them. Many children have been less fortunate—including my son, Larry, I'm ashamed to admit. I'm a fine one to sound off against dumb, domineering parents; I was guilty of every mistake in the book. I was convinced—as I still am—that Larry had unusual talent for the piano, but I made such an issue of practicing that friends warned me I was in danger of turning the boy against music and me. I was so appalled when I realized what I was doing that I stopped Larry's lessons. I have the consolation of knowing that his musical training is invaluable to him as a television director with WCPO, in Cincinnati.

Having learned the hard way, I was satisfied to bring my daughters, Susan and Joy, to the point of playing the piano passably well. None of my kids can sing better than the average, and perhaps it's just as well.

Sometimes I wonder whether it's more a burden than a blessing to have a musically gifted child. A parent concerned with a youngster's full development must shrink from browbeating a twelve-year-old into practicing three hours a day, yet there is no substitute for those interminable exercises. I'd like to suggest another approach. It may lose a few prodigies, but the overwhelming majority of kids will be better off, and some may even develop an appreciation of music.

Instead of force-feeding methods, which never have worked, try to stimulate a child's desire to play or sing by exposure to good music. Lord knows that shouldn't be difficult these days with kids doing homework and brushing their teeth while radios and phonographs blare rock-'n'-roll and hillbilly stuff. Suffer the uproar and tune in occasional "song hits" from operas and light symphonies. Kids graduate from the comics to serious literature; familiarity with the classics will bring a similar refinement in their musical tastes. Encourage them to join school bands and choruses, but don't press too hard beyond that.

One hour of practice a day is all that can be expected of a normal boy wrapped up in sports, or a girl yearning for her first pair of high-heeled shoes. The kids who don't respond to the pressure never will be musicians anyway. Those with genuine talent may manifest it when resentment does not accompany the tedium of practicing. Only then can a parent safely bear down on the necessary discipline.

I'm trying to get across one message: Will power makes the musician only if it wells up spontaneously within the performer. Talent can be cultivated, but it cannot be created synthetically. The odds against hitting the jack pot are astronomical even for those born under the luckiest stars. It's a wonderful gamble if you make it, but wishful thinking won't shorten the odds. THE END

"You look swell . . . c'mon now!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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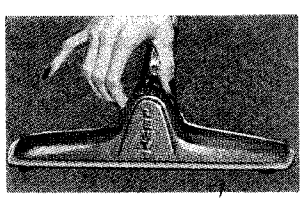

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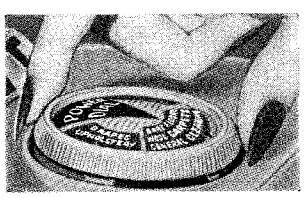

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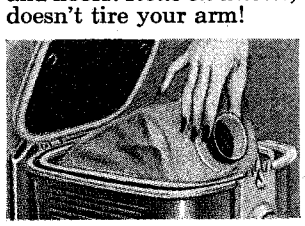

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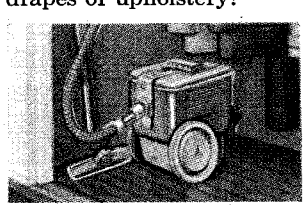

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Daylight Robbery (Continued from Page 30)

Gordon looked around. In the first parking stall, where it could get out quickly and inconspicuously, stood a small blue sedan, this year's model and fast as lightning. Three men were getting out of it. A fourth lounged at the wheel. The engine idled. One man carried a double-barreled shotgun. All four wore overalls. The shotgun would attract no attention, this being a Missouri River town and this being the duck season.

For pity's sake, a bank robbery, and a good one too. These fellows know what they're doing, Gordon thought, more shocked than frightened. He had gone to work as office boy in the bank eight years ago. It was all he knew. It was the only thing he believed in. It was his job, his religion, his sweetheart.

But how do they expect to get away? his dry, practical mind ran on. This was a thickly settled farming community. There were plenty of roads, but they all went somewhere. Sheriffs and constables in surrounding counties and towns had chased so many speeders that they could set up roadblocks in a matter of minutes.

Arland was staring stupidly. To the tall, rawboned, redheaded man with the shotgun, Gordon said, "Don't shoot. We'll do as you say." To Arland he barked, "Mind them! They're armed and we're not! Arland, wake up!"

Arland woke up. The three bandits followed him and Gordon into the bank, leaving the fourth at the wheel of the car. No one inside the bank noticed until it was too late.

The man with the shotgun gave quick, calm orders. One of the other men drew a .45 revolver from the bib of his overalls. The third took a gunny sack from the same hiding place in his own overalls.

"This is a stickup," the leader announced, "but don't raise your hands to attract attention from the street. We don't want to hurt anyone and we hope you all have good sense. Don't wake up the old man there."

"Everyone please do as he says," said Gordon.

"That's the best advice I've heard since grandpa said to stay out of the Army," the bandit leader said.

He told the two tellers to take one step backward, out of reach of the alarm buttons. A woman customer slipped to the floor in a soundless faint. Without turning his back, the bandit leader dragged her to a rear bench, where she could not be seen from the street. He returned and got in line at a window, the shotgun in the crook of his arm, concealed by his body from the street, but as ready as a pistol. Anyone seeing him through the window would mistake him for just one more late depositor.

The area behind the tellers' cages was not visible from the street. The man with the .45 went in and began collecting cash from the drawers, stacking it on the counters. The man with the gunny sack went into the vault. The movements of all three robbers had the deftness of fine actors doing a bit of well-rehearsed fast action on the stage. At no time did they get in one another's way.

Mr. Oliphant slept on. Gordon noticed Violet Anthus' blue eyes squinting thoughtfully at the phone. Violet was a slim, quick-witted, hard-working girl with short, fair hair and absolutely no faults that Gordon could see.

He had been in the fourth grade when Violet moved to town and entered the second. Gordon had loved her ever since, but he had never been a ladies' man, and while Violet had had a great many boy friends, Gordon had gone on worshiping her secretly. It had been a great shock when Mr. Oliphant hired her. To be so near her every day was an unendurable mixture of poignant pleasure and excruciating pain. Gordon's was still a fourth-grader's love, remote, humble, pristine.

"Don't do it, honey," said the bandit leader. "I'll blow you in two if you look at that phone again."

"Violet, for heaven's sake!" Gordon croaked.

The girl paled a little, as though realizing finally the risk she had contemplated running. But Gordon kept watching her.

At 3:59 the man with the sack came out of the vault and picked up the money the other man had stacked on the counter. The sack was now full. The two men behind the counter walked toward the rear door. The leader began edging after them.

"All right; everybody stay put for two minutes and you'll be all right. It's all over and nobody was hurt," he said.

Arland Oliphant had been standing, in a complete daze, with his back to the wall. The bandits had ignored him, just as everyone else did. Now, as the leader with the shotgun passed him, he must have seen some change of expression in Arland's weakly transparent face. Arland had never been strong on judgment.

The bandit swore and lifted the shotgun. The whole bank shook to its roar. The charge caught Arland in the chest, but not before his elbow had found the button concealed in the paneling.

Outside, the big alarm bell under the eaves began clanging, clanging, clanging. The woman who had fainted sat up and began screaming. The bandit leader lost his composure completely. He broke open the shotgun to reload, but his shaking hand failed to catch the good shell from the other barrel. It fell on the floor, along with the empty one whose charge had killed Arland.

For a second, the shotgun was empty. Gordon quickly turned to one of the tellers. "Give me your pistol, Mrs. Webster," he said.

The bandit leader clicked the shotgun shut and ran for the door. The teller handed Gordon a .38 revolver. He shot three times and saw the third shot spatter on the bulletproof glass as the back door swung shut.

"Don't, you idiot!" Violet screamed, as Gordon started after them. "That other fellow's got a gun, Gordie, and you can't see to hit the side of a barn!"

The getaway car slid out into the street. Mr. Oliphant woke up and began shouting, "What's that? What's wrong? Gordie, what have you done now? Gordie, come here!"

The woman who had fainted stopped screaming. It was very still for a moment. Gordon knelt beside Arland, noting that the wall clock said exactly 4:01.

"Keep Mr. Oliphant away, Violet!" he snapped. "Don't let him see this!"

The courthouse was two blocks away. Sheriff Warren J. Hollwoeg's car stopped behind the bank, its siren growling down into silence, at 4:05. Gordon had locked both doors, but a crowd had already collected outside. Hollwoeg had to pound on the door to get in.

The sheriff was a huge man whose look of great power was modified unfavorably by his (*Continued on Page 127*)

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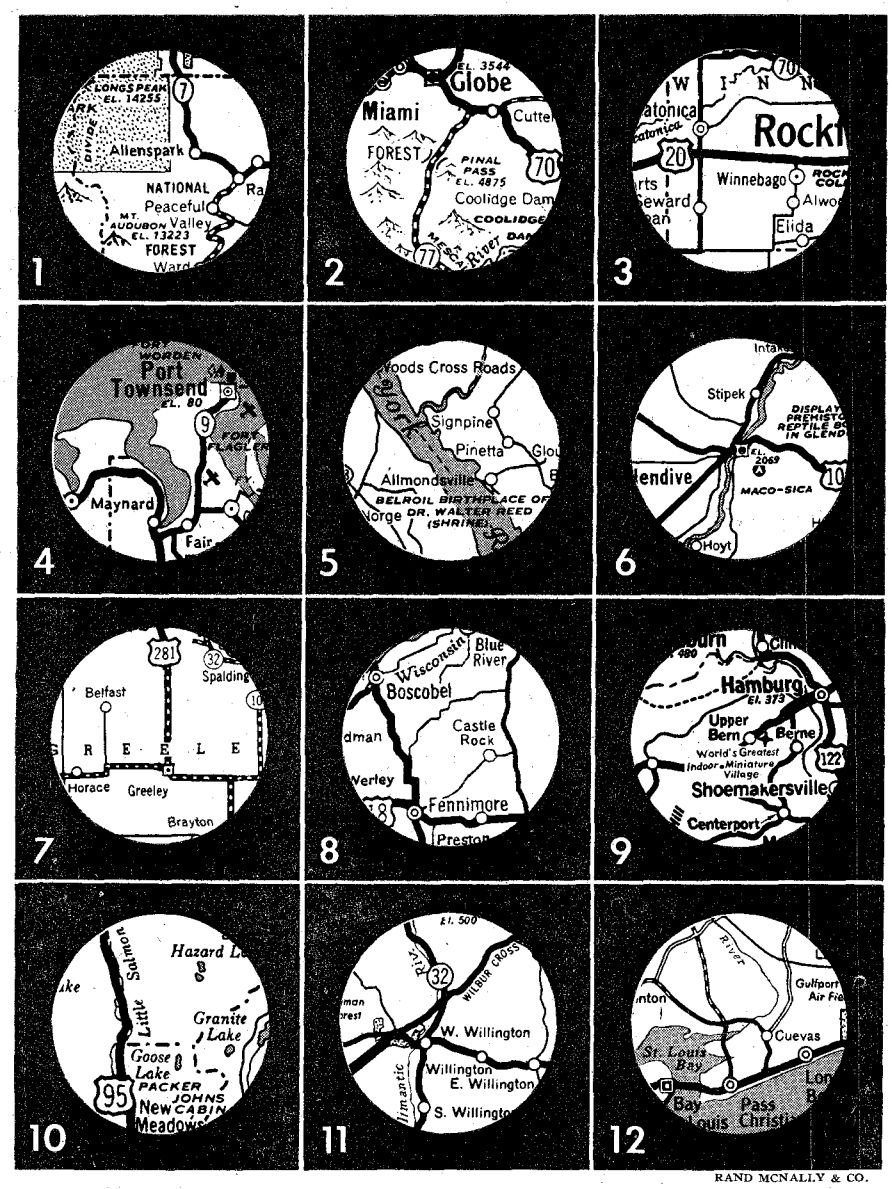

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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on Page 127*)

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(*Continued from Page 124*) unbecoming paunch. He was up for re-election in two weeks, with a strong candidate against him. In this rural county a few hundred votes could unseat him. He looked down at Arland's body with the horrible conviction that he could be defeated just by the people within hearing of that raucous alarm under the eaves.

"Shut that blamed bell off!" he shouted.

Violet threw the switch. The sheriff had a sawed-off repeating shotgun under his arm. He lumbered to the railing around the president's desk and leaned the gun there. "What happened, Les—stickup?" he bellowed pointlessly.

Mr. Oliphant had stood up. He had heard the bandit shoot—had opened his eyes in time to see some kind of rumpus at the back door. He did not even remember the three shots that Gordon had fired. Now, for the first time, he saw Arland on the floor.

"They killed Arland! They killed my brother!" he gasped.

He slumped down into his chair, choking for breath. Violet reached for the phone. Gordon heard her dial and then say, "Operator, Doctor Springer's line is busy, but this is life or death! Will you please cut in at once?"

Doctor Springer had offices upstairs. He came clattering down to the back door, where Gordon admitted him. He took one look at Arland and then ran to administer treatment to Mr. Oliphant. In a few moments the president was breathing more easily.

The sheriff tried to take charge. He tried hard, but nothing like this had ever happened before. All he could think of to say was, "Anybody notice which way they went?"

"East," said Gordon, "if that means anything." He turned to Violet. "Violet, place a call to the FBI for Warren. They should be notified at once."

"How much did they get, Gordie?" the sheriff asked.

"Good heavens, we don't know yet! Around forty thousand dollars, probably. There was that much cash on hand."

"Oh, no!" the sheriff moaned. "How many were there?"

"Four." Again Gordon turned to Violet. "When you've got the FBI, call Warren's office and have the radio room put out an alarm. I'm sure Warren will want roadblocks set up in all directions." He looked at Doctor Springer. "Doctor, call an ambulance and get Mr. Oliphant to the hospital at once."

"I'm not going to the hospital!" Mr. Oliphant shouted. "Gordie, find out how much they got away with!"

"Yes, Mr. Oliphant," said Gordon. To Violet, who was now on two telephones, he said, "Call the mortuary and tell Herman to come for Arland himself—himself, understand! Also, see that no one goes into the vault. There may be fingerprints."

"Yes, fingerprints," said Sheriff Hollwoeg.

"Gordie, count the cash—count the cash!" Mr. Oliphant kept shouting.

"Yes, Mr. Oliphant," Gordon said. He ushered the customers who had been caught in the bank by the stick-up out the door. He told the crowd, "Yes, a stick-up, but the sheriff is here. Everything's all right. Please make way for the ambulance. Mr. Oliphant is ill."

"I'm not going to the hospital!" Mr. Oliphant repeated hopelessly. "Damn it, Gordie, count the cash!"

"Yes, Mr. Oliphant. You leave everything to Warren."

"Warren couldn't find his own tracks in plowed ground! Gordie, I want a snap tally on the cash at once!" Mr. Oliphant was still shouting as Doctor Springer pushed him toward the waiting ambulance.

The door closed. The sheriff said helplessly, "Did you get a description?"

"Let Violet tell you what she saw, and I'll check my own impressions against hers," said Gordon. "The two who went in after the money were very ordinary-looking, but the leader had certain conspicuous characteristics."

"He was about six-three in height, weight about two-ten," Violet said crisply. "Ruddy face, bright red hair, gray eyes, and he wore a bright red-checked shirt and overalls."

"At least we got that much," the sheriff said gratefully.

"Don't count on that red shirt, though," said Gordon. "Under it and the overalls, I'm sure I saw the collar of an ordinary blue shirt and the belt of his trousers."

The sheriff, writing things down, had begun to feel better. He looked up, confused again. "How's that, now?"

"A decoy, a disguise. Look, Warren, don't you feel that this was not an amateur job, so to speak?"

"Amateur?" the sheriff exploded. "Anybody that can work this slick a stick-up is an experienced hoodlum!"

"Exactly! And would a man smart enough to lead them make himself conspicuous with a red shirt? He'll rip that off, I feel sure, before they're a mile away. And that red hair was just a shade too red. I feel certain it was a wig. . . . There's the phone. It's probably the FBI. You talk to them, Warren. You understand these things."

The sheriff had enough information to draw a laconic compliment from the FBI agent on the other end of the line. By 4:15, roadblocks were being set up in all directions. Deputy Myron Walsh, who had been shooting pool in a tournament down the street, got there in time to help organize the roadblocks. It was Myron who, at Gordon's insistence, warned all surrounding officers not to concentrate on looking for a red-haired man in a red shirt.

It was 4:25 when Gordon said, "You have things in good shape, Warren. My goodness, it's just like television!"

"It'll soon be dark and they'll be clean away!" the sheriff worried. "I can't understand why nobody seen that car! Radio room reports a dozen roadblocks up, but nobody has seen it on any road in the county."

"I don't think it took a county road," said Gordon.

"What'd they do—use a helicopter?"

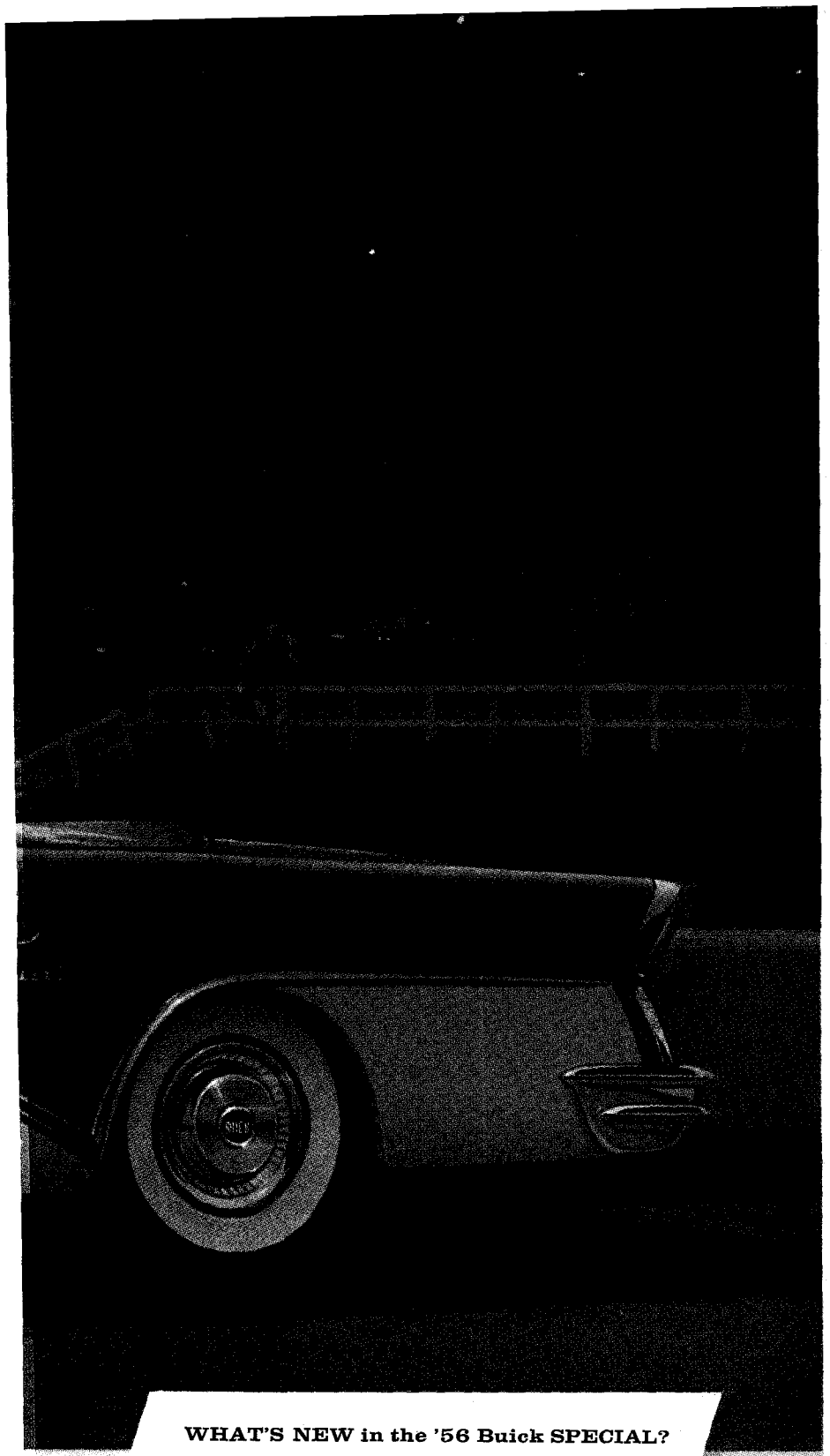
Gordon did not seem to catch the sarcasm. "That's not so farfetched, at that, Warren. I don't understand these matters, of course, but if I were a bank robber my first concern would be to provide my escape route. I certainly wouldn't work so hard to plan the robbery itself, and then drive blindly into some country sheriff's roadblock."

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 124

1. Col.	2. Ariz.	3. Ill.
4. Wash.	5. Va.	6. Mont.
7. Neb.	8. Wis.	9. Pa.
10. Idaho	11. Conn.	12. Miss.



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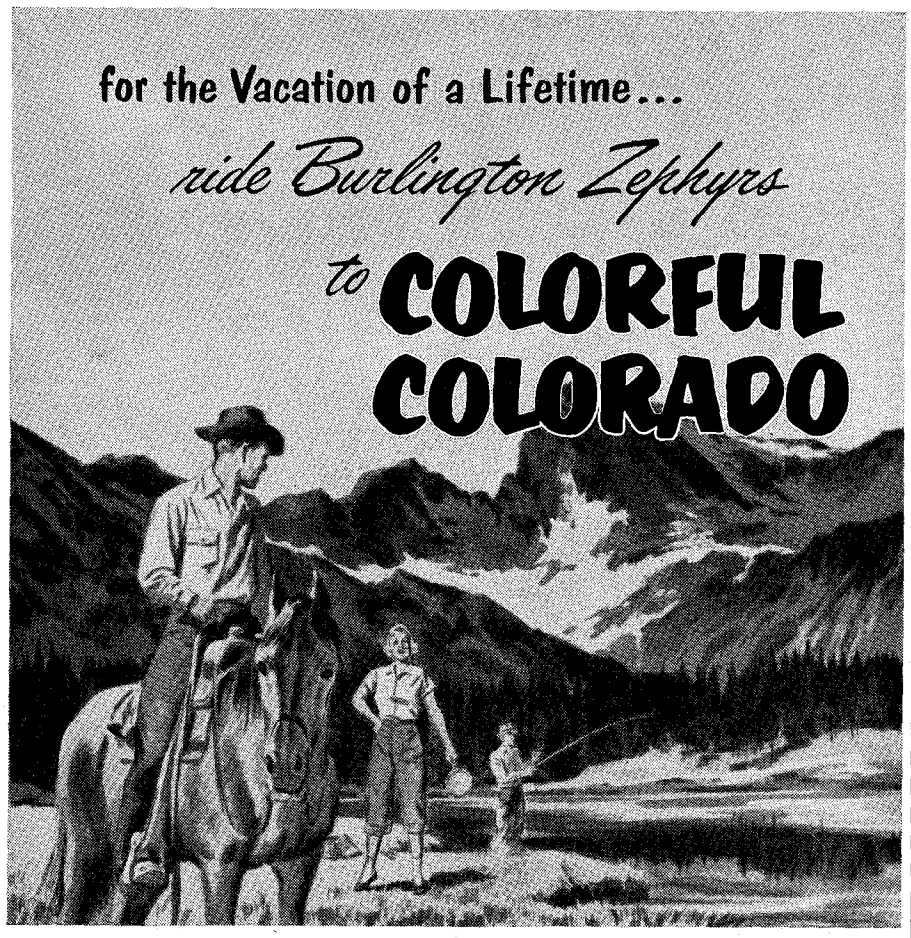

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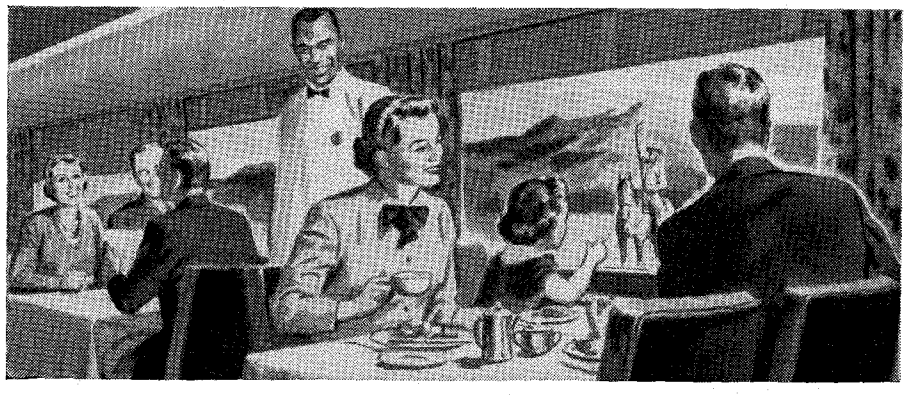

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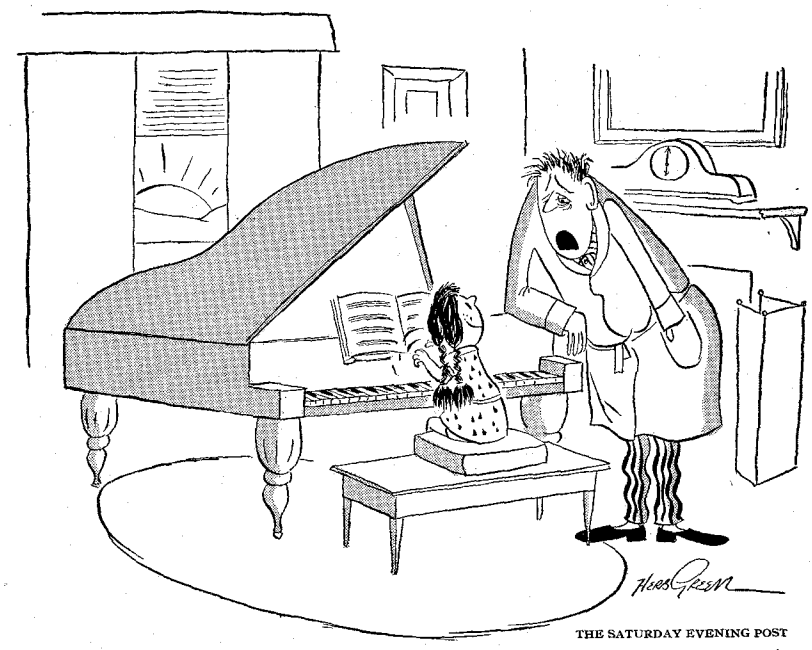

"Now, daddy doesn't want to say anything to kill your incentive; however, it is 6 A.M."

The sheriff glowered at him. "What's wrong with country sheriffs, Gordie?"

"I believe I've read where a big gangster once said he would rather face fifty city cops than one dead-eyed country sheriff. You fellows are all crack shots."

"Oh," said the sheriff. "Oh!"

"They didn't fly out or I feel sure someone would have seen them and notified your office. The roads being all blocked, there remains only the river."

"The river?" Hollwoeg cried.

"Yes. This is the duck season. Suppose they bring a boat, ostensibly to hunt ducks. They hide the car in the brush on this side of the river, cross in a boat to the Iowa side and escape in a car hidden there. If officers hunting them do happen to challenge them—remember, they're only an innocent hunting party in shirts and trousers, while you're supposed to be looking for a gang in overalls, led by a red-haired man with a red-checked shirt."

"Yes, but ——"

"From the first, I couldn't understand how they expected to get away! Warren, they've got to be somewhere! You're the expert in these matters, but we happen to have some loans on river land and I was down there yesterday. It was amazing how many strangers are camped along the river. There are dozens of boats with those noisy little engines—upboard motors, I think they're called."

"Makes sense," Deputy Myron Walsh grunted. "Game warden says he checked three hundred licenses so far."

"If we found their car right away, we might still catch them before they got across the river," said Gordon.

"What do you mean, 'we'?" Violet Anthus interrupted vigorously. "You mind your own business, Gordie!"

"But, Violet, I can show the sheriff where ——"

"You stay right here, that's what you can do!"

The sheriff grasped eagerly at a chance for action—any kind of action. "Come on, Myron!" he yelled, reaching for his shotgun and heading for the back door.

As his county car shot out of the parking lot, he looked back. There in the back seat sat Gordon, clutching a .38 revolver.

"What the tarnation do you think you're doing?" the sheriff demanded.

"I was down there yesterday. The road is ——"

"Where'd you get that gun?"

"We keep it on a shelf under the Number Two teller's window. I forgot to mention that I got in three shots at those fellows as they ran out of the bank."

Sheriff Hollwoeg grinned at Deputy Walsh, who sat beside him. "All right, Gordie, but be sure you don't shoot yourself this time."

"All right," Gordon said.

"Can you show me how you got down to where these—what'd you call 'em?—upboard motorboats was?"

"Take the highway toward the bridge, and just before you reach the bridge, turn right on the old quarry road."

"That's been grown over with willows for years!"

"Yes, but the hunters' cars have smashed them all down. I came up that way yesterday, Warren."

"They break through every year, Warren," said Myron Walsh. "It won't do the car any good, but you can go through, probably."

The car raced through darkening streets and turned onto the highway with a screech of sliding tires, a furious roar of exhaust. Sheriff Hollwoeg did not use his siren, for fear of alerting the robbers—if, indeed, there were robbers anywhere within hearing. "Or anywhere within fifty miles by now," he complained. "Where'd they go? They couldn't just melt into thin air!"

"They wouldn't drive this fast," said Myron, "for fear of attracting attention. And they'd have to stop and change clothes. Could be, Warren, we're gaining on them. Step on it!"

Gordon leaned over to peer between the two men at the speedometer. His heart almost stopped as he saw the needle flick past "95" and keep climbing. He braced his feet and closed his eyes.

Myron turned around. He let out a strangled yell. "Yi! Watch where you're waving that gun, Gordie!"

Gordon opened his eyes. "I'm sorry. It makes me nervous to drive so fast."

Myron leaned back again. "And it makes me nervous to have a loaded .38 pointed at my ear. Is that what you shot at the bank robbers with?"

"Yes."

"How many times did you shoot?"

"Three."

"Did you reload?"

"No, I ——"

"Then you've got only three shots left."

Gordon inspected the gun. "One, it seems. Apparently the gun was not full, to begin with. Apparently we ——"

"Apparently you're going to be a big help if we do run into those guys," said Myron. "Think you hit anybody?"

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"I know one of the bullets hit the door."

"You were inside the building. You just about had to hit something."

It was nine miles from the bank to the bridge. Ahead, the silvery structure of the bridge twinkled between folds in the bluffs. It vanished as the sheriff left the paving and pointed straight down the steep bank. For an instant they saw the broad brown river; then it was lost from view as the tough young willow growth closed in around them, higher than the car. Notwithstanding the steep downward grade, the sheriff had to shift to second gear to get through. Willows an inch thick bent under the bumper and then drummed hollowly on the underside of the car.

"Road sure has gone to pot," said the sheriff. "I can remember ——"

"Hold it!" Myron said sharply.

He was out of the car before it stopped, reaching for a red something that hung in the brush not five feet away. Gordon and the sheriff slid out after him. Myron pulled the thing loose and shook it out. "Recognize this, Gordie?"

"That's his shirt, I'm sure of it," said Gordon.

"You hit him, all right. Fresh blood. Looks like you got him just below the left shoulder blade."

Gordon felt sick. "Would—would it kill him?"

"It wouldn't do him any good, but it's too bad it wasn't a forty-five. Look, there's the rest of their clothes. They chucked this stuff out in a hurry."

The other clothing lay in a loose bundle farther back in the brush. The suspenders had been cut from one pair of overalls. There was nothing in any of the pockets. Walsh looked up at the sheriff.

"Warren, this is a big outfit. It takes a real smart thief to figure out this kind of a getaway."

Neither of them seemed to remember that Gordon had figured it out too. The sheriff stared at the bloody shirt a moment. He pushed his hat back and squinted up at the sky. The others looked up too.

A tiny black v appeared in the north, far away and high. It came closer and closer, lower and lower, and in a moment Gordon could count nine wild ducks. Another flight appeared, slanting in less steeply. A deep stillness clasped the whole river as the two flights of ducks came wearily in, seeking feed and a night's rest in the shallow backwaters along the river's muddy edge.

The sheriff rumbled, "Maybe not so smart! Lots of ducks tonight, and I bet there's a hundred hunters hid out in blinds in this mile of river. Any fool that crosses in an outboard now, and scares the ducks them fellers have been waiting for all this time—well, I'd hate to be him!"

He and Myron both reached into the car; the sheriff for his sawed-off shotgun, Myron for the rifle that hung in a rack on the back of the front seat.

"We'll go the rest of the way on foot," the sheriff said. . . . "Gordie, you stay here and stay out of trouble."

"Maybe you better give us that gun too," said Myron, "before you shoot yourself."

"It's the bank's property," Gordon protested. "It's on inventory. I'll have to account for it."

"Well," said Hollwoeg, "be careful. A thirty-eight don't knock a man down as easy as a forty-five, but it makes a hole that looks as big as the door to a two-car garage—when it's in your own flesh, anyways."

They slipped away through the brush. Gordon found a willow big enough to lean against. There he waited, holding the gun. It was a dreamy time of day, a dreamy place to spend it. Gordon thought dreamily, and with a deep ache, of Violet Anthus. It had been kind of her to worry about him. He would remember and cherish that as long as he lived.

From far down the river came a single gunshot, muffled by distance. It was only someone firing at ducks—even Gordon knew that. Then, from much closer, came the shattering roar of a big outboard motor warming up.

Gordon tensed. Then came the sharp crack of Myron's rifle—one, two, three shots. And from Gordon's left, upstream, toward the bridge, came an anguished wail in a strange voice, "What's the matter? You guys nuts? Get out of here with that motorboat! You're scaring the ducks!"

Sheriff Hollwoeg as a campaign orator was noted more for the carrying quality of his voice than for the succinctness of his phrasing. He was the deadest duck on the river if this gang got away, and the dynamite timber of his voice showed it.

"Stop, thief!" he bellowed. "You guys on the sandbar, head off that boat! Shoot to kill! Them guys just stuck up the First Farmers! Stop that boat! Stop, thief; stop, thief!"

Gordon, who could see only willows, had no idea what was happening down on the river. Shotgun after shotgun went off.

The sheriff was yelling, "Aim for his engine! Knock that engine out!"

A dozen different voices were yelling in a dozen different directions.

The outboard motor coughed, died. Silence fell. Ducks whacked the water frenetically as they sought the safety of the air again.

Gordon heard the sheriff trumpeting, "Don't let 'em reach the bridge! Where'd they go? If they get in the willows, we'll never find 'em!"

Four men came running up the bank, pushing their way recklessly through the willows. One was a tall, brown-haired man wearing a bloody blue shirt and trousers. Under his right arm he carried a bulging sack. His left arm hung in a sling made from the suspenders of a pair of overalls.

For the first time, Gordon got a really good look at the bandit leader's face. It was very pale now, and it had lost the cocksure smirk it had worn during the robbery. All four men now wore trousers instead of overalls. The man who had gone into the vault now had the shotgun.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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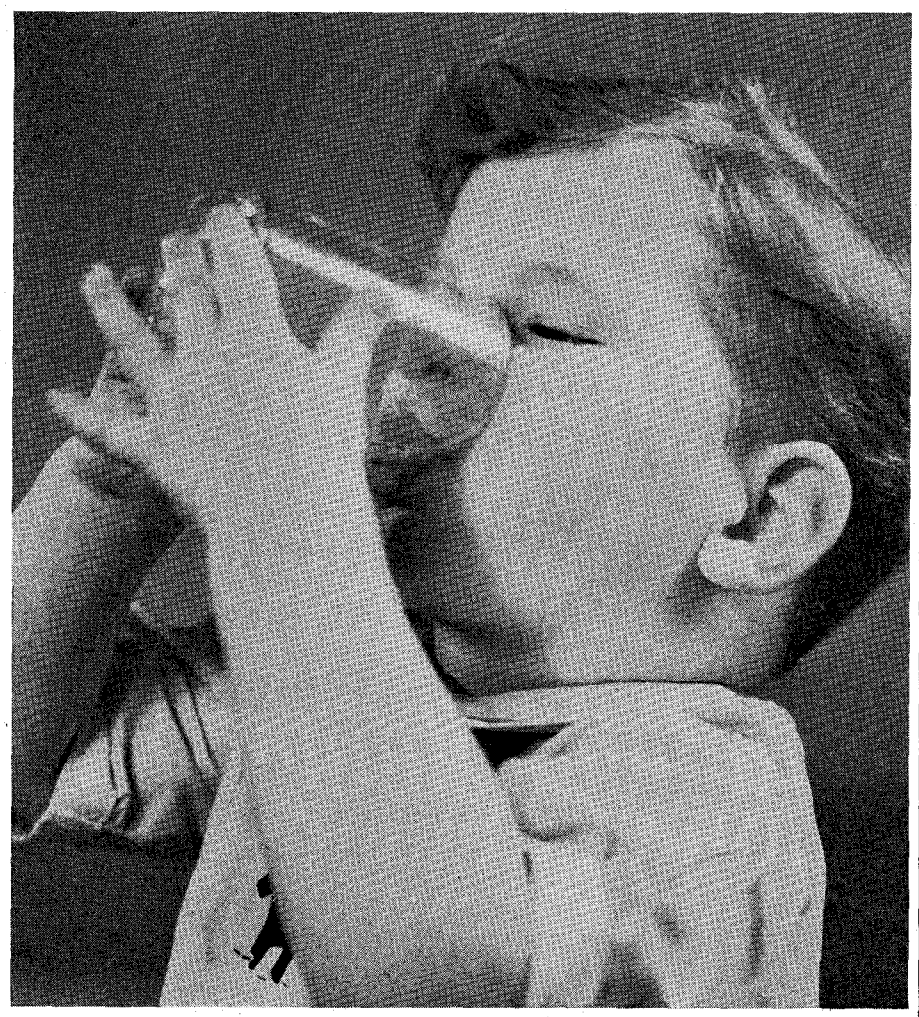
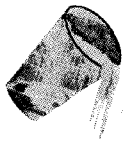


ACT OF FAITH . . .



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Gordon remembered the gun in his own hand.

"Hands up!" he said.

The four men stopped, at which moment Gordon remembered that he had only one bullet. He tried to think of something to say to cow four armed, desperate men. Just then the bandit leader's eyes went blank. He made a little whimpering sound and slumped forward on his face, the sack of money under him.

"This," Gordon said, remembering Sheriff Hollwoeg's remark just in time, "is only a thirty-eight, but it makes a hole that looks as big as the door to a two-car garage—if it's in your own flesh. As you very well know by now!"

It was nine o'clock before Gordon completed the audit. The FBI had been called off, had rendered praise that made Sheriff Hollwoeg's re-election almost a certainty. The county attorney had confessions from two of the men. The bandit leader, given plasma, would probably live, Doctor Springer told Myron Walsh, who was standing guard in the hospital. The roadblocks had been called off.

Lester E. Oliphant had come down to the bank wearing his nightshirt and a hospital blanket, when the nurse refused to surrender his pants. After operating on the bandit leader, Dr. Springer himself brought Mr. Oliphant's clothing to the bank. The president dressed in the vault.

"Heart attack, my foot!" he shouted. "I got weak for a minute! Who wouldn't, seeing his own brother murdered? I'll let you know when I've got a heart attack. Where's Gordie? Where's that kid hiding out now?"

Gordon was in the back room at the directors' table. The door was closed, so he did not hear Mr. Oliphant. Wearily he folded the big yellow work sheets on which he had tallied his audit. He had sent the tellers home, but Violet Anthus, who had kept a running check with a computing machine on Gordon's neat, precise column footings, was still here.

"We're over thirteen dollars and sixty-five cents," Gordon fretted. "I wonder—could it be petty cash? Violet, did you notice if the man who robbed the tellers emptied the petty-cash box too?"

"Gordie," said Violet, "look at me."

"There should be nearly ninety dollars in petty cash. I've told Mr. Oliphant again and again that we're too careless. We ——"

"Gordie," Violet said shrilly, "look at me!"

Gordon looked. His had always been a fourth-grader's pristine worship, but eventually we all get out of the fourth grade, one way or another. Violet dragged Gordon out by sheer emotional strength, plummeting him headlong into the mature, sophisticated fifth, where boys learn for the first time that girls are human too.

"I'd have died if anything had happened to you!" Violet said, beginning to cry. "Why do you do such awful things to me all the time? Oh, Gordie, can't you see what I'm trying to say?"

Gordie blinked at her through his thick glasses. "You mean ——" he said eloquently.

"Oh, Gordie, how can you have so much nerve about some things and be such a ninny about others?"

Gordie stood up. He took off the glasses and folded them and placed them methodically among the tally sheets of his cash audit. "Come here, Violet!" he said, in a voice which he himself did not recognize.

There was a long, deep silence in the back room, broken only by the overwrought whimpers of two youngsters who had been too long without kisses. The things that go on in the back rooms of banks would probably shock the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which guarantees the integrity of deposits.

Then Mr. Oliphant came down the hall, looking for Gordie. After him lumbered the sheriff.

"You're going to have a problem here for a while, Les," the sheriff panted.

"Problem?" the president snapped. "What kind of a problem? My problem is to find that kid Gordie!"

"To restore confidence in the bank," said the sheriff. "When you die, Les, what happens? People never took Arland very serious, to be real frank, but at least they knew he was experienced and mature. Why, Les, if anything happened to you, there's nobody in the bank that knows everything that goes on in it except Gordie Shaw! What kind of a fix would the bank be in, depending on that rattle-brained, nearsighted kid?"

The president's answer made Gordon feel good. It showed him that Mr. Oliphant was more than an unappreciative, slave-driving old bully.

"You let me worry about the bank, Warren!" the president snapped. "You just be glad that Gordie isn't running for sheriff!" THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When you hear the chime, it will be exactly twenty-two minutes since I asked for the Bergesch folder."

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What Every Girl Should Know

(Continued from Page 40)

when he got upstairs. He stoked his pipe and eyed his daughter speculatively. "A broken man, Cindy."

"Not a man, daddy. A boy."

"He claims to be sorry he was so rough with you, but I suppose that doesn't make any difference."

"None whatsoever."

"Not that I don't consider him little short of a juvenile delinquent, you understand," Mr. Llewellyn said, "but don't you think you're being just a little hard on Bax? That is, you have been seeing him practically every day for quite a long time, you know."

"I know. But that's all over. . . . Am I zipped O.K.?"

Mr. Llewellyn came into the room. "You look beautiful," he said, as if discovering it for the first time. "I think your mother would be pleased, as I am startled to find that we did have a daughter, after all. I was beginning to wonder."

Cindy smiled. "Me too. But not any more, daddy. I mean it."

"Oh?"

"Definitely. The whole trouble is—well, I guess it's just that women mature quicker than men or something."

"Or something," Mr. Llewellyn said, nodding.

"I mean, Bax is all right; he's actually a very nice boy, actually."

"But?"

"But that's just it. He's a child. I mean, look at him, daddy. All he ever thinks about is judo—or that horrible pigeon coop and all those nasty pigeons. It's his whole entire life."

Mr. Llewellyn removed the pipe from his mouth. "It may be that as a lonely widower I have failed to keep up with current trends," he said. "But—did you say judo?"

"And pigeons. When he isn't throwing me around and everything, he's making me help clean out his coop. And that's all we ever do."

"I see. And which of the two hobbies is responsible for that limp?"

"That's exactly what I mean," Cindy said. "We were supposed to go to a movie yesterday, and I had my good pleated skirt on for a change; but no, first he's got to show me this new throw he learned from his brother. His brother was in Japan and all. I mean, really."

"Yes," said Mr. Llewellyn. "I think I understand. You have come to the conclusion that this is all kid stuff."

"Well, isn't it?"

"Of course, of course. I'm just trying to . . . This fellow who's picking you up tonight—what's his name?"

"Fred Highet."

"Yes. I gather he's more the mature type."

"Yards and yards," Cindy said. "Fred's completely and utterly different from Bax. I mean, they occupy different worlds. Fred's almost twenty, and he's terribly sophisticated."

"What does he do?"

"Oh," Cindy said, pulling the comb through her hair, "he's a writer. I mean, daddy, he's written just tons of things. Poetry, mostly. He says he refuses to prostitute his art and that's why he isn't selling a lot. You know how publishers are."

"No," Mr. Llewellyn said, "I don't. How are they?"

"Simply dreadful. They don't want anything but happy endings. And—well, anyway. Fred's very nice. He's grown-up and a regular gentleman, and we're going to see a French picture tonight. He'll translate."

"Well, that's pretty sophisticated, all right," Mr. Llewellyn said, looking thoughtful. "And where did you say you met this boy?"

"We were introduced at a party over at Georgine's, you know. He's Georgine's cousin; they're letting him stay at the house until he finds a job. It's —— Omigosh! There he is!"

The doorbell jangled once, gently. Cindy leaned out the window and saw the tall young man standing there.

"That's him," she whispered. "Just look at that suit, daddy. And he's got flowers too."

Mr. Llewellyn glanced out and nodded noncommittally.

"Answer it, daddy, please, and tell him I'll be down in a minute."

Mr. Llewellyn went out of the room, and Cindy looked at herself in the mirror, desperately. She picked up the make-up sponge and started at her face, then stopped. Doris Day had freckles, didn't she? And didn't people say they were cute? Yes, but then again ——

Forty-five minutes later she went down the stairs; slowly, trying not to limp, wondering if Fred would approve of her green nail polish, and if he mightn't consider the yellow dress a bit too daring. It was daring, cut low at the neck and all.

She said, "I'm sorry I took so long."

Fred Highet smiled. "A woman's privilege, isn't it? Anyway, it was worth waiting for. You're perfect."

Mr. Llewellyn coughed. "Good evening, children," (*Continued on Page 133*)

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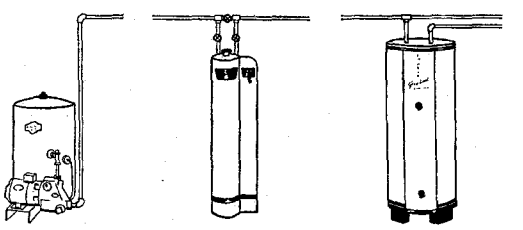

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(*Continued from Page 131*) he said, and went back into the living room.

"You really like the dress?"

"I love it. Maybe a little formal for a movie, but what the hell, why not!" The thin young man opened the front door, turned and fixed a flower to Cindy's dress. "'She walks in beauty,'" he said, "'like the night.'"

Cindy tried to think of something to say to that, and decided it would be best to smile sweetly.

They walked down the steps. Parked at the curb was Georgine's husband's car, and, leaning against the fender, Bax.

Cindy took Fred's arm and said, warmly, "Why, hello. Fred, I'd like you to meet one of my neighbors. Bax Swanson."

Fred Highet stuck out his hand. "Good to see you," he said.

Bax didn't move. He looked at Cindy. "You goin' out with this guy?"

"I don't see that it's any of your business," Cindy said. "I don't see that anything I do is any of your business."

Bax pushed away from the fender. "Look," he said, "if you're sore about what happened yesterday, about the throw and all, I'm sorry." He didn't seem to be aware that anyone besides himself and Cindy was there.

Cindy glanced over at Fred, who was not looking happy. "I don't have the faintest idea," she said, "of what you're talking about."

"Aw, climb off it. You know what I mean. It was an accident—what's to get so teed off for?"

Fred Highet cleared his throat. "We're a little late, Cindy," he said. "The film begins in fifteen minutes."

"I ——" Cindy saw the expression on Bax's face. "Fred, you wait in the car. I'll be with you in just a sec." She turned to Bax and walked toward the big elm in the yard. Bax followed. When they reached the tree, Cindy said, "Why don't you just get lost?"

"I said I was sorry, didn't I? What do you want, for gosh sake, a Purple Heart?"

Cindy opened her mouth and then closed it and decided not to say the nasty things that had almost tumbled out. She touched the young man's shoulder.

"Bax," she said, "I want to tell you this so you'll understand. I don't want to hurt you, because we've had a lot of fun together—but —— Well, I've changed, Bax; everything has changed. I'm no longer a little girl. There are other things I want to do besides practice judo and feed pigeons."

"I was only showing you the new ——"

"I know. Let's not discuss it, Bax. It's just that I'm a woman now—you see?—and you're still ——"

"Yeah, what am I still?"

"A kid. A big good-natured kid. I mean mentally. I mean, read any book you care to, it will show you. That's what happens. A girl just matures faster than a boy."

Bax was quiet. He stared at Cindy, and she felt suddenly very sorry for him, standing there, in his cords and green rain slicker with the wolf head painted on the back and everything.

"Bax." She leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "A woman can't help what she feels. She can't help growing up."

Bax blushed suddenly. He stepped back, his face red and confused; then he wheeled and ran across the dark lawn and was gone. Dear Bax.

Cindy brushed an imaginary tear from her eye, brushed away the last trace of her childhood, and limped, a little sadly, toward the waiting car.

"Well, how did you like it?"

"Marvelously," Cindy said, vaguely disturbed at not having enjoyed or understood the picture at all. "I mean, it was really super."

Fred Highet laughed and shook his head. "The Gallic," he said. "I adore them. Their attitude toward sex, for instance. So—I don't know, so straightforward. You know?"

"Uh-huh."

"That is, such a picture would be utterly, but utterly impossible over here. The coils of convention have us in a regular death grip. We mustn't do this, we mustn't do that. We've been taught—well, here's the thing. We've been taught that sex is basically bad. Whereas the French all know that it's basically good. There's the difference."

Cindy smiled and repeated that she thought it was sure a good picture. Fred Highet immediately changed the subject. He began to talk of himself and what jobs he might consider.

They went to a place on the edge of town called The Cocked Hat, and Fred ordered two Martinis for himself and a soft drink for Cindy, and then slipped her one of the Martinis when no one was looking. Cindy thought it tasted dreadful, but she was full of determination, so she drank all of it, except the olive.

Now Fred was talking continuously. Cindy watched him and listened, and though she didn't understand exactly what he was saying, she did get the drift, more or less, and on the second Martini she came to the conclusion that Fred Highet was the smartest man who ever lived. He talked about bureaucracy, trends in literature, poetry, modern painting, communism and sex.

Every now and then he'd stop and light a cigarette and say, "Don't you agree?" and Cindy would nod and say that she certainly did, all right, and it went that way for close to two hours.

At ten to twelve, surrounded by a sleepy glow of happiness, mingled with melancholy, Cindy mentioned that Fred had better take her home. Fathers, she explained, shrugging, were so funny about late hours, and they both laughed.

Fred Highet paid the tab. Then he went to the checkroom, and Cindy thought, again, wistfully of the person she had been but a few days ago. *Nature*, she mused, *is perfectly marvelous. Last week, I was a high-school tomboy and Bax was my boy friend and we wrestled and did kid things, hardly talking ever; and now, boom. I'm a woman.*

"Shall we go, Cindy?"

She got up and sat down again, abruptly. She closed her eyes against the spinning room.

"Anything the matter?" Fred's voice blurred softly. "Are you ill?"

"No. It's —— I'm O.K., really."

They got into the car and Cindy thought that even this—being dizzy—was part of it, and it was all completely perfect.

She leaned her head against the seat back and listened to Fred. He went on talking, and it became a very soothing sound; without willing it, or being able to help it, she fell into a soft, languorous doze.

The dry squeak of the emergency brake woke her up. She blinked her eyes and tried to put things together. "Gee, I must have fallen asleep," she said, in a repentant voice. "Fred, I mean, that's just awful. I didn't want to——"

"It's all right," Fred murmured. "In fact, to tell you the truth, I'm rather flattered."

"You are?" From the corner of her eye, Cindy could see that wherever they were, it wasn't in front of her house. "Why?"

"Because it shows you have confidence in me."

"It does?"

"Of course. Most girls are afraid to let themselves go. They're afraid to relax. All the time they have this wall of inhibitions and fears and guilt feelings built up around them." He moved slightly closer to her on the seat and switched off the ignition. "But you're not that way. You're—I don't know. Different."

Through the windshield there was only blackness. A few trees, a dark sky full of clouds.

"I like that about you," Fred was saying. "And I like other things about you too. For instance, the perfume. What is it? No. Don't tell me; that would ruin it." He shut his eyes and held up a hand. He softly recited some impassioned lines from Baudelaire.

"That's French, isn't it?" Cindy said.

"What? Yes. Baudelaire. It means—well, never mind. I was telling you the things I like about you, wasn't I? Your attitude is another. I mean, you haven't even asked where we are. Most girls, that's the first thing they'd say. He pitched his voice up to a girlish falsetto, "'Where have you taken me? What are you going to do?'" Fred Highet chuckled. "Why are women so crazy?"

"I don't exactly know," Cindy said.

"I've heard that he's terribly jealous."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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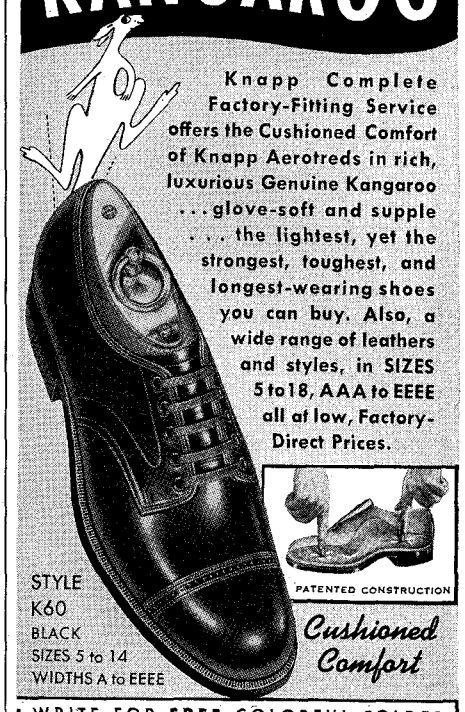

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"That's to say, why are they always fighting, fighting, fighting?"

"Well ——" She had been on the verge of asking where they were, but that wouldn't go over too well, she saw. Anyway, what did it matter?

Suddenly the young man touched her chin with his fingers. "You're quite a woman, you know," he said huskily. "I mean it."

Cindy smiled, the way she imagined Grace Kelly might under similar circumstances, and half wished that Bax could have heard that. It would have told him what she'd been unable to, in words.

She tensed, shut her eyes and waited for the kiss. A tender brushing of lips against hers, and an understanding silence afterward.

It did not work out quite that way. After the kiss, which was satisfactorily tender, she found herself being kissed again, harder than before, and again, with practically no understanding silence at all.

She pulled herself away and gulped for breath. "Fred," she said, as calmly as she could, trying to keep the suspicion out of her voice, "Fred, it's —— I mean, I think maybe we'd better go home."

Fred Highet smiled. "You don't mean that," he said. "You don't want to go home any more than I want to take you home. Isn't that true?"

"It's real late."

"That's right. And does it matter?"

"Well, I was just ——"

He came at her again, but Cindy managed to get the door open in time. Through her dizziness a small worry lodged itself firmly.

"It's stuffy in here," she said. She wanted desperately not to act like a brat and ruin things, but she wasn't so sure now—she wasn't sure. It had been so very pleasant, but now she was tired and sleepy and dizzy, and she wanted to go home.

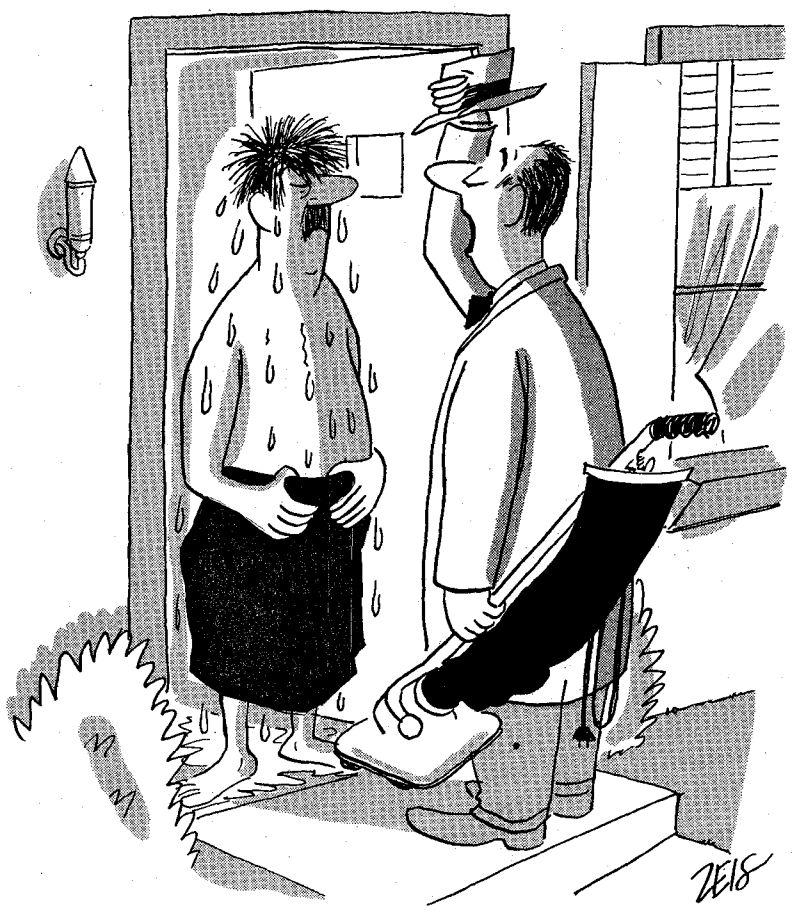
Fred Highet looked puzzled for a moment; then he grinned slowly. "Oh," he said, "I see. Well, of course, you're right. Cars are—stuffy. We'll take a walk." He reached back and withdrew a folded Army blanket. "A walk in the park."

Outside, Cindy heard a distant gurgling of water, and she knew that they were somewhere in Truesdall Park, about two miles from home. They walked silently for a while; then, beside a large poplar, Fred Highet stopped walking.

"Here," he said softly, and Cindy felt her heart freeze.

"Huh?"

He spread the blanket and leaned against the tree and lit a cigarette. After a few puffs, he snapped the cigarette away and pulled Cindy close to him. "Let's make it a perfect evening," he said, in a hoarse whisper.



"I'll be brief . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think," Cindy said, wondering why everything was turning so wrong, "that I'd better get home. It has been a perfect evening, Fred. Really and truly it has."

"No. Not yet."

"Fred, please take me home now."

The young man's grip tightened on Cindy's arms. "I'm not going to do that," he said, "because you don't really want me to. You're just frightened now, that's all. But there's nothing to be frightened of, believe me. Believe Fred. That is—if you really do want to grow up."

He pulled her close and pressed his lips against her neck.

Cindy pulled loose. "Cut it out," she said, "I'm telling you."

The young man shook his head. "You'll thank me later."

"Don't come any closer to me."

"No." He moved with catlike assurance, with the confidence of a man who has everything under control. "Now take it easy, Cindy. Relax. Just relax."

He grabbed her again, roughly, but not too roughly, and she knew she was scared now—scared and disappointed and confused. Somehow she got the idea that this was all her fault.

Fred Highet's hands were gripping her shoulders. He was trying to force her to the blanket, and she realized that, for all his slenderness, he wasn't weak.

"Don't fight it, Cindy," he kept saying, over and over, softly. "You're not a little girl any more. Don't act like a little girl. Act like a woman."

The words struck a fire somewhere inside Cindy—an angry fire. Only yesterday someone had grappled with her. It seemed that all anyone wanted to do was wrestle. Except that this was different.

"There's nothing you can do," Fred Highet said, grinning. "Not a thing in the world. So why not ——"

Cindy reached out quickly and grasped the young man's shirt front with her right arm, keeping her left hand on his right arm. Then, in one fluid motion, she pushed with her right, pulling simultaneously with her left. It pivoted him sideways. She stepped forward with her right foot behind him, back to back now, and pushed her hip flat to his, her right arm still across his chest.

A single push pivoted the young man on her hip and sent him crashing headfirst to the hard autumn ground. He grunted, rolled over, started to rise, and then slumped to the grass again. The old hip throw.

Only when she was sure that he was out did Cindy let the tears come. She stood there and cried, silently, for several minutes; then she turned and ran, limping, all the way through Truesdall Park until she came to the street.

When she got to her home, she paused, and turned around, and walked two houses down and knocked on the door.

After a while the door was opened by a middle-aged man in faded pajamas.

"Is Bax home?" Cindy asked. "Please, Mr. Swanson. I know it's late, but if he is, would you please tell him I want to see him?"

The middle-aged man nodded sleepily, started to say something, decided against it and went back inside.

In less than thirty seconds Bax Swanson appeared. He didn't look as if he had been sleeping. Cindy stared at him and grinned. Then, before he could say anything, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, hard, on the mouth.

"Hey!"

Cindy ran down the steps. "I'll see you tomorrow!" she called.

She flew across the lawn, leaving her young neighbor framed in the yellow doorway.

"Hi, dad!"

Mr. Llewellyn glared at his daughter briefly. "Young lady," he said, and stopped. He studied Cindy thoughtfully; then he said, "Hi."

Cindy took off her high-heeled shoes and threw them across the room. "Daddy, don't you let me put those on," she said, "for at least another two years. O.K.?"

Mr. Llewellyn nodded. "Right."

"Or this dress either."

"What about the green fingernail polish?"

"That either."

Mr. Llewellyn watched his daughter move up the stairs. "I'm not going to ask questions," he said. "But is there anything you'd like to tell me about this evening?"

"Nope."

"Nothing happened?"

"Absolutely not. Thanks to Bax. Daddy, seriously, I think you'd better have Bax teach you the hip throw."

"The—hip throw?"

"Judo, daddy; you know. I mean, you just simply never know when you're going to need it!"

Mr. Llewellyn was about to answer, but his daughter was gone.

Or, rather, she was back. For a while.

The Cave Men of Coober Pedy (Continued from Page 39)

and was the mother of the only Caucasian child ever born here, twenty-three years ago. Now she operates a store, the post office, a rudimentary hotel, the battery-powered radio transmitter which connects Coober Pedy with the outside world, and buys opal from the miners as a side line.

Mrs. Una Blatchford was as well pleased to live in a cave as in a railroad section men's hamlet by some lonesome track, but now is demanding that her husband, Joe, find a job in town, so that their two sons may have an education in a regular school rather than merely by correspondence courses.

William Oliver came to Coober Pedy because the dry air was good to his gas-injured lungs after World War I. Now in his seventies, he thinks he'll just stay around. This isn't, he thinks, a bad place for a man to retire. Clive Scholz came a few months ago, just to see something different from the south-coast farm where he had been raised. If nothing else, Coober Pedy is a definite change from raising sheep.

Bertoldo Bartolo and Matteo Crismani wandered here as soon as they completed labor contracts which had paid their passage from Italy to Australia. For eleven months the partners drove their mine shaft into a hill, finding nothing. Then, in the next thirty days, they took out opal worth almost $16,000. They think they'll stay around a while longer too.

These are the people of Coober Pedy, as remote a spot as a man is likely to find in which to try to get rich. They work their mines, and aborigine women poke iron bars—called gin bars, from the local slang for aborigine women—into the dumps the miners have abandoned. They earn a little when the bar clinks and they dig out a bit of overlooked opal from the decayed rock around it. Now and then, a flying doctor visits the community in a tiny plane. Otherwise, there is nothing to disturb the kangaroos or the dingoes—wild dogs—which howl by night.

The faraway jewelry stores of the United States provide the community's only real worry, summed up by Mrs. Wilson. "I can't figure out," she says, "where Americans got the idea that opals are unlucky stones. If the jewelers could stop that, the price might go up and Coober Pedy might have seven hundred people again."

Perhaps that's enough civic worry for one small underground town. Certainly, Joseph Wloch, once of Danzig, once of certain better-forgotten spots in Germany, later of Australian factories, provides sufficient philosophy. He says, "Once in a while I remember where I started, and all those places. Then I look around here, and I think, 'Wloch, where are you now?'" THE END

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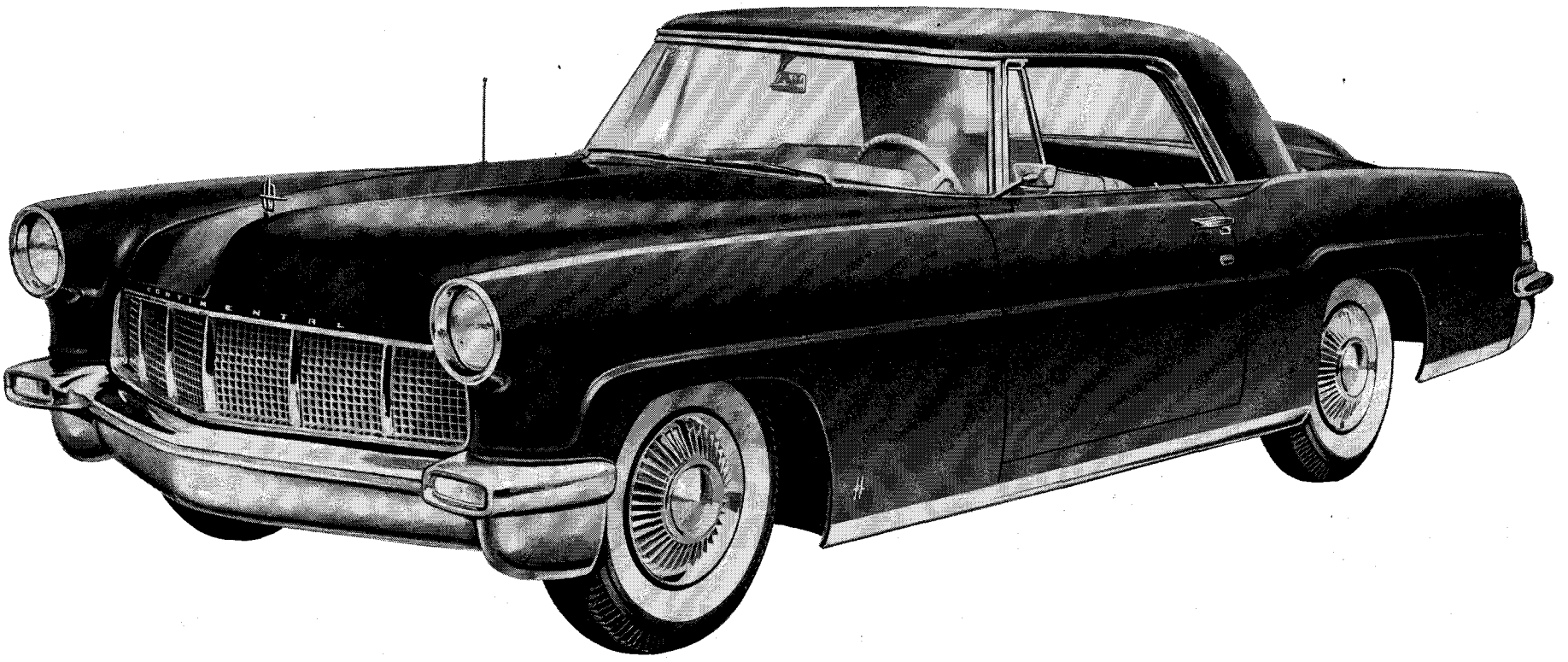

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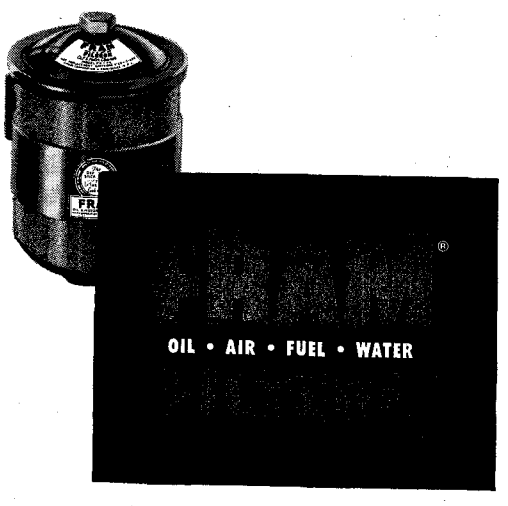

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Treasure at Tandem Key

(Continued from Page 44)

He and Des could hear the light chuckle of appreciation. "I think it's as simple as that."

"Sure! His 'treasure' would then lie 'beneath the sea' for fair! But it would be in fresh water—at least in rainy times—so it wouldn't be 'in the sea' at all. But why hasn't the tunnel been found, if the outside reef has been studied for so long?"

"A tunnel like that," Pete Shade answered, "needn't be a hole yawning in the bottom. Quite likely it would have dissolved out the strata under water to make a pitch, even a cliff. And if the upper rock above happened to be harder than the rock below—which we can assume on the basis that the tunnel hasn't been reported—why, the outlet might eat itself back a bit in time. That is, it might now be a vertical opening, concealed by an overhanging outcrop. It would be pretty dark in such a place; Endibbie may even have swum into the outlet a ways and found a kind of 'room' for a hiding place. In that case, it would be nearly pitch dark."

"Which wraps it up!" Crunch said excitedly. "It would take a brave man to go into a hole like that, swimming. He couldn't see—yet that's where the treasure is to be 'seen'! You thought of all that when Hatsie read the verse?"

Pete shook his head. "I'd already figured the lake, the tides and what would happen in rainy seasons in the sea end of the outlet. I just hooked up some speculative geological theory with the rhyme."

"Maybe," Des said, "in the early days, it rained more—rained oftener. Maybe that tunnel was always full of fresh water, back then. Wait a minute!"

They watched him as, laboriously, he cogitated. "How's this?" he asked in a moment. "When Endibbie wanted to stash away some loot, he probably had to row it out over the reef, dive it down and row back. Right? Anybody nearby at sea—perhaps even people here in the harbor—could see him do that. So, suppose he always waited for the rainy season? The heavy rain itself would hide his trips out and his diving! And he'd probably get the idea the tunnel was always full of fresh water, rainy season or dry."

"I'll buy that," Pete said. "Smart!"

Crunch added, "Me too. A real solid idea, Des. So what are we going to look for? An underwater cliff or steep face with a hole in it a man can swim into. It would certainly be out farther than a man could wade. Be too easy for anybody to spot in shallow water. But it wouldn't be farther out than a man could swim down, with a load, which he'd have to tow into a hole to deposit. Then swim back up. I'd say, at a guess, the outlet—always provided Endibbie used it as we surmise—was somewhere on the reef around South Tandem, in from ten to, at most, forty feet of water. A pearl diver might go deeper, but hardly an ordinary Englishman, with no skin-diving gear and the kind of swimming strokes they used then."

"I thought," Pete said, "probably thirty feet. But forty tops. Are the charts accurate for this water?"

"You bet they are!" Professional certainty sounded in the skipper's voice. "For one thing, ships have been coming in here for centuries, as we well know. For another, they still do—native fishermen, the freighter from Nassau, yachts, boats like this one. The charts should be accurate to within a foot or so."

"Then," Pete cut in rapidly, "here's my plan: We send to Miami for more plastic lungs. Also, plenty of compressed-air cylinders. No machine to fill 'em, here on the island."

"Be expensive," Crunch commented.

"Sure," Pete brushed that detail aside. "We'll get a load flown over tomorrow. Arrange for a big stock to come on the regular boat from Miami. Also, we'll need underwater flashlights, in case we want to investigate a cave where you can't see. We'll make out we intend to do some underwater photography and a lot of skin diving."

"People," Crunch said, "are going to take sharp notice of everything we do!"

The Texan gently rubbed his head. "You're not kidding! We're going to have to stick tight together. Take communicating rooms at the Inne. They'll know we're looking for Endibbie's treasure. But they won't know what we expect to find as a key to it. So we'll do this:

"We'll divide the whole reef, around the south end of the island, into sectors. Each sector will be numbered and each will be a strip between the one-fathom line and the seven-fathom line. If we started with Sector Number One and followed methodically with Two and Three and Four, they'd get wise and start searching ahead of us. But we'll take the sectors out of order—one here, one at the south end of the Key, one around in back, another near yonder—so nobody can ever figure out our search pattern. Even that we have a pattern!"

"That'll help," Crunch agreed. "With three of us, one can stay on the Poseidon at a time, while the other two make dives. Be odd. Treasure hunting in broad daylight with, maybe, an audience!"

"If any of us does find a likely hole," the Texan went on, "he surfaces. If there are other boats nearby, he takes a good bearing and dives again. When we change tricks, he reports the find. Then we figure out how to search the hole without having any inquisitive—not to say unprincipled—goons on our back. If we do find treasure in the hole—why, about then we notify the colonial authorities, so we'll have official help getting it up. O.K.?"

Crunch thought it over. "Sounds good."

"Now, if you don't mind," the Texan said, "I'm going to use that bunk. Let's shake all around on the deal."

They shook. . . .

As the night faded and the Texan snored below, Crunch sat on the canopy with Des. A human smell—pitchpine smoke—came from shore; then the civilized aroma of coffee. The east blushed, turned Haitian red and erupted the round, gold sun. Deep inland, a church bell called the faithful to Mass.

"Think we'll find anything?" Des asked.

"I think we'll find the outlet."

"I mean ——" Desperate's eyes were hopeful.

"No. For the last time, no. I been thinking. Endibbie must have told others—a few of them, anyhow—where he kept the community treasury. That verse would make a dandy reminder, to a man who'd been given the details years before, but might need to refresh his memory. I'll bet Endibbie gave copies, as reminders, to those who knew. And I'll bet they came back and collected long ago. Couple of hundred years ago and more, would be my guess."

There was another of the silences that had grown between them. "Nice guy, Pete," the mate ventured.

Crunch nodded. "Yeah. But something's eating him. Something's wrong in him someplace."

"He said he was running away. From his brother and his girl."

"Which makes no sense!" Crunch shrugged.

Ten days later Crunch hoisted two compressed-air cylinders on his mate's back and then turned to be helped with his own. Des went into the sea by way of the little ladder first.

Pete waved at Crunch from a daybed under the canopy. "Good hunting!"

Crunch smiled and backed over the gunwale. For a moment he surveyed the surrounding water. The Buddyboy was not far off. Two of the men from Tampa had flown back to the mainland, but the other two sportsmen had decided to stretch their relaxing vacation. More than once, Crunch or Des or Pete had encountered them in the blue depths. Doctor Sayliss' battered motor launch also was drifting less than a quarter of a mile from the spot where the Poseidon rode at anchor. A native conch boat edged toward them on flapping sails; her crew made a pretense of conch raking on the rough, uneven bottom.

Crunch looked toward the not-distant shore of South Tandem Key, but he did not see, this time, the familiar flash of field glasses in the jungle—glasses usually fixed on the Poseidon and her doings.

"Good crowd," Crunch grinned.

"About the usual attendance," Pete agreed.

"Better stash the chart," Crunch suggested. "We don't want them to find our search pattern."

Pete went below to secrete the chart.

Crunch adjusted the round glass mask over his face and let himself into the warm, sunlit water. The weather was perfect. They hadn't been forced to stay on shore for a single day.

His breath came lightly, from one of the tanks on his back, through the mouthpiece held between his teeth. The tanks felt weightless under water. Air was valved in precise adjustment to the pressure at whatever depth he swam—a technical achievement that first had made it possible to escape from sunken submarines, and now had turned men into fish. Crunch exhaled a bubble stream. It marked him wherever he voyaged in the pellucid sea—a muttering buoy at the surface, a chain of silver beads below.

On his upper face the rubbersided, round glass window gave him unblurred vision. A special watch, lent by Pete, was strapped to his right wrist; time dissolved in that warm blue realm below the swells and one could not rely on atmospheric habits to know even approximately when the tanks were emptying. An hour could seem like a dozen minutes. On his left wrist was a flat, transparent object,

When Ducks Return

By Helen Howland Prommel

Although the lake was held
as in a vise,
The blue layer crusting it
was porous ice
Which broke in scallops so
the edges knew
The gentle lap of water
spreading through.
From out of nowhere ducks
began to fly,
Sensing this open water
from the sky,
And all along the brown
and weedy shore
They settled in this haven
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And by the ducks and
water widening
We knew the winter done
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COAST TO COAST–ALASKA TO MEXICO

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double-strapped, with thermometerlike calibrations which showed, as the ocean pressures changed and commensurately changed the compression or expansion of fluid in the gauge, the exact depth. A very sharp knife, its blade a foot in length, was strapped to his right shin. Pete had urged him to carry a twelve-foot steel rod as a weapon, "just in case." But nothing untoward had occurred for ten days of hunting. Crunch had abandoned the spear; it hampered navigation.

The flippers on his feet scissored steadily. He moved down into the caverns of the sea as if he had a propeller on his ankles. He used his hands only occasionally, to steer or to stroke away from the sharp, fixed perils of the reef at the Gulf Stream's edge.

Before him now was a valley, immense-seeming. By terrestrial standards, it was a mere dell, sixty or seventy feet long and some twelve feet deep. But in this region it was a province. Its walls were craggy, sheer and multicolored: beige where the old coral showed; where live corals, sponges and millepores grew upon it, as gaudy as the bloom on a fresh-wet desert.

He pressed through the ravine, looking. From a recess below, a great grouper emerged, feeling the unnatural vibration. The fish—a hundred-pounder, Crunch thought—peered up myopically, came farther out, like a tank leaving cover, and dashed away. Crunch felt the wash of the tail against his chest.

He turned around, swam down and looked into the grouper's habitation. But it was not very large or very deep. And in the pale sand on its bottom—sand still eddying like dry, disturbed snow—there was no sign of treasure or of oaken caskets, rotted or otherwise. He turned again.

Behind the valley, nearer shore, was a plantation of canary-yellow sea fans—an acre to be searched. As he crossed and recrossed he saw crimson squirrelfish idling in nooks and crannies; thousands of long-spined black sea urchins; the rabid-looking head of a great, pea-green moray, its mouth agape, its tubular vent exhaling, its sinuous, thigh-thick body undulated by currents, like a limp frond of seaweed rather than a huge muscle, steel-strong, trap-swift. A school of butterfly fish went by, exhibiting in flashing gold the reason for their name. Behind came a curious pork fish, banded in yellow, too, floating up to peer at him before moving away with palpable disinterest. Four big parrot fish parted to let him pass, and no turquoise was more incandescent than their scales.

He swam out toward the open sea again and slanted down a sloped, sandy floor. In the distance, in the far, milky cobalt mist of undersea distance, he saw looming, a large fish of an unknown species. The giant saw him, also, and took off so fast it simply disappeared. Marlin, maybe. Whatever it was, the energetic act of its flight brought to Crunch's ears a sound like a grunt, such as a man might make who had sat, casually, into a chair where a boy had set a tack.

He looked at his gauge. Thirty-five feet. On the surface, distantly, he could see a shadow in the dancing dazzle; it marked the Poseidon's hull, and another, smaller shadow was her dinghy. He swam on and away from her and down to forty feet, but no more. He could have descended to a hundred feet, two hundred, if he had ascended slowly afterward so as to avert the bends.

An amber jack went by, followed by another and another, their eyes turning upon him and filling with wonderment, but not alarm. He came over a brain coral—brown, convoluted as a cauliflower, big as a dining table. Then a second and a third, until he was amidst a brain coral preserve where staghorn corals rose between, antlered, white, and shining with crystal specks. Here and there, the pipes of organ sponges also showed, moving a little in the tide. He found a city of snappers beside a cliff just past that place, and swam on, looking. By and by, he turned back toward the boat.

Before him, soon, opened one of the unexplained phenomena of the sea bottom: a hole, deep, round as a well, perhaps twenty feet across, made by uncomprehended torrents or upheavals in a different geological epoch. Its bottom was invisible. The hole merely dropped away, Crunch perceived, as he came over its rim and eyed the milky blueness that is undersea distance. He glanced at his gauge. Thirty feet. He consequently swam down into the hole a dozen feet and examined its sides. No lateral opening showed—solid rock. He looked up to the circular bright azure mouth and the sunlight in the sea there. And a shape appeared.

Crunch knew the shape. He knew the shape and the color: blue with gun-metal tints, on the sides; the back would be gun-metal blue, also, if he could have seen it. The belly was silver-white. It was a good twelve feet long—a blunt torpedo—with brown, popping eyes that showed in profile; with gills that closed and a mouth that opened for another aquatic breath—a horrendous mouth set full of teeth inches long, tusk-white, needle sharp. Bubbles from the plastic lung streamed up and along and around the belly of the beast. Crunch, sick with fear, held his breath to stop their telltale ascent.

He had heard many men speculate on what would happen if a skin diver were to meet, face to face, a great mako shark.

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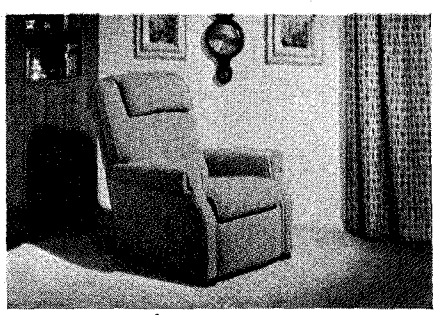

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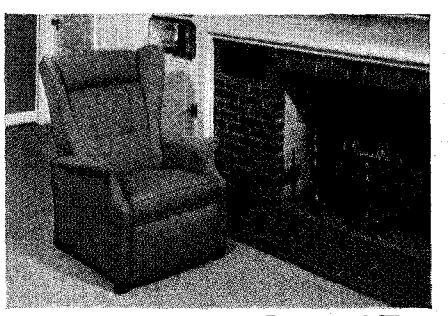

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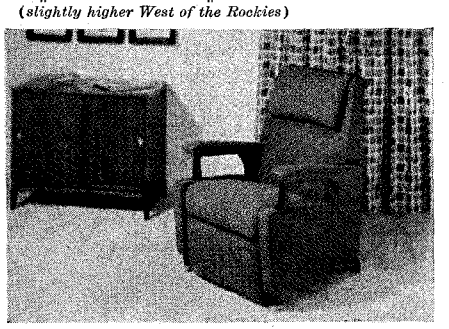

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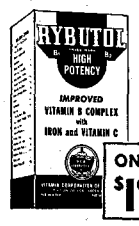

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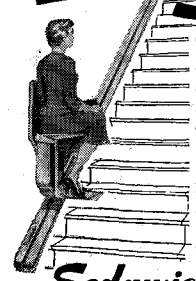

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And he had taken many a tuna from which a lesser mako than the one above had gouged out a hundred pounds of bone and muscle with one gnashing bite. He reached out and grasped the wall of the tube in the sea bottom. He felt his body tremble, but held as still as he was able; perhaps the shark would go on, unnoticing.

But soon Crunch had to breathe. As the bubbles of exhalation rose and spread over the shark, it rolled a little and looked down with one eye. Its fins seemed to stiffen. Majestically, it came around and down into the pit. Crunch experienced the fear that is panic—that makes men go rigid or mad with pointless activity. He thought of the knife, but he was utterly unable to bend his leg and draw it out. He thought, even as his unwilled rigor imbued him with fresh, different horror, how futile a knife in a man's hand would be against such weapons as—the teeth.

The mighty fish saw him, came about gracefully and poked closer. Then it stopped. Its odd, protruding eyes were not a yard from Crunch's own. Its mutilative mouth yawned open a foot and sucked water; the gills surged. It stared at Crunch. . . .

On the surface, in the harpoon pulpit, Pete Shade now stood, shakily. He had seen, some while before, the bluer blue of the round pit, visible below the light scattering small swells. Curiosity—and the special object of the search in progress—had immediately brought him to the bow of the Poseidon, and then out on her harpoon pulpit. He had looked long enough to realize the geological nature of the phenomenon when Crunch swam into view, saw the hole and disappeared into it—a white blur with black-tipped feet. . . .

Alcott Drammel, on the Buddyboy, was abruptly notified by his mate, Orson, that the man on board the Poseidon was now showing unusual interest in something in the water. Drammel studied the wind and tide, and quietly ordered his anchor up. Orson, a young man as big and brutish as his captain, heaved it aboard single-handed. One of the Tampa sportsmen dropped his book and came to watch. The other was in the sea with his lung, trying to shadow the Poseidon's men. The Buddyboy began to drift and the distance between her and the Poseidon narrowed. . . .

Pete, meanwhile, had seen the dark shape of the mako slide into view. He did not recognize the species, but he knew it to be a shark, and a very large shark. He prayed that it would swim past the hole into which Crunch had vanished. But Pete could see it—a blur of slow movement—well enough to perceive that the huge shark also swam down into the blue crater. He wanted to yell a warning. He felt a passionate urge to call for help. And he knew there was no help to be had, unless he supplied it. The Buddyboy did not suggest itself as useful, and its drift had not even been observed by the frantic man.

In Pete's mind, the shark was smelling out a victim, going down after him. The skipper had probably seen him, and was now, perhaps, trying to evade him, fighting him with his knife or even perishing hideously between the tigerish jaws.

Pete could not stand it. He raced across the bows, vaulted the canopy rail, dropped into the stern and grabbed his own knife. His mind told him that the effort was insane and would cost two lives instead of one. Nevertheless, he bolted back to the harpoon pulpit and dived clean. With the knife in his teeth, he laid out a powerful crawl until he reached the hole. Then he surfaced-dived. . . .

Alcott Drammel, seeing such manifest signs of excitement, decided the treasure had certainly been located. And he was still too far away for a good look. He stabbed the starter buttons of his engines, rammed the throttles forward and steered the Buddyboy toward the point where the Texan's legs had lifted and then arrowed down into the sea. . . .

The mako, meantime, had inched up to Crunch, jaws wide, to breathe—or strike. Its eyes were without expression. Crunch did not, still could not make himself budge. He sensed, rather than saw, a splash of white water above the mouth of the pit.

The mako sensed it, too, and backed away a foot or so. Then came a distant metallic sound, hardly more than a click, followed by a murmur, and a second click that redoubled the murmuring sound. At the same time, the Texan appeared in the blue tube, swimming down, his knife in his hands.

But the two clicks and the murmur had already affected the mako. Crunch knew the meaning of the underwater sound—though he did not identify it in that moment of panic—it was the noise of motors starting and screws turning fast. With the sound, the mako bent its body, raised its head and looked up. It saw the descending man. This, with the confinement of the pit and the unfamiliar thing it had cornered, deprived the fish of any bold intent. With one great flail of its caudal fin, it threw a current of water that raked Crunch against the sharp coral. It lunged past the desperate surface diver, setting up another eddy that tumbled him in the sea. Then it was gone.

Pete saw Crunch at that instant, but, lacking a mask, could see him only imperfectly. He grabbed the skipper's hair and pulled. Crunch realizing numbly that he was safe and that, furthermore, Pete had somehow observed his jeopardy and swum down to help, kicked powerfully and brought himself alongside the swimmer, whom he then helped to the surface. They broke water side by side, Pete exhaling and sucking a lungful of fresh air. "You O.K.?"

"O.K.," Crunch said. "Thanks!"

"Hell, I guess I just scared him away! He never touched me!"

It was then that Crunch realized the motors were the real source of the mako's alarm. He didn't say anything about that. They started swimming toward the Poseidon. The Buddyboy surged round her bows.

"What's going on here?" Drammel bellowed.

"I tried to spear a mako!" Crunch yelled back. "Pete dived in to help! But we lost him!"

Drammel grunted, "Oh!" and sheared off.

They reached the Poseidon and climbed the ladder. Crunch shucked off his diving gear and stood, panting lightly, with a big hand curled tight on a canopy stanchion for balance and a light in his eyes like the center of a blowtorch. "You saw that shark—and came on it with a knife ——"

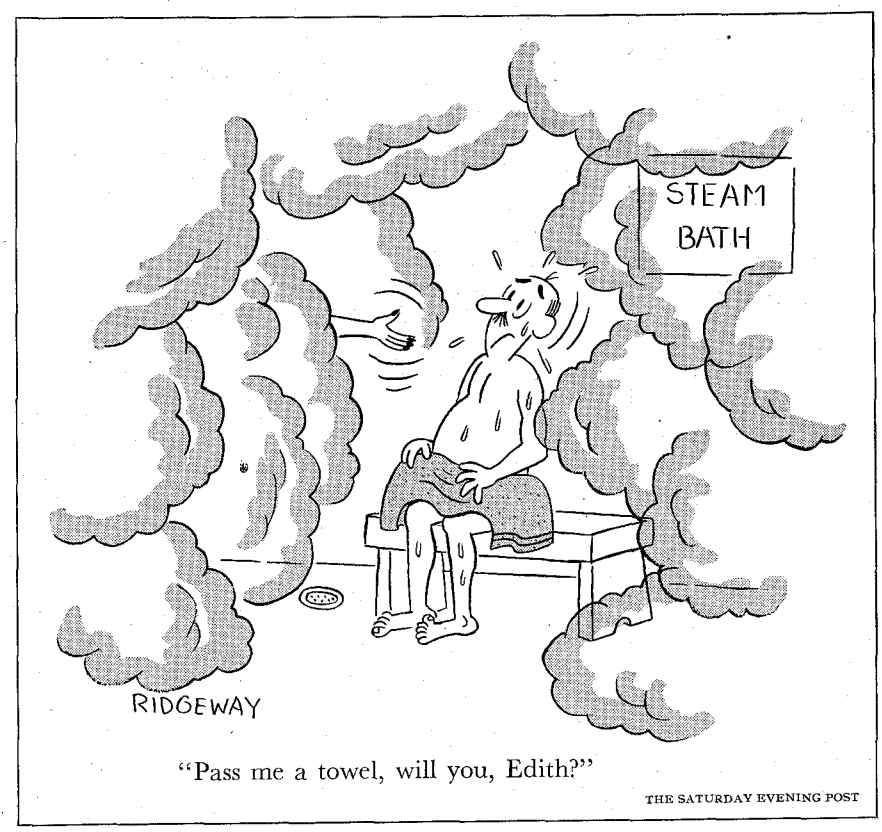
Pete Shade was toweling himself. His big-jointed, long-shafted arms worked industriously. He rubbed his back and shoulders; then his short-cropped, coppery hair. "Yah. I thought ——" His eyes met the skipper's and darkened under a sudden frown. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Wrong?" Crunch stared at him. "Wrong? Are you nuts? That was the guttiest thing I ever saw a man do, in a life that has produced some fairly rugged moments. Brother! Have you got what it takes!" Crunch considered explaining that it was the abrupt starting of the Buddyboy's engines which had actually driven away the mako. But Pete hadn't counted on any such lucky chance when he'd dived over the harpoon-pulpit rail. From Pete's standpoint, the act had been one of awesomely reckless valor. Crunch went on, grinning, his eyes still ablaze, "Yes, Mr. Shade, I give you A-plus, one hundred per cent, for pure, untainted, fantastic guts."

"It wasn't guts," Pete replied. "It was just a feeling. Couldn't stand it to see that shark probe down where you had gone. Couldn't bear to think about anybody being torn up while I just stood and watched the blood spread out in the sea. Actually, I'm a sissy." He seemed to mean it. "I'm a moral coward, Crunch! Otherwise no one man, and no one woman, could have driven me here."

"What's the matter with this brother you seem to hate so?" Crunch asked, after thinking over the question twice.

"Nothing," Pete answered, but his face contracted. "Exactly nothing whatsoever. That's the trouble! He's a warm-hearted, sombrero-wearing, bronc-busting Texas stereotype. (*Continued on Page 140*)



"Pass me a towel, will you, Edith?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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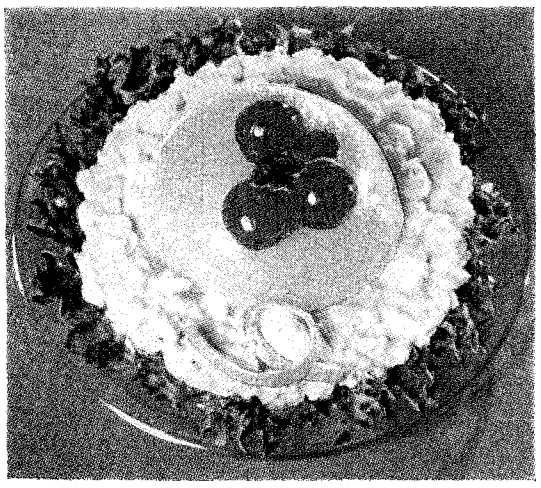
Gay ways to make a hit! Leap Year Salads

Cling Peach Heart and Arrow. Use a spoon, gelatin mold or cookie cutter to form heart shape of cottage cheese on salad plate. Outline cheese with cling peach slices, then with strip of pimiento. Garnish with salad greens. Decorate with arrow cut from green pepper.



Cling Peach Wedding Bouquet. Spoon mound of cottage cheese onto plate garnished with salad greens. Top with drained cling peach half, cut side down. Arrange flower cluster of red cherries and mint leaves on peach. Shape bouquet bow from a thin strip of orange peel.

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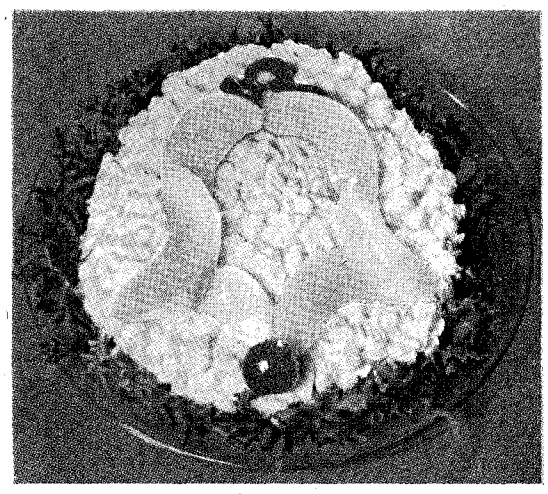

Cling Peach Golden Wedding Bell. Spoon cottage cheese onto plate garnished with salad greens. Arrange cling peach slices on cheese in bell outline, with inner curve of peaches facing inward at top, outward at lower part and bottom. Decorate with cherry clapper and pimiento bow.

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GOOD EYE CARE DOESN'T COST . . . IT PAYS!

(*Continued from Page 138*) Generous as Santa Claus to people he loves—which is nearly every person he meets. And shrewd as a New York banker, in a deal. He brought me up like a father—taught me to ride and shoot and hunt—sent me East to prep school and college. Only——"

The younger man broke off, exhaled a slow, uneven breath and looked at the farthest rim of the sea. "I never could beat him at anything! Whatever I do, he does better. Over the years, I got so I'd have given half my life, just to outshoot him or even win a buck from him in a raindrop race. Anything. But I never could. And then—he doesn't know it, but he manages everybody near him. You can't bear to hurt George, or contradict him, or go against his will. If you try, he somehow makes you think you're a louse. So you eventually quit trying. Then you find out you're a puppet on George's long strings." Crunch had been nodding thoughtfully, as Pete talked and the nod, along with the skipper's comprehending expression, gave Pete the impulsive will to go on: "I met that—girl in New York."

He hesitated, swallowed, smiled uncertainly.

"If you could see her, you'd know why she was the one. But she has a mother like George, squared! Mother was born to be a battleship admiral, not a woman. Mother liked me—and my brother liked my girl, to my amazement. They both decided we ought to get married right away. What I mean is—hell! You can't make other people see how you feel."

"You thought your marriage would put you under double-headed management?"

"It couldn't be said better! If George had only disapproved of Wonder," He paused. "It's a family name," he went on, in what sounded like a habitual parenthesis. "If George had told me she was not right for me. Or if Wonder's mother had only tried to throw a block! Then I'd have eloped with her—doing, for once in my life, something I decided to do myself! I—well, I think a man ought to know he's independent before he gets married. And I'm not. So I just—took a powder."

"I see."

In a way, Crunch did. In another way, he was confused. Peter Shade was certainly no sissy though he had called himself that; he was brave beyond belief. But somewhere inside him, hidden and hurtful, there was a self-doubt, a sense of inferiority, an uncertainty about his very identity. *People*, the skipper mused, *are a problem.* It sounded philosophical and settled nothing.

For two weeks the Poseidon, her crew and customers were permitted by the sea deities—the chief of which is named Weather—to search for Endibbie's putative cache. The only disturbance was the constant scrutiny of the Buddyboy, Doctor Sayliss and his friends, along with miscellaneous natives. Then, one evening, since it was winter, the sun went down behind a barricade of sharp-edged, striated clouds and the Bahamas air became still and over-brilliant.

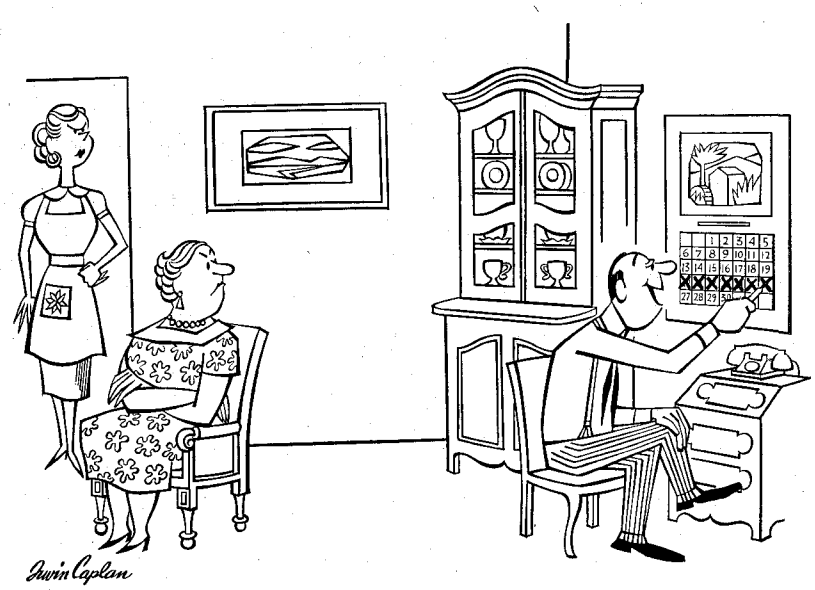
During the night the indicated northwester arrived in full force. Once Crunch woke, as a palm trunk pounded against the Inne wall somewhere, to listen a while and to think.

From his bed, he could see the heave of restless fronds and a section of shatteringly bright stars. He felt as restless as the wind and the trees. He wondered if he had always been a person ruled more by chance, by opportunity and opportunism, than by reasoned plans directed toward a goal. Was that, perhaps, why he and Des had reached the middle of successful careers only to find the ground eroding under their feet, the tides of calamity rising around them?

He snorted at himself; such images were, for sure, the kind men have at night and blush at by day. Yet he was not content with his present situation. The month's charter guaranteed by Pete Shade would not solve the problem of his debts. And the thin possibility of finding treasure was not even a sane hope or a wild gamble. Nothing but a dream—romantic, almost juvenile.

They weren't even fishing. They were spending their days skin diving—a sport Crunch enjoyed for itself. But it was one which, when it became hunting and collecting, he loathed with the passion of all true anglers. Pete Shade, furthermore, though an agreeable companion, was a problem—perhaps, Crunch thought, a problem for a psychiatrist. How could a man have so much, dare so much, be so much, yet regard himself as a running rabbit?

Crunch shrugged in his mind and turned uneasy maundering to practical courses. With a northwester, it would be too rough, too cold, for a few days, to dive on the outside reef. But the Poseidon could stand some overhauling. They could phone Miami and have Paul bring over certain engine parts on his next trip to Tandem Key. They could also order a new supply of air cylinders. They had spent so much time under water that they'd used up air tanks like ammunition. Perhaps it would also be a good idea, dur-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My! It doesn't seem possible you've been with us a full week already, Mother Henderson."

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ing the cold spell, to search over South Tandem Key and examine the landlocked lake which Pete was sure drained itself through a "hole in the bottom of the sea." After a while, Crunch slept again....

He was on board the Poseidon with Des the next morning when the Moses K. Robek came as far as she dared up the main channel and anchored. They had stripped down the pump of the starboard engine and set its parts on the deck when Des saw the work boat's superstructure through a cabin window.

He said, "Hey! Lookee! Martians!"

Crunch stood up, flexing his long-bent knees. The Poseidon, extra lines holding her firmly against the steady wind, tugged and rocked; her skipper took a moment to balance himself. What he saw then was a converted landing craft of considerable dimensions. Its deck was crowded with diving apparatus, air pumps and donkey engines; it sprouted an immense derrick forward; an unkempt, ugly vessel, here blurred with rust and there blotted with dirty oil—a craft designed to go to sea in any weather, readapted for the purposes of salvage. As it slowed, half a dozen men showed on deck. When the anchor splashed, another man, dressed in clothes colorful enough to be remarkable at a thousand yards, made ready to come ashore. A dinghy swung out on davits that materialized from the mélange of deck gear.

Crunch and Des took in the ship; then looked at each other, "Competition?" the mate suggested.

"Looks like it! Haven't heard of any salvage or repair job planned around here!"

In the high wind, the work boat swung on a single anchor chain, her superstructure black against the perfectly blue sky. They saw her name and home port.

"Jacksonville," murmured the skipper. "If they've heard about our—project and intend to get in the game, they've sure gone about it in a big way!"

Des agreed. "Take a lot of dough to charter that beehive and bring it down from Jax."

"Maybe we should hunt up Pete?"

"Last time I saw him," Des said, "he was on the back veranda, out of the wind, with a blanket over his shoulders. He was reading a ten-pound tome called Laurentian Formations, whatever they are."

"Rocks," Crunch explained, "in Eastern Canada. Real old rocks. Heck. Let's go on with the pump. Paul should be in before lunch."

They worked, keeping an eye on events in the harbor. The dinghy came to the Government Dock. The British commissioner appeared, his official whites flapping. He greeted the new arrivals. The matter of clearances was completed in due course. Crunch and Des, meanwhile, had set aside the worn parts of the pump, washed up and were nearly ready to join Pete for lunch when a voice called, "Come aboard?"

Not a pleasant voice; it had nasal overtones and a choleric sound. Furthermore, it was peremptory; the speaker did not actually ask to come aboard, but, rather, announced his intentions of doing so. They hurried up from below and found a man in canary-yellow slacks, a purple sports shirt of satiny sheen, a jade-green sweater and a magenta-pink, beaked swordfish cap, already stepping into the stern cockpit.

"Name's Bentley!" the man half shouted, as if the world were deaf. "Z. Z. Bentley, Jacksonville, Florida!" He was not much more than five feet high. But his voice, clothing and attitude overcompensated for the lack of stature. His eyes, pale gray, seemed to come to sharp points. He held out a small, flinty hand. "You're Crunch Adams. And you're Des Smith. Delighted!"

"We saw you," Crunch said, giving the small hand a solid shake, "on board the Moses K. Robek."

Mr. Bentley nodded. "Doubtless!" He glanced with pride at his garments. "Believe in self-advertisement!" He sat down in the fighting chair, uninvited, and swiveled it to face the skipper and mate. He then produced, bit and lit a ten-inch cigar, offering none. He said, "Let's get down to business!"

Crunch felt his slight annoyance become less trivial. "By all means. What business?"

"I'm a marine contractor."

"Never heard of such a trade," Des murmured.

"Salvage. Dock construction. Underwater ship repair. I'm also a man of few words. Very few!" His face became fixed, his eyes almost menacing.

Crunch said, "That's just fine, Mr. Bentley. What 'few words'?"

The marine contractor exhaled smoke. "Quite frankly, I learned some ten days ago that you and a Mr. Shade had a new, interesting clue to the Endibbie hoard. I am familiar with its history. My grandfather, from whom I inherited my business, searched for that treasure a great many years ago. I learned that you believed the hiding place to be somewhere on the reef"—he waved the cigar at the open sea—"and that you were seeking it by—skin diving. Which, of course, is preposterous!"

"Is it?" Crunch asked.

"Inefficient. Amateurish. Such a search requires professionals. Deep-sea-diving gear and salvage equipment." The cigar again pointed. "I have it in abundance on the Robek. And three skilled divers."

"Where," Crunch asked, "did you get this—preposterous information?"

Mr. Bentley laughed; his face split and a ratchety noise came from the aperture. "I have friends all over Florida."

Crunch sat down. He looked at Mr. Bentley for a while—possibly half a minute. "I'm amazed," he finally said, in the tone, at least, of polite amazement, "that it never occurred to you to inquire if—for one thing—we were actually so crazy as to be looking for a legendary treasure. And then—for another—before you took the time and spent the money to sail that mechanized junk pile from Jax to this key, that you didn't ask us if we'd cut you in. Always supposing there was something to cut you in on."

Mr. Bentley said, with a sudden quietude that was startling, "Oh, I'm cutting myself in."

The skipper's response was equally mild. "Well, well." He stared out across the mouth of the harbor. "We already have a few stooges and spies who imagine we're in the treasure business. It's been fun watching them waste their time. You can join them, of course. Sea's free. We call it the 'booby fleet.'"

The marine contractor chuckled. It sounded like dishes breaking on a hard floor. "I know you boys are tough—very handy at rough stuff!"

"Just a minute," Crunch said. "You got all this information from people in Tampa?"

Mr. Bentley started to nod, and caught himself.

He was too slow. The skipper stood up and stretched idly. "We did wonder who it was tried to kidnap Pete," he said placidly. "Nice to know it was the people from the Buddyboy. A couple of 'em went back home—to Tampa. They got in touch with you, eh?"

The small man shrugged. "I know what you're after. I know you have new information. I know you've been searching for two weeks, with no luck. My offer is practical. *I* have the outfit you need if you are to get anywhere. And I intend to declare myself in anyhow. You'll tell me your—new fact or facts. We'll split even. My boat and crew can cover ten times the ground you—swimmers can. That's how it'll be or else."

"Or else what?" Desperate asked.

"I will make it impossible for you to go on with your private hunt!"

Crunch stared balefully at the Moses K. Robek. "She mount cannon too? Going to blow us out of the sea?"

"Nothing like that," Mr. Bentley answered, rising. "I'll simply announce to the Florida press, to the whole world, that you're closing in on the Endibbie loot. Within a day or two there won't be boatroom anywhere around the key. Your effort will become like trying to find a dropped dime in a crowded elevator. Neat, isn't it?" He leaped ashore with froglike ease.

The two men were left looking at each other. Their faces showed astonishment and rage. "It's a right neat plan," Des commented.

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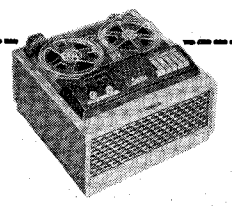

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"It's bluff," Crunch answered. "He'd spoil his own chances, if he did that."

"Looked like the kind of bozo who'd stamp on a mince pie if he didn't get the biggest hunk."

The skipper nodded. "Exactly that type. But he won't stamp on the pie till he's sure he won't get anywhere with us. And he may have other ideas besides this publicity gag. Like the ideas of his pals. Rough stuff."

"I hope so," Des said. "I really do!" He rubbed his hands and smiled. "I'd like to throw that little flea over," his eyes were on shore, so he said, "the steeple of the Methodist Church!"

At lunch they told Pete. He was indignant and, like them, felt that Mr. Bentley might eventually carry out his threat. "We're vulnerable to it," Pete said. "So we better get a wiggle on! Pray for calm weather!" He went back to his book on old rocks in Eastern Canada; Crunch and Des returned to the Poseidon.

Paul had flown in and departed; the new pump parts lay in the stern in neat packages. It was late afternoon when they had the pump reassembled. They tested it, washed up again and decided the northwester would drop during the night.

While they appraised the weather they observed that a second vessel had arrived in the harbor—one utterly different from the Moses K. Robek. It was a white yacht—a seagoing houseboat, actually, as long as the grubby landing craft. It rode at anchor not far astern of the craft owned by the muscling-in contractor. Her name was the Marytay and her registry Palm Beach.

They admired her and wondered who owned her while they watched her neatly uniformed crew at work on deck. At length, they started, again, up the broad path the islanders called a street.

In a few rods, they overtook—or nearly overtook—two ladies, who certainly did not come from the Moses K. Robek, and hence, by elimination, belonged on the yacht. Crunch and Des slowed down, as men do, so as not to pass strange ladies with rude haste. Having slowed, they involuntarily continued to loiter.

For the ladies were arguing. They argued rather loudly. Anybody nearby could overhear, and many natives did. Crunch and Des overheard too. They could hardly help it at first; soon they made no attempt.

Both women were fairly tall, but one was older and more massive. Both women were elegantly dressed; the older one in a pink and gray afternoon print to which she had added a dark, shimmering fur jacket; the younger one wore a beige suit of wool on which there were golden fleur-de-lis; she carried a pale mink fur piece, being evidently warm enough not to wish to wear it. But there was an even more noteworthy aspect of the pair. The older woman wore her hair in a veritable turret of braids and curls; the younger, at neck length; but they had identical tresses. Platinum blond would not have described them. Their hair was a pale silver, with glinting golden overtones and dusky undertones; so unusual and so beautiful that it could not possibly be a result of the arts and artifices of a coiffeur. Such an effect could not have been artificially achieved twice. So their amazing hair was natural. It could therefore be assumed the two women were related—probably mother and daughter.

That inferential truth soon became established.

"All right," said the younger woman, in a husky but heated voice, "it isn't Nassau. And I have come ashore. What next?"

"Dear," the other replied firmly, "leave it to me!"

"I think," said the young one, "I've gone far enough! You persuaded me a yachting trip would make me feel better. It hasn't! And think how ill you've been all day! You said we'd join the Willises and the Leightons and the McMillans in Nassau, and then we steam into this!" She glanced at the shabby, pastel cottages of the natives, stared ahead at the tangle of tropical vegetation. "This one-horse Tahiti!"

Her accent was Eastern, Crunch noted—what is called "Park Avenue." Her intonation, however, was merely frustrated and vexed.

"Leave it to me," the older woman repeated. She had the same accent, but a more commanding voice. It reverberated under the waving coconut palms. It was very impressive.

"This isn't the kind of place you like," the younger woman went on perplexedly. "Quite the opposite! And I have been 'leaving everything to you'—all my life! Look where it got me!" She took the other by the arm. "Mother! If this is one more of your schemes ——"

"I intend," said the large woman firmly, "to undo the harm I've innocently done you, my poor child."

At this, the girl stopped dead. She seemed frightened. She also seemed infuriated. She faced her mother with a look of many emotions, badly addled.

Crunch and Des, still coming along behind, were forced to stop in order not to bump into the two ladies. They had now a clear view of one of the loveliest—and most determined—female profiles they had ever seen. The girl was perhaps twenty-two. She was gorgeous. A bar of sunlight shone on her incredible hair. Into Crunch's mind came an unlikely figure of speech: "a tray of diamonds." That was how Pete Shade had tried to describe the girl who had figured in his romance—blighted by the girl's mother and Pete's own brother.

As this identification was made by his mind, Crunch stood immobile. He was thoroughly stunned. Pete Shade had fled to Tandem Key to evade—to forget—this young woman and her domineering mother. Now, here they both stood, not five hundred yards from the Inne, where old Pete was, doubtless, changing for dinner or even still reading about Canadian rocks. He was due for a tremendous shock!

Des looked inquiringly at Crunch; to him, the ladies were still merely yacht passengers, though he realized that one had brought the other to Tandem Key by a ruse.

A mere second passed while the four people acted out a dumb show in the slanted sunshine.

The two women did not even notice the two boatmen. But the younger one gasped abruptly, violently, as if her lungs had a safety valve. "Mother! You don't mean—you can't possibly mean—that Peter Shade ——"

"—— is right on this island!" the older woman said vigorously, triumphantly. "I had to hire detectives to trace him! Come Wonder!"

Miss Wonder West, of Manhattan whirled around like a shot deer and ran. Since she had concentrated on her own baffling problems, she had not overheard following footsteps on the broken-shell highway behind her. And Crunch had no expected precipitate flight. He had, indeed, known few girls who could accelerate so fast from a standing start.

As a result, Wonder—shining hair perfume and all—ran straight into the skipper's arms.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Munich (Continued from Page 33)

that perpetual emotion of whoopee which endears Munich to its natives, and is the great magnet for the more than 2,000,000 visitors who pass across the Munich stage each year. What to most of the rest of the world is just a calendar, marked here and there with a few red-letter days, is to Müncheners a curriculum of carnival. The spree-lusty Munich calendar gets off promptly on January sixth, Twelfth-night, inaugurating *Fasching*, a giddy seven-week tourney of a thousand masked balls, galas and street parades, an exhausting revel that comes to a mighty crescendo on Shrove Tuesday. Lent puts a quietus on parties for a while, but even Lent is broken by the Time of the Strong Beer, an eight-day *Fest* on the Nockherberg Hill near the Salvator Bierkeller. And there is a second beer binge when the Hofbräuhaus breaks open its powerful *Märzenbier* in March. April brings Easter and all the rites of spring, and in late May comes the great Corpus Christi Procession when Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, Quakers, as well as agnostics and atheists, parade in civic loyalty behind the Catholic Cardinal Archbishop of Munich.

Beginning in June, Munich high-brows delight in a summer-long festival of theater, concert and opera. Munich has a passion for good music, above all for the works of Mozart, who wrote his opera

A woman is young only once—after that, she's much older.

CY N. PEACE

Idomeneo in Munich; for Wagner, who first achieved world fame here, and for native son Richard Strauss—son of a horn player in the Court Theater, his mother the daughter of a famous Munich brewer. Culture and the tourist trade dominate the summer, but in early autumn comes a great low-brow extravaganza, the *Oktoberfest*, a mammoth country fair in the middle of the city. Now the peasants move in to their Bavarian metropolis, which they call *Münka*, to roast mighty oxen, guzzle oceans of beer, parade in their fancy country costumes, dance their shoe-slapping dances, and manage to turn the city upside down before leaving.

In October, life begins migrating inside again, from the beer gardens to the beer cellars. November is the only really drab month in Munich, when the harried hotel staffs take their vacations. The native Müncheners spend November plotting December, when the festive Christmas season begins after the first Sunday in Advent, Copper Sunday, followed by Silver and Golden Sunday, with a week-long Christmas holiday culminating in the great Saint Sylvester's Night celebration—New Year's Eve. Then only six more days to Twelfth-night, the Feast of the Three Kings, and *Fasching* again.

An *Oktoberfest* that takes place in September is only one of the whimsical absurdities of which Munich life is full to overflowing. This is the city where every day has a bit of zany April Fool's Day spirit in it. That the people of Munich are markedly different from the rest of the Germans is not only notorious—they are Bavarians first, Germans afterward—but life in Munich has a particular harlequin flavor, a native way of doing things which is part of its unique charm. Here localism is promoted to the dignity of a philosophy. Munich exists in a kind of perpetual revolt against what the rest of the world regards as the crowning fault of the Germans, their "beastly earnestness."

They order things otherwise in Munich. Not only must the *Oktoberfest* take place in September, and the Gothic cathedral have one tower one meter higher than the other, and the towers be crowned with copper domes that are not Gothic at all. One tower is named Ambrose, the other Xavier. Here in Munich, there must be a different word for Saturday, mustard must be sweet and not sour, and vinegar is made from raspberries. Good-by is said in Latin, "Servus." Names are usually given backward, "the Schmidt, Heini, who married the Mueller, Liesl." Every schoolchild learns how the Hall of the Bavarian Field Marshals got its name. It contains only two statues, "one of Count Tilly, who was no Bavarian, and the other of Prince Karl Wrede, who was no field marshal." In Munich, all the vegetarian restaurants naturally serve meat. *Leberkäs*, or "liver cheese," for example, is a kind of soft meat containing neither liver nor cheese. If the visitor to Munich asks why, he gets the proper answer, "Well, are there any dogs in dog biscuits?"

One's ideal city differs from every other city, and yet it must be harmonious with itself. As the train pulls in slowly to the main railroad station, no conductor has to announce that this is Munich. Munich announces itself, with the redolent, yeasty atmosphere of a gigantic brewery, the piquant fragrance of hops blending with the softer smell of *Weisswurst*, a special white veal sausage served only in boiling water, only in Munich, and until quite recently, only until eleven A.M. The porters, clad in cracked leather shorts they inherited from their grandfathers, speak in uproarious Bavarian dialect which is the despair of all Germans save Müncheners. The taxi driver will ask not if you want a taxi, but a *Droschke*. His cab is probably a sleek 1956 Mercedes, but in Munich it remains a *Droschke*.

But he won't try to hustle you; in Munich that is a "sin against the spirit of the place." And you will find it very difficult to leave this gigantic railroad station, less an entrance to the city than an organic part of Munich life itself, swirling with visitors, commuters and vacationers. Here there is not one large restaurant, but three, run by three of the most famous breweries in town. All beer is served as brewers insist it should be—on draft. Outside these restaurants, a special lure for those who may have thought they were in a hurry, there is the Bavarian variant of the snack bar—huge beer barrels upturned as tables where the customer can get, for about forty cents, a liter stein of beer and his choice of some twenty varieties of delicatessen—the best of *Wurst*.

As you leave this railroad station, you already have been pleasantly ensnared in the most pervasive of the local customs, and the longer you stay in Munich, the more you will succumb to it. It is called "Royal Bavarian Tranquillity." The clocks run otherwise in Munich, and hustle and bustle, the scourge of the Prussians, is anathema. Everything gets done, sooner or later, and sooner or later you can do anything. But not without conforming to the local ritual and injunction: "Don't exhaust yourself running." Even Hitler, when he decided one time to endow Munich with a subway system, ran into such persistent local sabotage that the whole project had to be abandoned.

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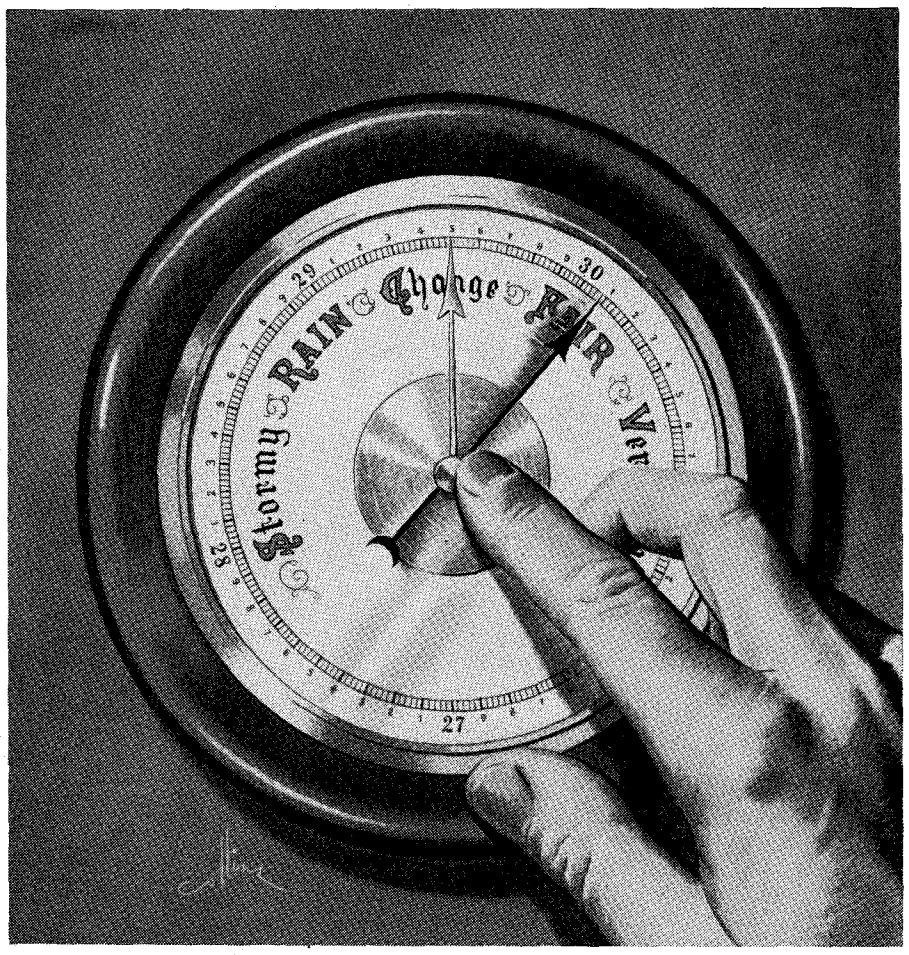

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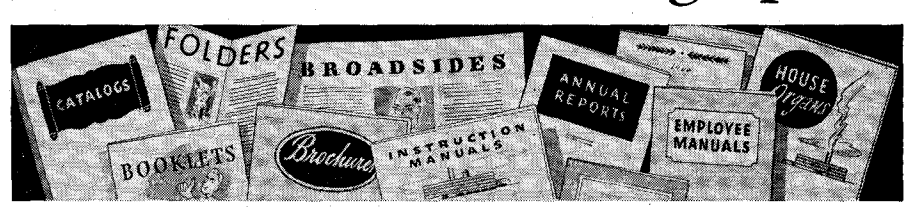

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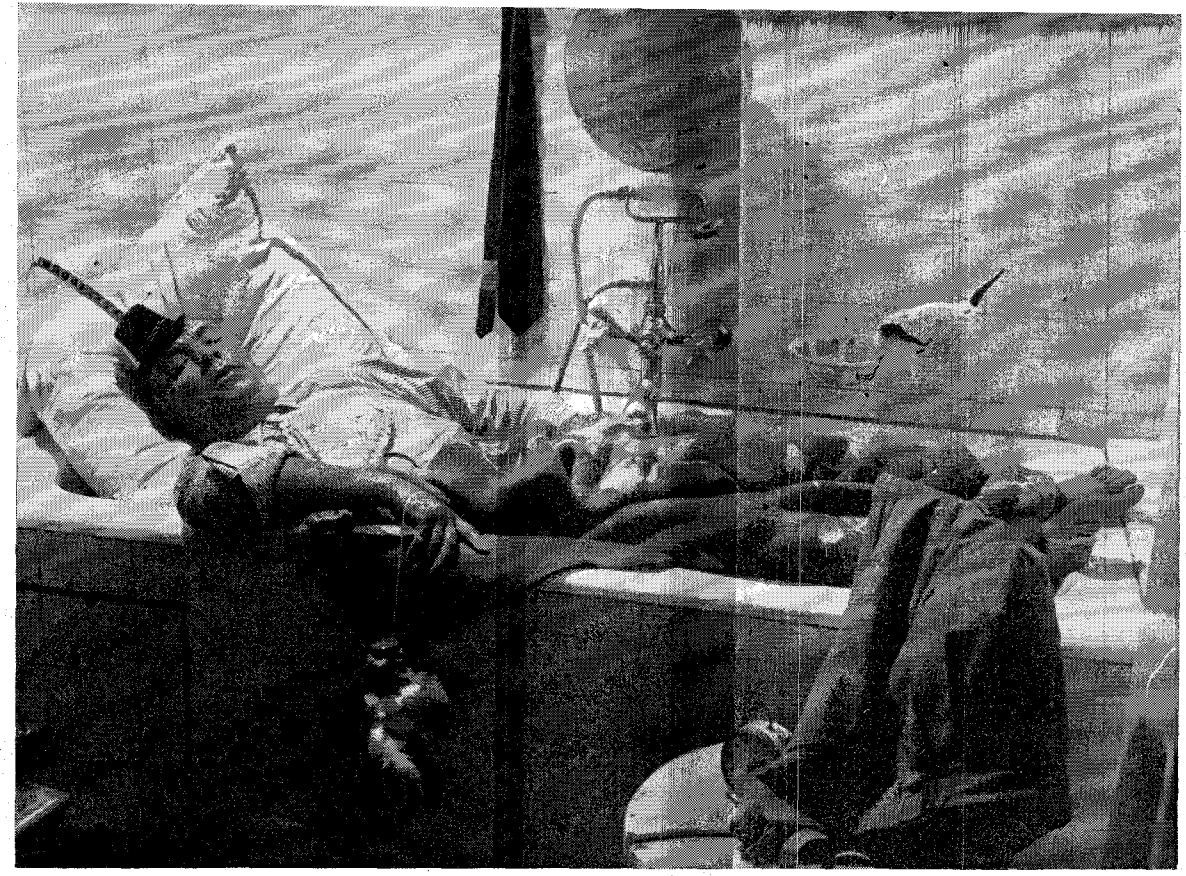

During Munich's annual sixteen-day revel, the Oktoberfest, it's hard for a man to find a bed to sleep in. A bathtub is better than nothing at all.

And a good thing, too, since Munich is a wonderful city just to wander about in, a living museum of its own history. A curious stroller soon notes that Munich has no one single center; rather a series of centers, the hub of civic activity changing with each hour of the day. A typical Munich thoroughfare is a broad avenue with a spacious museum at one end and a spacious beer hall at the other. You choose your direction in this city according to the compass of your mood, and then set sail for the cathedral or the Ratskeller, the Marktplatz or the Prinzregenten Theater, the Hofbräuhaus or the university, the green English Gardens along the green Isar River, the Odeonsplatz or the Königsplatz. As avenue empties into square, as square becomes avenue again, buildings now glowing in a soft blend of ocher and amber, now radiant with alabaster light, everywhere is apparent that this was a splendid Residence, for 700 years the home and darling city of the Bavarian dukes, electors and kings of the House of Wittelsbach.

Munich is thus an artfully constructed stage designed to promote pomp, pageantry and pleasure, and to bring out in the Bavarians their most persistent trait, that sheer delight in being spectators of themselves. The kings of Bavaria were benevolent rulers who wanted every subject to feel like a king in Bavaria. They built lavishly and royally, until the architecture of Munich became a moving procession of the history of European art, from late Gothic to Renaissance, through Baroque and Rococo, to Neo-Classic and Revived Pure Classic. There are replicas here in Munich of the Propylaea in Athens, the Arch of Constantine in Rome, the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence. Peculiar in this splendid royal inheritance is that while no one building is an outstanding or rare masterpiece of its kind, together they form a symphony in stone that is unique.

Dominant in this treasure house of fine buildings and sculpture is the flamboyant, exuberant, dynamic style known as Baroque. Baroque, treating space as something fluid, curvaceous in its avoidance of sharp outline, with a love of sculpting and ornate detail, is a style with a sense of humor, sometimes combining the elegant with the grotesque, the sacred with the profane, always with the accent on the splendid, the worldly, the sensuous. Many students of the special way of life known as "Bavarianism" detect in Baroque the real key to the Bavarian character—their love of costumes, processions, festivals, their painted houses and gay churches, their rich cuisine and ornate pastries.

And some pretty baroque characters have stridden across the Munich stage. In the late eighteenth century came Count Rumford, born plain Benjamin Thompson in Woburn, Massachusetts. Thompson had to skedaddle from the Bay State in 1776 because he was a British spy, or, as the Encyclopædia Britannica puts it more daintily "as he was distrusted by friends of the American cause, it was considered prudent that he should seek an early opportunity to leave the country." Arriving at the Munich court, eager-beaver Rumford became minister of war and later prime minister, invented the kitchen range, designed the famous English Gardens, was dubbed a count of the Holy Roman Empire, and later became ballistics adviser to Napoleon. There is a fancy bronze statue to him in Munich today.

Then came King Ludwig I, in his serious moments one of the great Maecenas patrons of the city, who filled one of his favorite museums with an entire "Gallery of Bavarian Beauties," most of them his mistresses. In his goutish and goatish sixties, Ludwig became hopelessly enamoured of one of history's great adventuresses, Lola Montez—born Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert, in Limerick, Ireland—who arrived at his court billed as a Spanish dancer, and managed one day in 1846 to dance her way into a private audience. When the lecherous old monarch archly accused her of wearing falsies, Lola, who fancied herself the reincarnation of Salome, Theodora and Potiphar's wife, pulled a knife from behind her Spanish veil, slashed her satin gown and whirled into history's most famous strip tease. Soon the king was writing swooning love poems to his "Passionate Andalusian." He made her the Countess of Landsfeld, and tempestuous Lola became the real power behind the Bavarian throne until the Revolution of 1848, which toppled Ludwig from power, and a revolt of the Munich students drove "the scarlet-skirted Lola" out of town. Proud Lola Montez ended up in a New Orleans circus sideshow—"One silver dollar to kiss the lips that kissed a king"—and died in poverty in a New York City tenement.

Ludwig II, grandson of Lola's Ludwig, was another grandiose king whose reign began in gaudy magnificence and ended in personal tragedy, lonely midnight suicide on the Lake of Starnberg, where a buoy today still marks the spot. Ludwig II is best remembered as the first generous patron of Richard Wagner. Wagner, driven out of Dresden, where he tried to spark a political revolution, and out of Paris, where he preached a revolution in music, found the ebullient spirit of Munich much to his liking. Wagner lived in Munich several years, and here he wrote, stage-directed and premiered Tristan and Isolde, Die Meistersinger, Das Rheingold.

Meanwhile, throughout the nineteenth and into the twentieth century, Munich, with its lavish devotion to music, art and letters, was becoming a mecca for creative talents, writers above all. Among North Germans, Munich attracted Heine and Hebbel; the poets, Stefan George and Rainer Maria Rilke; the brothers Heinrich and Thomas Mann. The Swiss novelist, Gottfried Keller, lived here; the Norwegian playwright, Ibsen; and the Norwegian composer, Grieg; the Danish romancer, Hans Christian Andersen; the French dramatist, Jean Giraudoux; and the Spanish philosopher, Ortega y Gasset. Our American writer Thomas Wolfe lived here for a year in the 1920's, preferring Munich, "this German Paradise," to the then more popular Paris.

In pre-World War I days some strange politicians, then unknown to the world at large, spent their brooding exile years in Munich, hiding behind the façade of gaiety and hating it, like kids with their noses to the windowpane. One was an obscure Russian, Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, who here edited a magazine called The Spark. He later emerged in history as Lenin. There was a bombastic Italian socialist, who worked in Munich as a stone mason for several months. His name was Benito Mussolini. Then from Vienna came "that mad Austrian in a raincoat," Adolf Hitler. There was a fourth young man here in pre-1914 days, a young Cologne student at the university. He organized no undergrounds and preached no march to the barricades. Yet he managed to survive them all. His name was Konrad Adenauer.

Several deep thinkers, aware that Munich has had more than its share of political adventurers, have tried to find some recondite explanation. Some claim the flamboyant architecture inspires delusions of grandeur. Others blame the strange, allergy-inspiring Alpine wind, the *Fohn*, a snow-eating wind that can make both sky and people blue. But usually, the beer hall is singled out as the evil inspiration. This is a libel of a great institution, and the idea that politics dominates Bavarian beer-hall evenings is a completely false one.

What is true is that each of the great local breweries, in addition to summer beer gardens and all-year-round cellars, built adjoining auditoriums, precisely so that trouble-makers, when they begin to upset the pleasant evenings of true Bavarian tipplers—"the silent topers"—will have some place to go when told to "go hire a hall." It was from just such a hall that the 1923 *Putsch* began, which, as defenders of the beer hall enjoy pointing out, "was led, from behind, by a man who was both a teetotaler and a vegetarian."

Beer in Munich—and a whole world of beer drinkers from Tokyo to Milwaukee gladly honor Munich as the world capital of honest brewing—is regarded as a food, a beverage, an industry and a way of life. The origins of modern beer can be traced to Munich, and the story of beer in Munich is almost as old as the story of Munich itself. For Munich, in European terms, is not an ancient city. Nearby Augsburg and Regensburg were founded by the Romans. But it was not until the twelfth century A.D., when the Guelph Duke Henry the Lion blew up a bridge over the Isar, that Munich was born. This bridge controlled the lucrative salt-trade route from Salzburg to Augsburg, and was held by a recalcitrant bishop.

A new bridge was now built, upstream, on the site of the present city. Previously this had been a small Benedictine monastery, hence München, the city of the monks, and these monks were already brewing warm barley sap, which they consumed in the *quantum* of one gallon per monk per day. These monks discovered the principle of cold fermentation and, later, bottom fermentation, and they also held the hop monopoly, grown in the nearby cloister garden. This beer was called red beer, and sometimes white beer from oats. It was not until the sixteenth century that brown beer, or *dunkles*, imported from Einbeck in North Germany, took over in Munich. (The Bavarians like to twist at least one vowel in every word, hence Einbeck became Einbock, or simply "Bock.") This dark beer is still a great favorite in Munich, although in recent years competition from such cities as Pilsen and Dortmund has led to the brewing of light beer, or *helles*, and most Munich beer exported to America today is light beer. The medieval monkish origins of Munich beer explain some of the famous labels—Augustiner, Franziskaner, Paulaner, along with such later comers as Löwenbräu, Spatenbräu, Thomasbräu, Pschorrbräu, Bürgerbräu, Hackerbräu and a score of others. The city records reveal that before Munich had twenty-five streets, it already had 321 "dispensaries of malted beverages."

And of course, as Singvereins, glee clubs and roisterers the world over will never let us forget:

In München there stands a Hofbräuhaus,
Eins, zwei, gsaufa!
And here can every goodly man
Reveal how much quaffing he really can,
Until late in the evening we head for home
From München's Hofbräuhaus!

(*Continued on Page 146*)

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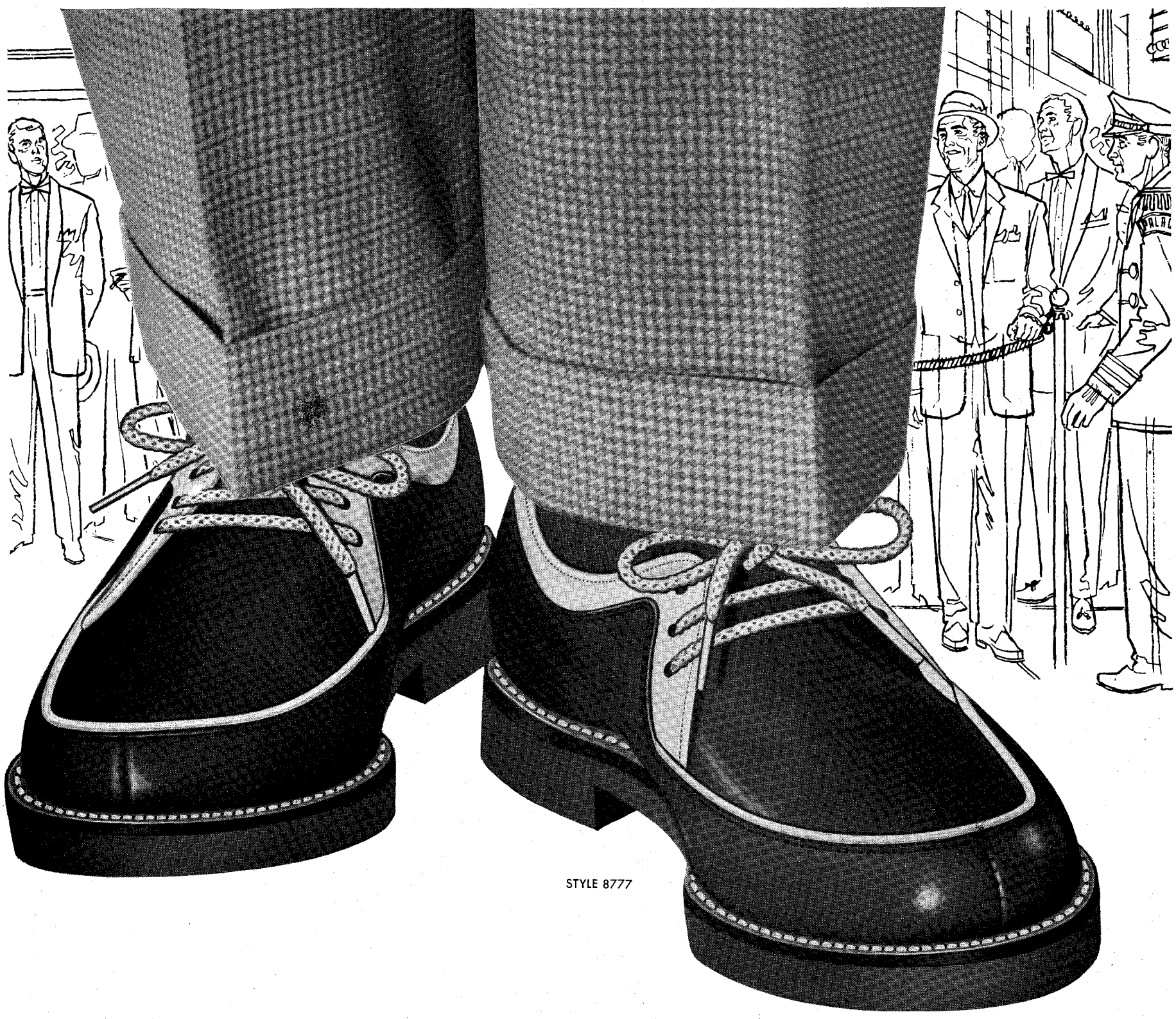

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(*Continued from Page 144*) There is another old song, and a better one, which must have taken on grim reality in World War II, as the bombs came raining down:

So long as old Saint Peter's tower
In Munich town still stands,
So long as the green Isar
Has here its pleasant strands,
So long as down there on the Platzl
There stands Das Hofbräuhaus ——

So long, through many verses and many generations that have sung them, "so long will the convivial spirit remain alive in Munich."

And down there *am Platzl*, slightly war-damaged but now restored, stands the Hofbräuhaus, built in 1583 as the court brewery, now run by the city of Munich. Today, in 1956, it is doing its greatest business ever—28,000 liters a day, served in giant HB steins. The Hofbräuhaus, the largest and—in the opinion of the many millions who have passed through its portals—the greatest public house in the world, is an institution that not only lives up to its reputation, it surpasses it. Beer here is not only cheaper, cooler and just a bit more ambrosial than anywhere else, it is part of a ritual. Bavarians of all classes come here day and night not only to eat, drink and make passing comments on the state of the world and the quality of the beer, they come here to observe one another.

All this makes for good theater, and an evening at the Hofbräuhaus is just that. Passing through the mammoth entrance, the visitor has his choice of mounting two stories to the great hall, or up one flight which is reserved for the tablecloth trade, or crossing into the huge summer courtyard, where the barley sap is served in the traditional steins under traditional chestnut trees. But real devotees tend to head straight ahead, under a wide arch with the motto THIRST IS STRONGER THAN HOMESICKNESS to the Trough, the smoke-filled and smoke-stained epicenter of bibulous activity. Here the powerful aroma of hops, the brassy bump-bump of a yodelers' band in the far corner, the clank of steins on soft wood, the loud, hairy-chested baritone who wants the world to know how he lost his heart in Heidelberg, the clatter of a thousand knives and forks as patrons slice into *Kalbshaxen*, all blend together in a bewildering symphony of sound and smell that should be discordant but somehow isn't.

And the whole cast of characters is on stage. The leading actresses are the 158 jovial and buxom waitresses, flat-footed ballerinas of beer, clad in blue-and-white dirndls, renowned in Munich for their competence, chattiness and chastity, and whose *Bayrisch* eyes are always smiling. They must serve a three-year apprenticeship in red uniforms before donning the true Bavarian blue-and-white, and learn to elbow-hoist thirteen steins at one time from the great keg corners to the tables. (The record of sixteen is held by Helga of the Hofbräuhaus, who has the hands of a shortstop.) There are also six old Radish Women, peeling thirst-inspiring radishes as big as turnips on a whirling machine, four Cheese Women, three almond salesgirls, several souvenir hawkers, thirty Men of Order, or bouncers. On an average day, the Hofbräuhaus caters to about 20,000 clients, can serve as many as 6000 at one time; last year it had 4,000,000 customers.

An old-time Hofbräuhaus ceremony, now more often performed at the *Oktoberfest*, is the probing of the *Bierkieser*, or official tasters. Six stout Bavarian men and true, clad in deer-leather shorts, pour the beer on trial over a heavy raw wooden bench and then plump themselves down. An hourglass is placed on the table. Several rounds are solemnly served. As the last sands sift through the hourglass, and at a given signal, the tasters rise and jugalug the last draft. If the bench remains clinging to their *Lederhosen*, the beer is pronounced good. And if the bench still sticks to their royal Bavarian rumps as they reach the door, the brew is acclaimed as excellent.

Although Munich is today a metropolis of close on to 1,000,000 inhabitants, it has never lost, as most cities do, that intimate connection with the peasant countryside whence come the ancestors of the Müncheners and where their cousins still live. This is true all year round, but never more so than during the *Oktoberfest*, which lasts sixteen roistering days. It is held in the heart of the city on a giant fairground called the Theresan Meadows. Here, under a giant statue of the patroness Bavaria, cast out of seventy-eight tons of Turkish cannonballs, takes place a combination *Volksfest*, American county fair and marathon guzzling contest the likes of which exist nowhere else.

True to a 122-year-old tradition, the *Fest* begins with several formal and colorful ceremonies. Each Munich brewery sends a gaily garlanded old-style brewery wagon, a span of four stallions and a carriage, the drivers all clad in fancy black *Lederhosen*, velvet vests, frilled white linen shirts and high stiff boots. Next come costumed delegations trooping in from the small country and mountain towns of Upper Bavaria. The ceremonies also include the curious Cooper's Dance, a tradition that goes back to the Middle Ages, when the coopers' guild, dancing through their barrel hoops, put the hex on a plague.

Formalities over, the fair moves into full swing, with roller coasters, toboggans, a hippodrome, a loop-the-loop, dodgems, a crazy house, Ferris wheels, a flea circus, Punch and Judy show, shooting galleries—all lighted at night by 100,000 red lights. To handle the demand for food and drink, there are five spacious beer tents, five coffee tents, eleven chicken and *Wurst* barbecues, and a mammoth oxen spit which roasts an ox a day on a spit three meters long. All told, there are 846 separate stands, served by 15,000 hands, dispensing 2,100,000 liters of 10 per cent beer, 130,000 roasted chickens, 700,000 pounds of sausage, 500,000 smoked fish—and doing $4,000,000 worth of business.

Finally—the Munich carousal to end all carousals—comes *Fasching*. *Fasching* in its origins was a pre-Lenten carnival, or Mardi Gras, and it is also celebrated in other Catholic regions of Germany, particularly in Cologne and Mainz in the Rhineland. But the Munich *Fasching*, down through the years, has become quite something else again. The reader has probably detected by this time that several Munich customs are thinly disguised pagan cults—the Bavarians were Druid Celts long before they became Christians—and it is during *Fasching* that these South German Nature Boys really go native. In 1953, when the elected Prince of *Fasching* advised all married couples to leave their wedding rings home, the Cardinal of Munich stepped in and tried to blow an ecclesiastical whistle on this notorious custom of taking "*Fasching* wives." Not with complete success.

Fasching begins, innocently enough, on Twelfth-night. Up in *Schwabing*, Munich's combination Montmartre and Greenwich Village, artists and writers, students and Bohemians begin throwing a series of masquerades, *bals* and proms where the emphasis is on the exotic, the bizarre, the clever. Schwabing becomes *Schwabylon*. But about the first of February this madcap nonsense moves downtown, and night after night the city rocks with extravagant Chrysanthemum Balls, Press Balls, Widows' and Bachelors' Balls, the Pretzelmakers' Union Ball, Police, Firemen's and Street-cleaners' Ball and a Poor Man's Ball.

These sounds of revelry roar on all through February, heading for the great climax, the last week before Lent. Now come a series of public festivals for which all Munich turns out, with a Crazy Thursday, Schmaltzy Sunday, Rose Monday and Shrove Tuesday. The whole town is by now pleasantly crocked and business has ground to a standstill. The most interesting and elaborate spectacle is the great parade of floats, which begins promptly at two P.M. on Sunday and is four miles long. These floats are topical and satiric, full of the raillery of which Müncheners, with the engaging trait of being able to laugh at themselves, are so fond. The mayor, the city aldermen, the Bavarian Government, all get a good needle for taking "Bajuvarianism," or super-Bavarianism, too seriously. As float after float rolls by, the American Army gets a gibe for having put chlorine in the soft Munich water and the *Fräuleins* are warned that with the new German Army coming, they will have to learn German again.

Early Shrove Tuesday afternoon, down in the Victual Market, there is a special *Fasching* sideshow that no visitor to Munich should miss. Here the old crones of the market, butcher women and fishmongers, put on their own burlesque of *Fasching*. Masked, costumed and tight as nannygoats, they dance a witchlike bacchanal around overturned cases and baskets, winging over their heads salted herrings, chanting bawdy doggerel and sticking bright feathers into the rumps of plucked geese and stewing chickens.

Finally, Shrove Tuesday night, in the swank downtown hotels, comes *Kehraus*, a farewell to *Fasching* and the sins of the flesh—a lingering, lascivious and strictly carnal farewell. There are paths from the ballrooms to the upstairs hotel rooms, and in one hotel the path is downstairs to cubicles and couches in the old air-raid shelters; and from about midnight on, *Kehraus* becomes a full-fledged Saturnalia in the high Roman fashion. Scenes of public lechery take place here that would shock a Parisian in the Bois de Boulogne. Not since the Borgias gave their orgies, and maybe not since the lava flowed through the streets of old Pompeii, have there been such hot times in town as when Munich ends its *Fasching*.

Then Ash Wednesday morning, the pagan revelry over, our Müncheners are devout Christians again, wearing on their ashened brows the *memento mori* message: dust thou art, to dust returnest. Solemnly, and nursing hang-overs that could split the atom, they leave church and parade to the fountain in the city marketplace.

The last ceremony of departed *Fasching* is the washing out of empty pocketbooks, and this is no idle ritual. After *Fasching*, most Müncheners are broke at least until the end of Lent, and some until Corpus Christi.

Some critics of Munich, its carefree blend of the heathen and heavenly devotion, call it hypocrisy. But it is the opposite of hypocrisy; it is baroque. It is baroque and *Münchenerisch*, designed not so much to shock the strait-laced as to delight the lovers of this-worldliness, of wine, women and song. The devotion of Müncheners to Munich, its customs, its charms and its harlequin nonsense, is a perpetual love affair and they disarm their critics in advance with an old and naughty rebuttal: "Dost think, because thou are virtuous, there will be no more cakes and ale?" THE END

"What else for dinner besides lamb chops?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Her first high heels... and Bur-Mil Cameo Nylons

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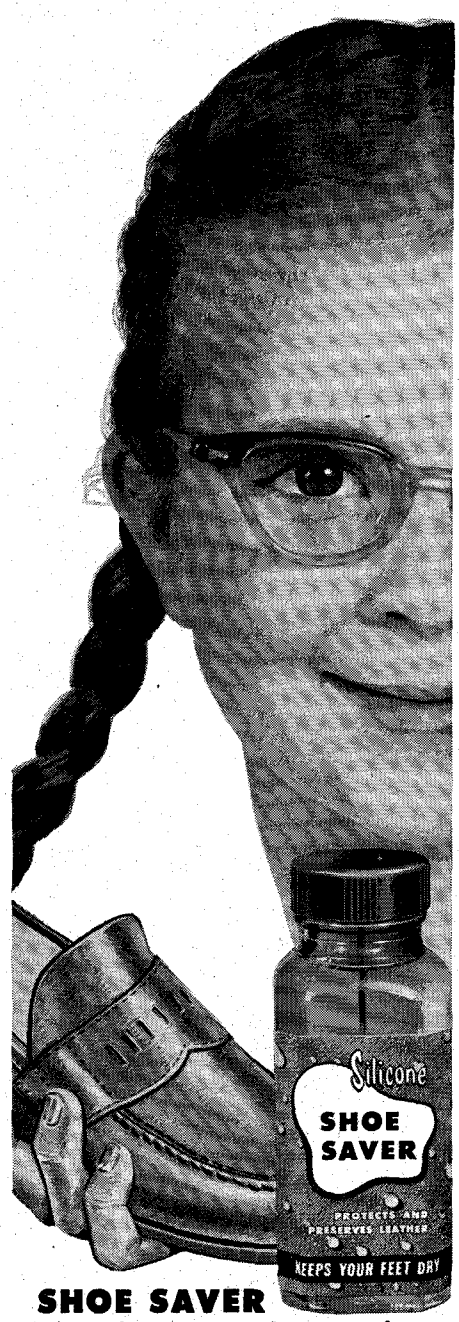

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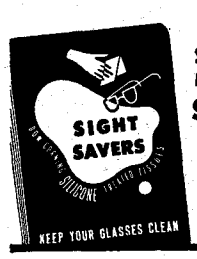

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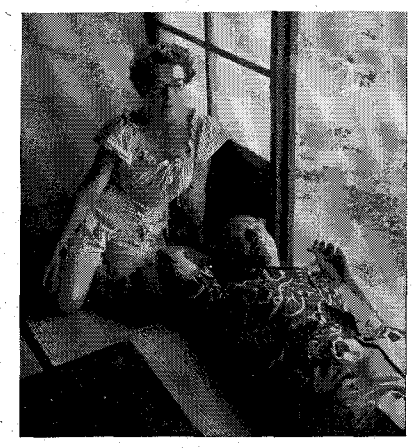
Keeping Posted

Do You Believe in Evil Opals?

This column is neutral toward the theory that opals bring bad luck. Some think yes, some think no. Anyway, after author Worden and photographer Keighley had cased the Australian opal mines, page 38, Worden reported that all he knows about the influence of opals is that Keighley, switching on his famed charm, wound up by having an opal gouger give him a nice little uncut stone, which Keighley proceeded to carry around in his pants pocket. With the following results:

Although there were only a dozen automobiles in the mining area, Keighley managed to be in one when it whammed into another. Slight injuries to Keighley, more to the car. When the Postmen were scheduled to leave from Broken Hill airport, the plane not only didn't depart on time but the passengers had to get out



The Wordens in Far East. He's usually asleep, mutters photographer Keighley.

and push it off the runway. Our lads then went to sea off the Queensland Coast to study and photograph the Great Barrier Reef; foul weather thereupon completely hid the reef for nine days, and it was the only reef available. Back at Sydney, a plane for Darwin not only took off late but three days late.

At this point, Worden records, somebody swiped Keighley's opal. Or maybe he lost it. Results: Next night they went on a crocodile hunt, and saw and slew several, though none had been seen for many nights previously. Planes began taking off right on the tick; a hotel in Singapore honored advance reservations (considered astonishing in those parts); and a slot machine in the American Club paid off. Well, what of it? If a miner ever tries to give you an opal, you take it.

Adventures of Two Blondes in Mexico

Doris Hume Bovee and her blond daughters, Arden and Paige, were dwelling placidly in Altadena, California, when suddenly they got the exciting idea of spending a year in Mexico City, the teen-age lasses continuing their schooling there. However, as they motored southward, they became homesick and in the glooms, especially when a gloomy customs inspector at the border ordered

Grandma Doris Hume.

them to unpack and open all their luggage. But when the inspector laid eyes on the blondes (they are fairly rare phenomena in dark-haired Mexico), he cheered up mightily; courteously he said to never mind unpacking—proceed, *señora* with *señoritas!* From then on, the blondes felt fine and so did the *señora.*

As they motored through villages, young men cried aloud with happiness, "*Chulas rubias!*"—(beautiful blondes)—and the male population rushed outdoors to wave them on their way. On their first day in Mexico City they visited a friend in a skyscraper apartment, and soon windowpanes in a nearby office building blossomed with sheets of paper inscribed with telephone numbers, behind which gallant young men stood waving enthusiastically. And so it went. "There were," the page 37 author recalls, "notes and poems and flowers, handsome swains with impeccable manners paying Sunday-afternoon calls, and traffic often was delayed while males leaned out of cars to voice admiration of beauty and blondness." One day a gentleman in a car behind them slowed up at a cross street and sang out, "I must leave you here, beautiful ones!"—and the mother decided to leave for the U.S.A. By then, the blondes had been in Mexico two years.

Today the elder blonde has an American husband, and Doris Hume is grandma of a tiny, beautiful brunette.

He Has Reasons for Wanting Good Schools

John Perkins, who, on page 25, tells high schools what ails them, says he has been in the middle of the high school-college controversy for a long time. This eminent educator recalls that after his first public utterance on the subject, during a program honoring high-school teachers of Lewes, Delaware, "the reaction, both critical and complimentary, led me to believe I had touched upon a fundamental issue worthy of further refinement." So he kept right on refining it. The president of the University of Delaware has two other sound reasons for his interest, both of whom are in the picture. Young Jim enters high school next year, and younger Carey will be there before she knows it, the way time flies.

Jan Peerce and the Other Singer

The gentlemen who have the duet byline on page 26 are Jan Peerce, the world-famed tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Stanley Frank, the baritone. Frank first suffered delusions of being a baritone when he was interviewing Madam Helen Traubel for the Post in 1948 and she told him he had a real nice voice. Whatever reason the great soprano had for saying such a thing, Frank says, "I consider her a wonderfully shrewd and sensitive critic," which he considers due cause for his having been a resolute and indefatigable baritone ever since.

One day when Peerce and Frank were confabulating, they discovered that both were alumni of New York City's DeWitt Clinton High School, and they burst

spontaneously into the opening lines of their old school song: "When Clinton was governor in Eighteen Twenty-four, he worked with a will, and exceeding skill, to honor the name he bore." Frank thinks it was one of the loudest and clearest renditions of the song ever heard, Frank supplying the loud. But after a couple more lines—"So look upon us boys, and hear us make this noise . . ."—they suddenly shut up. No outraged listeners were beating on their door, for it was in Peerce's home in suburban New Rochelle; that rhyme, Frank believes took their breath away.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Cold Weather Ahead!"

Some people believe the whole U.S.A. is becoming subtropical. It isn't, says Dr. Hurd Willett, famed meteorologist. Forecast: Northern hurricanes will wane; glaciers will grow — and get set for real old-fashioned winters.

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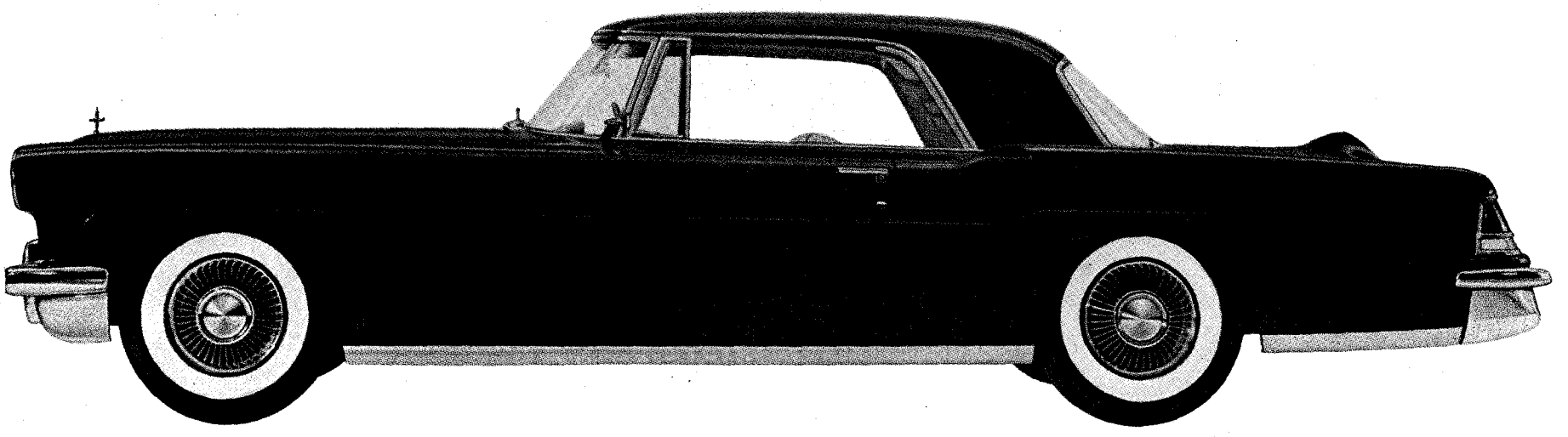

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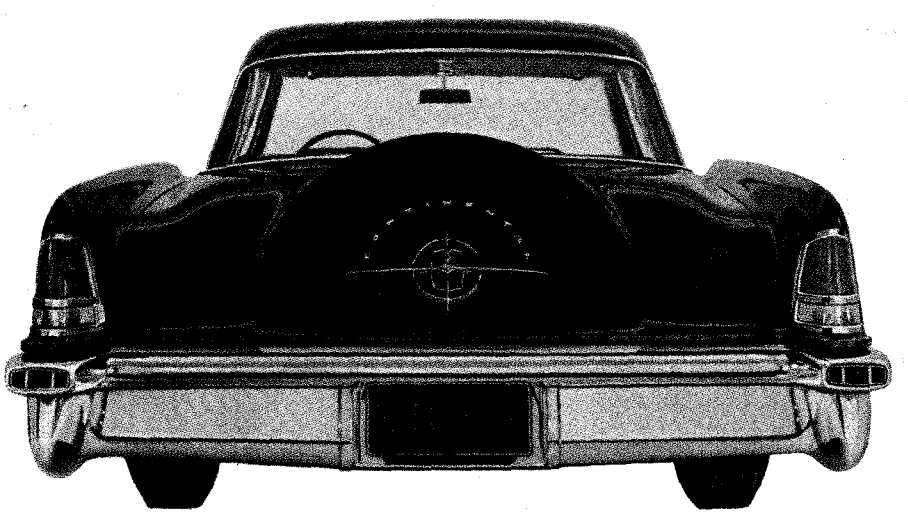

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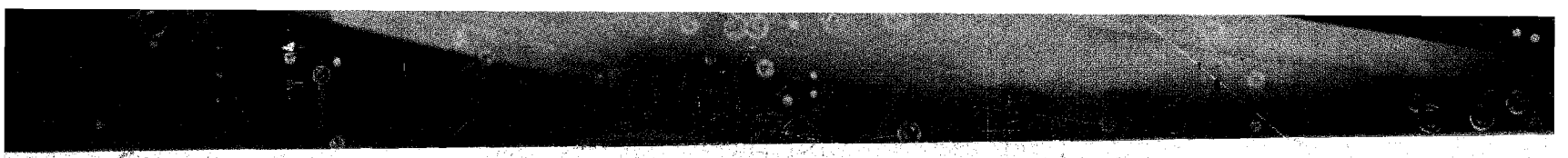

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